War with the Devil:
OR, THE
Young MAN'S Conflict
WITH THE
Powers of Darkneſs,
In a Dialogue,

Diſcovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth, the Horrible Nature of Sin, and Deplorable Condition of Fallen Man,

Alſo, a Definition, Power, and Rule of *Conſcience*, and the Nature of true *Converſion*.

To which is Added,

An Appendix, containing a *Dialogue* between an Old *Apoſtate*, and a Young *Profeſſor*.

Worthy the Peruſal of all, but chiefly intended for the Inſtruction of the Younger ſort.

The Seventh Impreſſion.

By *B. K.*

Pſal. 119. v. 9. *Wherewithal ſhall a Young-man cleanſe his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.*

Licenſed and Entred according to Order.

London, Printed for *Benjamin Harris*, and are to be Sold at his Shop at the *Stationers Arms*, in the *Piazza* of the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhil*, 1683.

1777. d. 15.

(Benjamin Keach)

BRITISH MUSEUM

The youth in his Naturall State
Etat. 16
Broad is the way &c.

The youth in his converted
State Ætat. su. 16.
Nothing is like those shafts

Book

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Portraiture or Platforme of the Humane Mi
twofold State, or Nature, Unconverted and com

The Old Mind

Mans Understanding in its Eclips, or Natural Darknes Unconverted.

1.
From Darknes and Ignorance of the Saving truth

Mans Unde... Eclips, or Natural Converted

1.
Unto Light and knowledge of the Saving truth

The Mount of Natural Hautinesse in the Heart of Man; Unconverted

2.
From Pride and Greatnes.

Luke: 14.14.

The Mount of Spirit... In the Heart of Man

SI...

2.
Vnto Grace and Goodnes.

Hebrewes 12.22.23.

A sen...

The Portraiture or Platforme of the Humane Mind in its twofold State, or Nature, Unconverted and converted.

The Old Mind

The New Mind

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1. From Darknes and Ignorance of the Saving truth

Mans Understanding, Out of its Eclips, or Natural Darknes Converted.

1. Unto Light and knowledge of the Saving truth

The Old Will

The New Will

The Mount of Natural Hautineſse in the Heart of Man; Unconverted

2. From Pride and Greatnes.

Luke: 14.14.

The Mount of Spiritual Holineſs In the Heart of Man; Converted

2. Vnto Grace and Goodnes.

Hebrewes 12.22.23

The Old Affections

The New Affections

Man in his Unconverted Wrathful Nature; Armed.

3. From Wrath and Lust.

The Old Adam: Condemnation

Man in his Converted Innocent Nature; Naked and Unarmed

To Peace and Love: divine.

The New Adam Salvation

Μὴ συσχηματίζεσθε And bee not Conformed to this World: Rom: 12.2

Ἀλλὰ μεταμορφοῦσθε But bee yee Transformed by the Renewing of your Mind

Iohannis Wierdtsz. Indavit.

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Imprimatur *Hic liber Cui Titulus* War with the Devil, *Anto. Saunders Ex Ædibus Lambethanis.*

Sept. 25. 1673

By a Friend, in Commendation of theſe Poems.

MY Muſe is dull, although I have a will
This Book for to commend I want the skill.
I know not how its worth for to declare,
Few *Poems* may doubtleſs, with it compare;
Nor for rare elegant Scholaſtick ſtrains,
VVhich flow alone from thoſe quick witted brains,
VVho with their Rhetorick and curious Art
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart.
This *Treatiſe* read (kind friend) and thou ſhalt ſee,
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.
The Author ſoars on high, his main deſign
Is to inſtruct that precious Soul of thine;
I'th path Cæleſtial, ſhews thee very plain
How thou in Chriſt an int'reſt may'ſt obtain,
Or, if in Chriſt thy ſoul has got a place,
He to thy joy ſhews forth thy happy caſe;
This *Poem's* like a meſſenger ſent forth,
To give a viſit to the drowzy Earth;
The ſluggiſh Soul it ſtrives for to awake,
Before it drops into the Fiery Lake.
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence ſome benefit receive.

For though it is brought forth in this our Clime,
Yet 'twill agree with every place and time.
Its Message is of such a large extent.
It may in truth to all the world be sent:
To *Male* and *Female*, low and high degree,
He speaks a word to *bond* as well as *free*.
All, in whom Conscience dwells, he lets them see
Conscience great pow'r and Authority.
When Heav'ns hot thunder-bolts with fire & hail
Made *Egypts* mighty Monarch's courage fail;
Conscience stept in, made him cry out amain,
The Lord is just; *I, and my wicked train*
Have sinn'd: Yea, Conscience also brings
Saul Son of *Kish*, the first of *Israel*'s Kings,
Before the Prophet humbly to confess
That he had sinn'd, and acted wickedness.
Conscience made *David* to cry out amain,
'Tis I have sinn'd: *I have* Uriah *slain*.
Though *David* slew a Lyon and a Bear,
And did not the great Gyants courage fear:
Yet Conscience made him stoop and tremble too;
And more this you'l find Conscience can do.
Here's Counsel for Professors and Prophane,
Choose, or refuse, here's loss and also gain.
One Reason, *Reader*, of this Mode or Style,
Is that it might with honest craft beguile
Such curious Fancies who had rather chuse
To read ten lines in Verse, than one in Prose,
And as the nimble Fly, that lightly springs
Against the Flame, until she burns her wings,

Is taken Captive with that ſulph'rous flame,
With which ſhe only ſought to ſport and game:
So whilſt thoſe curious fancies think to play
With this ſmall piece, 'twill, ſecretly betray
Them to their conſcience, and if Conſcience ſend
Them to God's Word, the Author has his end.
Provided that unto the ſame they yield,
And Grace and Conſcience do obtain the field.

Farewe l

W. B.

To the Reader; In Vindication of this Book.

ONe or two lines to thee I'le here commend,
This honeſt POEM briefly to defend
From Calumny, becauſe that at this day,
All Poetry there's many do gain-ſay,
And very much condemn as if the ſame,
Did worthily deſerve reproach and blame.
If any Book in Verſe, they chance to ſpy,
Away Prophane, they preſently do cry:
But though this kind of writing ſome diſpraiſe,
Sith Men ſo captious are in theſe our dayes;
Yet I dare ſay, how e're this ſcruple roſe,
Verſe hath expreſs'd as ſacred things as Proſe.
Though ſome there be, that Poetry abuſe,
Muſt we therefore not the ſame method uſe?
Yea ſure, for of my Conſcience 'tis the beſt,
And doth deſerve more honour than the reſt:
For 'tis no humane knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inſpir'd into the Heart
By Divine means, for true Divinity
Hath with this Science great Affinity:
Though ſome, through Ignorance do it oppoſe,
Many do it eſteem, far more than Proſe:
And find alſo that unto them it brings
Content, and hath been the delight of Kings.
David, although a King, yet was a Poet,
And Solomon alſo, the Scriptures ſhow it,
Then what if for all this ſome ſhould abaſe it?
I'm apt to think the Angels do embrace it
And though God giv't here but in part to ſome,
Saints ſhall hav't perfect in the world to come.

E. B.

Youth in his Unconverted State.

Youth.

THE Naturaliſts *moſt aptly do compare*
My age unto the Spring, whoſe beauty's rare.
When Sprightly Sol *enters the golden Sign,*
Which is call'd Aries, *his glorious ſhine*
And ſplendent Rays do cauſe the earth to ſpring,
And Trees to bud, and quicken every thing.
All plants and Herbs and Flowers then do flouriſh:
The graſs doth ſprout, the tender lambs to nouriſh,
Thoſe things in Winter that ſeem'd to be dead,
Do now riſe up and briskly ſhew their Head.
And do obtain a Natural Reſurrection,
By his hot Beams and powerful Reflection.
How in the pleaſant fruitful Month of May,
Are Meadows clad with flowers rich and gay;
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd, in garments green,
Mix'd with rare yellow, Crown'd like to a Queen;
The Primroſe, Cowſlip, and the Violet,
Are curiouſly with other Flowers ſet.

And chirping Birds with their melodious ſounds
Delight Mans heart, whoſe pleaſure now abounds,
The Winter's paſt, with ſtormy Snow and Rain.
And long 'twil be e're ſuch things come again;
Nothing but joy and ſweet delights appear,
Whilſt doth abide the Spring-time of the year.
Thus 'tis with me who am now in my prime,
In merriment and joy I ſpend my time;
And like as birds do in the lovely Spring.
I ſo rejoyce with my Conſorts and Sing,
And ſpend my days in ſweet paſtime and mirth,
And nought ſhall grieve or trouble me on Earth:
I am reſolv'd to ſearch the World about,
But I will ſuck the ſweetneſs of it out.
No ſtone I'le leave unturn'd, that I may find
Content and Joy unto my craving mind:
No ſorrow ſhall, whilſt I do live, come near me;
Nor ſhall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me;
At Cards and Dice, and ſuch brave Games I'le play,
And like a Courtier deck my ſelf moſt gay;
With Perriwig, and Muff, and ſuch fine things,
With Sword and Belt, Goloſhoos, and Gold-rings,
Where Bulls and Bears they bait, and Cocks do fight
I do reſort with ſpeed, There's my delight.
To drink and ſport amongſt the jovial crew
I do reſolve, whatever doth enſue:
And court fair Ladies that I alſo love.
And of all things do very well approve,
Which tend my ſenſual part to ſatisfie.
From whence comes all my choice felicity.

What

What e're mine Ears do hear, and Eyes behold,
Or Heart deſire, if ſo that all my Gold
And Silver can for me thoſe things procure,
I'le ſpare no coſt, nor pains, you may be ſure.
Thus is my Life made very ſweet to me,
Whilſt others hurri'd are in miſery;
Whoſe minds with ſtrange conceits troubled remain,
Thinking by loſing all, that way to gain.
Such Riddles I can't learn, I muſt them leave,
What's ſeen and felt, I am reſolv'd to have,
Let ev'ry Man his mind and fancy fill,
My Luſt I'le ſatisfie, and have my will.
Who dares controul me in my preſent way,
Or vex my mind i'th leaſt, or me gain-ſay?
What ſtate of Life can equal this of mine?
Youths gallantry ſo bravely here doth ſhine.

Conſcience.

Controul you, Sir! in truth, and that dare I,
For your contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the leaſt regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard;
You ſtrive to ſtifle me, and therefore I
Am forc'd aloud, *Murther*, with ſpeed to cry:
I can't forbear but muſt cry out amain,
Such is the wrong which from you I ſuſtain.

Youth.

VVhat are you, Sir, you dare to be ſo bold?
I ſcorn by any He, to be controul'd.
E're I have done with you, I'le make you know,
You ſhall your power and commiſſion ſhow.

Conſcience.

Be not ſo hot, and you ſhall know my Name
And alſo learn from whence my power came.
I'm no Uſurper, yet I do Command
You for to ſtop and make a preſent ſtand.
Your pleaſures you muſt leave, and Vitious Life,
Elſe there will grow a very bitter ſtrife
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from theſe Courſes you don't quickly turn.
For all your courage which you ſeem to take,
The news I bring's enough to make you quake.

Youth.

VVho e're thou art, I'le make you by and by
Confeſs you have accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder I am clear, in thought and deed,
Thus to be charg'd, doth cauſe my heart to bleed;

Pray

Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
If you provoke me worſe 'twill quickly be,
You ſeek occaſion, and are quarelſome,
And therefore 'tis, I do ſuppoſe you're come.
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am reſolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conſcience.

VVhat violence (alas!) can you do more,
Than that which you have done to me before?
Forbear your threats, be ſtill and hold your hand,
And quickly you ſhall know and underſtand
My Name, my Power, and place of Reſidence,
VVhich may to you prove of great conſequence.
I am a Servant to a Mighty King.
VVho Rules and Reigns, and Governs every thing:
VVho keeps one Court above, and here below
Another he doth keep, as you ſhall know;
O're this inferiour Court placed am I,
To act and do, as his great Deputy.
I truly Judge, according to my Light,
Yea, and impartially do each man right.
Thoſe I condemn who vile and guilty are,
And juſtifie the Holy and Sincere.
I order'd am to watch continually,
O're all your actions with a wary Eye:
And I have found how you have of late time
Committed many a bold and horrid Crime,

Of

Of Murther, Treaſon, and like Villany,
Againſt the Crown and glorious Dignity
Of that great Prince from whence you have your
Who's King & Ruler, over all the Earth. (breath
I am his Judge, Attourney-General,
And have Commiſſion alſo, you to call,
Unto the barr, and make you to confeſs
Your horrid Crimes and fearful guiltineſs.
A black Inditement I have drawn in truth,
Againſt thy ſelf, thou miſerable youth;
Thy pride I ſhall abate, thy pleaſure mar,
And bring thee to confeſs with tears, at Barr,
Thy ſports and Games, and youthful Luſt to be
Nought elſe but ſin, and curſed Vanity.
And for to put thee alſo out of doubt,
My Name is *Conſcience* which you bear about;
No other than th' accuſing faculty
Of that dear Soul which in thy breaſt doth lye:
I by that Rule Mens thoughts and ways compare,
By which their inward parts enlightned are;
And as they do accord, or diſagree,
I do accuſe, or Clear immediately,
According to your Light you do not live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give
To you, to ſquare your Life and actions by!
From hence comes in your woe and miſery.

Youth.

Conſcience art thou? why did'ſt not ſpeak e're now?
To mind what thou doſt ſay I can't tell how.
Thou melancholy Fancy, fly from me,
My Pleaſure I'le not leave in ſpight of thee.
Other brave Gueſts, you ſee, to me are come.
And In my Houſe for thee there is no room.
Doſt think I will be check't by ſilly thought,
And into ſnares my fooliſh Fancy brought?
s't you which out *Murther*, only you?
A Fig (alas) for all that you can do,
For though againſt me you do prate and preach,
Your very Neck I am reſolv'd to ſtretch.
'le ſwear, carouſe, and whore, ſay what you will.
Till I have ſtifled you, and make you ſtill.
'le clip your Wings, and make you ſee at length,
do know how to ſpoyl you of your ſtrength.
When you do ſpeak, I will not lend an ear;
'le make (in truth) as if I did not hear.
f you ſpeak loud when I am all alone,
will riſe up, and ſtraightway will be gone
To the brave Boyes who toſs the Pot about;
nd that's the way to wear your patience out.
le go to Playes, and Games, and Dancings to,
nd e're a while, I ſhall be rid of you.

Con-

Conſcience.

Thou ſtubborn fooliſh Youth, be not ſo raſh,
Leſt e're you be aware you feel my laſh.
I have a ſting, a whip, yea and can bite,
Before you ſhall o'recome, I'le ſtoutly fight:
I'le gripe you ſore, and make you howl anon,
If you reſolve in ſin ſtill to go on.
I have o'ercome ſtrong hearts & made them yield
And ſo ſhall you before I quit the field,
Go where you will, be ſure I'le ſoon come after
And into ſorrow, will I turn your laughter.
'Twill prove hard work for you to ſhake me off
Though you at me do ſeem to jear and ſcoff,
As if o're you I had no juriſdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or ſome Fiction:
For all your Wrath, I muſt you yet diſturb,
Though you offended are, I can't but curb
And ſnib you daily, as I oft have done,
Till you repent, and from lewd courſes turn:
For, till the cauſe be taken quite away,
Th' Effect will follow what e're you do ſay:
Unleſs your Light wholly extinguiſh'd be,
If ſin remains diſturbance you will ſee.
Therefore I do beſeech you ſoberly
For to ſubmit to my authority,
Obey my voice, I prithee make a tryal,
Before you give another flat denyal.
If more ſweet comfort I don't yield to you,
Then all which doth from ſinful actions flow,

Then me reject; but otherwiſe my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my motions bend.
Get peace within whatever thou doſt do,
And let vain pleaſures and corruptions go;
That will be better for thy ſoul at laſt,
Than Gold or Silver, or what elſe thou haſt:
And ſince we are alone let thee and I,
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't beſt for you that Pride and Folly reign,
Which nought doth bring ſave ſorrow, ſhame and pain,
And Conſcience to reject, who perfectly
From guilt and bondage ſtrive to ſet you free?
Have not theſe luſts by which thou now art led,
Brought many a man unto a piece of Bread?
What brave Eſtates have ſome conſum'd thereby,
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lye?
How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Beſides poor Conſcience grievouſly turmoyl'd?
Nay, once again, give ear, I prithee hark;
Han't many a brave and curious Spark,
Been brought in ſtinking Priſons there to lye,
For yielding to their Luſt and Vanity?
How many ſwing at *Tyburn* every year,
For ſtabbing Conſcience without care or fear?
And ſome alſo out of their wits do run,
And by that means are utterly undone:
Some men do ſtiffle me, I cannot ſpeak,
And then they ſport and play, and merry make,
Reſolvnig that I ſhall not gripe them more,
But quickly then afreſh I make them roar.

Some

Some of them I do drive into deſpair.
When in their face I do begin to ſtare,
No reſt nor peace at all their Souls can find,
I ſo diſturb and ſtill perplex their mind.
What ſay you now, young man, will you ſubmit?
Weigh well the danger, and the benefit.
The danger on the one hand will be great,
If me you do oppoſe, and ill intreat.
Sweet profit comes, you ſee, on th' other hand
To ſuch who ſubject are to my command.
What doſt thou ſay; ſhall I embraced be?
Or, wilt thou follow ſtill thy Vanity?

Youth.

Was ever young man thus perplex'd as I,
Who flouriſhed in ſweet proſperity?
Where e're I go, *Conſcience* dogs me about,
No quiet I can have, in doors nor out.
Conſcience what is the cauſe you make ſuch ſtrife,
I can't enjoy the comforts of my Life?
I am ſo grip'd, and pinched in my breaſt,
I know not where to go, nor where to reſt,

Conſcience.

'Cauſe you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleaſures, and Iniquity.
The Light you have, you walk not up unto,
You know 'tis evil which you daily do.
My witneſs I muſt bear continually
For the great God, whoſe glorious Majeſty,

Did

Did in thy Soul give me ſo high a place,
As for to ſtop you in your ſinful race;
I muſt reprove, accuſe, and you condemn,
Whilſt you by ſin, His Sov'raignty contemn:
I can't betray my truſt, nor hold my peace,
Till I am ſtabbed, ſear'd, or Light doth ceaſe;
Till you your life amend, and ſins forſake,
I ſhall purſue you, though your heart doth ake.

Youth.

How bold and malapert is Conſcience *grown!*
I hough I upon this Fellow daily frown,
And his advice reject, yet ſtill doth he
Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me
Conſcience *I'll have you know in truth, that I,*
A Perſon am of ſome authority:
Are you ſo ſaucy as to curb and chide
Such a brave Spark, who can't your wayes abide?
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my preſent age;
For to give place to you, or to regard
Thoſe things from you I have ſo often heard.

Conſcience.

Alas! Proud fleſh, doſt think thy ſelf too high,
To be ſubject to ſuch a one as I?
Thy betters I continually gain-ſay,
If they my motions don't with care obey.
My Power's great, and my Commiſſion large,
There's ſcarce a man, but I with folly charge.

The King and Peaſant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low degree:
If they offend, I in their faces fly,
Without regard or fear of ſtanders by.

Youth.

Speak not another word, don't you perceive
There's ſcarce a Man or Woman will believe
What do you ſay, you're grown ſo out of date?
Be ſilent then and longer do not prate.
I'th Country your credit is but ſmall,
There's few care for your company at all:
The Husband-man the Land-mark can't remove,
But you ſtraightway him bitterly reprove:
Nor plow a little of his Neighbours Land,
But you command him preſently to ſtand.
There's not a Man can go i'th leaſt awry,
But out againſt him fiercely you do fly.
The People therefore now ſo weary are,
They've thruſt you out almoſt of ev'ry Shire:
And in the City you ſo hated be,
There's very few do care a ruſh for thee:
For if they ſhould believe what you do ſay,
Their Pride and Bravery would ſoon decay,
Their ſwearing, cheating, and their drunkenneſs
Would vaniſh quite away, or grow much leſs.
Our Craft of Profit and our Pleaſure too,
Would ſoon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
The whores and bawds, with the Play-houſes the
Would be contemned by all ſorts of Men.

You ſtrive to ſpoil us of our ſweet delight,
Our pleaſures you oppoſe with all your might.
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth juſt like a Country clown.
We half Phanaticks ſhould be made ('tis clear)
If unto thee we once inclined were.
But this amongſt the reſt doth chear my heart,
There's very few in *London* take thy part.
Here and there one, which we Nick-names do give,
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
'Tis out of faſhion grown, I daily ſee,
Conſcience for to regard i'th' leaſt degree.
He that can't whore and ſwear without controul,
VVe do account to be a timerous Fool.
Therefore though you ſo deſperately do fall
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I ſhall
Get looſe from you, and then I'll tear the ground,
And in all joy and pleaſure will abound.

Conſcience.

Ah! poor deceived Soul! doſt thou not know,
That moſt of all mankind i'th' broad way go?
VVhat though they do moſt wickedly abuſe me,
VVilt thou alſo in the like manner uſe me?
VVhat though they will of me no warning take,
Till they drop down into the *Stygian* Lake?
VVilt thou be friend the curſed Serpent ſo,
As to go on till comes thy overthrow?
VVhat though I am in no requeſt by them?
Don't they likewiſe God's Holy word contemn?

Don't they the Goſpel caſt quite out of ſight,
Leſt from their Pleaſures it ſhould them affright?
What though my friends are toſt about and hurl'd,
Their inward peace is more than all the World
Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whilſt they with diligence do me obey;
As I enlightned am by Gods Precepts,
Which are a Guide and Lanthorn to my ſteps.
O come proud heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy Luſt, and to my Scepter bend:
For I'll not leave thee, but with all my pow'r
I'll follow thee, unto thy dying hour.

Youth.

Into ſome private place then I will fly,
Where I may hide my ſelf, and ſecretly
There I'll enjoy my ſelf in ſpight of thee;
And thou ſhalt not i'th leaſt know where I be.

Conſcience.

Nay, fooliſh youth, how can that thing be done,
From Conſcience *it is in vain to run;*
No ſecret place can you find out or ſpy,
To hide your ſelf from me, ſuch is mine Eye.
I ſee i'th' dark, as well as in the Light,
No Doors nor Walls, will keep thee from my ſight.
Where e'r thou art, or goeſt, am I not near
Thy Soul with horrid guilt to ſcare and fear?
Could Cain *or* Judas, *get out of my reach,*
When once between us there was the like breach?

Did

Did I not follow them unto the end,
And made them know what 'twas for to offend
My glorious Prince, and me his true Vice-Roy?
Vengeance doth follow them who us annoy.
My Counſel then I prithee take with ſpeed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed:
From Vengeance here, and Wrath alſo to come,
When thou do'ſt die, and at the day of Doom.

Youth.

What! can't I fly from thee, nor thee ſubdue?
Then I intreat thee, Conſcience *don't purſue,*
Nor follow me ſo cloſe; forbear a while,
Don't yet my Beauty, nor my Pleaſures ſpoil.
This is my Spring and Flower of my Age,
Oh! pity me, and ceaſe thy bitter rage:
Don't crop the tender Bud, it is too green:
Oh! let me have thoſe dayes others have ſeen.
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oats are ſown;
They muſt be ripe alſo before they're mown;
Thou haſt forborn with ſome for a long time
That which I ask of thee is but the prime,
Of thoſe good days which God beſtows on me,
Oh, that it might but once obtained be!
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've ſpent my time in Gallantry,
In earths ſweet joys, and ſuch tranſcendent pleaſures
Which young Men do eſteem the chiefeſt treaſures,

Conſcience.

After all violence and outrage great
Done to poor *Conſcience*, do you now entreat?
Thinking for to prevail by flattery,
But that in truth I utterly defie:
'Tis quite againſt my Nature you muſt know,
Unto vile Luſt fond pity for to ſhow:
God has not given ſuch a diſpenſation,
For me to wink at your abomination:
If God doth once but blow your Candle out,
I ſhall be quiet then you need not doubt:
(But woe to you as ever you were born,
If God doth once his Light to darkneſs turn.)
But while in you remains that Legal Light,
Your Sins I can't endure in my ſight.
No liberty God, I am ſure, will give
To any one, in horrid Sin to live;
Nor will he give allowance for a day:
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The work of thy Repentance for an hour.
What thy hands find to do, do with thy pow'r.
If me you don't believe, I prithee Youth.
For to reſolve thy ſelf, go to God's Truth.

Youth.

VVell! ſince that you no comfort do afford,
I will enquire of God's moſt Holy VVord:
So far I will your Counſel take, for I
Am ſorely troubled, whither ſhall I fly.

I will make tryal, I reſolve to ſee,
VVhether the *Truth* and *Conſcience* do agree.
The lip of *Truth* can't lie, though *Conſcience* may;
VVhen that miſguided is, it leads aſtray.
If *Truth* and *Conſcience* ſpeak the ſelf ſame thing,
'Twill ſome amazement to my Spirit bring.
That now I ask for, and earneſtly crave,
Is ſome ſhort time in ſin longer to have,
Conſcience denies it me: *Truth* what ſay you?
Oh! that you would a little favour ſhew
To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young,
Like to a Flower which is lately ſprung
Out of the ground, and *Conſcience* day and night
Strives for to tread me down with all his might:
Or, as the Froſt the tender Bud doth ſpoil,
So has he ſtriven to do a great while;
Muſt I reform, and all my ſins forſake?
Some fitter ſeaſon then O let me take.
For all things there's a time under the Sun,
And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain *Youth*, you are miſtaken now,
No time to ſin God doth to thee allow.
If I may ſpeak, attend, and you ſhall hear,
I with poor *Conſcience* muſt witneſs bear;
I am his Guide, his Rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts and does, and ſpeaks the thing that's right,
You are undone, if you don't ſpeedily
Leav; all your ſins and curſed vanity.

Art thou too young thy evil wayes to leave,
And yet haſt thou a precious Soul to ſave?
Art thou too young to leave iniquity,
When old enough in Hell for ſin to lie?
Some fitter ſeaſon (Youth) doſt think to find?
The Devil doth dart that into thy mind.
No time ſo fit, as when the Lord doth call;
Thoſe who rebellious are, they one day ſhall
Smart bitterly for their moſt horrid evil,
In yielding to, and ſiding with the Devil,
But once again, prithee heark to me;
Don't God, whilſt thou art young, call unto thee?
Remember thy Creator therefore now,
And unto him with ſpeed ſee you do bow.
The firſt ripe Fruit of Old God did deſire,
And ſo of thee likewiſe he doth require,
That thou to him a Sacrifice ſhould'ſt give
Of thy beſt days, and learn betimes to live
Unto the praiſe of his moſt Holy Name:
And not by ſin ſo to prophane the ſame.
This is (Young Man) alſo thy chooſing time,
Whilſt thou therefore doſt flouriſh in thy prime,
Place thou thy heart upon the Lord above;
And with Chriſt Jeſus alſo fall in Love.
Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy Breath,
And alſo place thee here upon the Earth;
And many precious bleſſings give to thee,
That thou to him alone ſhould'ſt ſubject be?
God out of Bowels ſent his precious Son,
Thy Soul from evil ways with ſpeed to turn:

Who

Who for thy sake was nailed to the Tree
To free thy Soul from Hell and misery.
And whilst in sin (vile wretch) thou dost remain,
Thou dost as 'twere him Crucifie again:
Thy sins also (O Young Man) God doth hate,
His Soul doth loath, and them abominate;
Nought is more odious in his blessed sight,
Than those base Lusts in which thou tak'st delight.
And wilt thou not O Young Man! be deterr'd
From thy vain wayes? what is thy heart so hard?
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?
Give ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never spoke a lie,
And fly from sin and youthful vanity.
Those that do seek Gods Kingdom first of all,
And do obey Gods sweet and gracious call;
They shall find Christ, and lie too in his Breast,
And reap the comfort of Internal rest:
But if thou shouldst this golden time neglect,
And all good motions utterly reject;
And slight the day of this thy visitation,
That will to God be such a provocation,
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
Nor never knock hereafter at thy door.
While terms of peace God doth therefore afford,
Subject to him, lest he doth draw his Sword.
If once to anger him you do provoke,
He'll break your bones, and wound you with his stroke.
Who can before his indignation stand.
Or bear the weight of his revengeful hand?

How

How dareſt thou [illegible] with him maintain,
And ſay in [illegible] that Jeſus ſhall not Reign?
Wilt thou c[illegible] with his vile Enemy.
And yet pr[illegible] on his ſweet clemency?
Wilt thou, vile Traytor-like, contrive the death
Of that great King, from whom thou haſt thy breath?
Wilt thou, caſt dirt upon the Holy One,
And keep Chriſt Jeſus from his rightly Throne?
Is't not his right thy *Conſcience* for to ſway?
Ought he not there to Reign, and thou Obey?
Dar'ſt thou reſiſt his dread and Soveraign power?
Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour,
To gratifie the Devil, who thereby
Renews his ſtrength, yea and doth fortifie
Himſelf in thee, and makes his Kingdom ſtrong,
By tempting thee to ſin whilſt thou art young?
The Blackamoor as ſoon may change his skin,
As thou may'ſt leave and turn away from ſin,
When once a habit and a cuſtom's taken,
Then ſinful wayes are hard to be forſaken.
Dar'ſt thou, vile wretch, Chriſt's Government oppoſe
And with the Devil and corruption cloſe? (And
Had'ſt rather that the Devil reign o're thee,
Than unto God Almighty ſubject be?
VVhich will be beſt, doſt think, for thee i'th end,
The Lord to pleaſe, and Satan to offend?
Or Satan for to pleaſe, and ſo thereby,
Declare thy ſelf *JEHOVAH'S* Enemy?
For thoſe who live in ſin, 'tis very clear,
They Enemies to *GOD* and *JESUS* are,

And

And wilt thou yield unto the devil ſtill,
And greedily alſo his will fulfil?
Do'ſt think, *vain Youth*, he'll prove to thee a friend,
That thou do'ſt ſo his curſed ways commend?
Has Sin (which is his odious excrement)
So ſweet a ſmell, yea and a fragrant ſcent?
Shall that which is the ſuperfluity
Of naughtineſs, be precious in thine eye?
And do'ſt thou value Chriſt and all he hath,
Not worth vain pleaſures here upon the Earth?
Shall he eſteemed be by thee (vile duſt!)
Not worth the pleaſures of a curſed Luſt?
Is there more good in ſinful Vanity,
Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
That which men think is beſt, that they will chuſe,
Things of ſmall value 'tis they do refuſe. (Soul,
What thoughts haſt thou of Chriſt then, ſinful
That thou his Meſſengers do'ſt thus controul,
And do'ſt to him ſo turn a deaf ear,
His knocks, his calls, and woings wilt not hear,
Nor him regard, though he ſtands at the door,
With Myrrhe and Frankincenſe, yea and all ſtore
Of rare Fruit, and chief Spice, as *Cinnamon*,
Alloes, *Spikenard*, *Camphire* and *Saffron*?
All precious things, poor Soul! of heaven above,
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
To ope the door: for all his calls and knocks,
Thou let'ſt him ſtand until his precious locks
Are wet with dew and drops of the long night.
Thus thou do'ſt him deſpiſe, reject and ſlight.

And rather keep'ſt thy Luſt and Pleaſure ſtill,
Than that Chriſt ſhould thy Soul with Heaven fill,
Though he ten thouſand Worlds doth yet excell,
And makes that heart where he in truth doth dwell,
To be a Heaven here upon the Earth,
Filling the Soul with precious joy and mirth,
Which makes gray-headed Winter like a Spring,
And Youths like to Cæleſtial Angels ſing;
The Soul he doth ſo greatly elevate,
That it diſdains and doth abominate
All ſenſual pleaſures in compariſon
Of Jeſus Chriſt his dear and only one.
Let me perſwade thee for to taſte and try
How good Chriſt is, for then aſſuredly,
Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praiſe th Lord,
That ever he did to thy Soul afford,
Such a dear Saviour, and ſuch good advice,
To lead thy Soul into ſweet Paradice.
For none do know the nature of that Peace,
That inward joy the which ſhall never ceaſe,
But he himſelf who doth the ſame poſſeſs:
Oh! taſte and ſee, for then you will confeſs.
No Pen can it expreſs, no Tongue declare,
It's Nature's ſuch (O Young man!) 'tis ſo rare,
Chriſt is the *Summum bonum*, it is He,
In whom alone is true felicity;
Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breaſt,
There's nought on Earth can give him perfect reſt,
'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity:
For ſuch, like Beaſts, and other Mortals die.

King-

Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do ſtand,
The Servant may the Maſter ſoon Command.
Belſhazzar who upon the Throne did ſit,
His Knees againſt each other ſoon did hit.
How was he ſcar'd when the hand-writing came,
And wrote upon the wall, ev'n the ſame
That afterwards befell, his End being come?
Great men oft-times are filled with great fear;
Being perplext they know not how to ſtear.
Tall Cedars fall, when little ſhrubs abide, [Tide.
Though Winds do blow and ſtrangely turn the
For Man in Honour lives but a ſhort ſpace,
He dyes like to the Beaſts, ſo ends his race:
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
Who did on Earth the Golden Scepter ſway,
In higheſt place of Humane Government:
None ever found therein ſolid content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by ſome,
How he ſate down when he had overcome
The Eaſtern world, and did weep very ſore.
Becauſe there was one world, and was no more
For him to Conquer. Thus alſo 'tis ſtill,
This world's not big enough Man's Soul to fill,
Riches and wealth alſo can't ſatisfie,
That precious Soul which in thy breaſt doth lye.
If ſtore of Gold and Silver thou ſhouldſt gain,
I would but increaſe thy ſorrow grief and pain.

Riches

Riches, O Young man, they are empty things,
And fly moſt ſwift away with Eagles wings, (row,
When riches thou doſt heap, thou heap'ſt up ſor-
Thei'r thine to day alas! but gone to morrow.
Fires may come and thy Treaſures burn:
Or Thieves ſteal it, as they have often done.
He that hath thouſands by the Year this night,
May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light
And as for pleaſure which thy Age doth prize,
Why ſhould that ſeem ſo lovely in thine eyes?
'Tis but a moment they with thee will laſt,
And ſadneſs comes alſo when they are paſt.
The Brute his pleaſures hath as well as thee,
Man's chiefeſt good therefore can't pleaſures be.
And whilſt thou ſtriveſt thy evil luſt to pleaſe,
Thy raging *Conſcience* (*Youth*) who ſhall appeaſe?
With this ſweet Meat I tell thee alſo Friend,
Thou ſhalt have ſour ſauce be ſure i'th' end,
And as for Beauty, that alſo is vain,
Unleſs thou can'ſt the inward Beauty gain.
What's outward Beauty ſave an evil ſnare.
By which vain ones oft times deceived are?
And on a ſudden drawn into temptation,
For to commit moſt vile abomination.
That beauty which man's carnal heart doth prize,
Renders not lovely in *Jehovah's* Eyes. (tire,
Though deck'd with Jewels, Rings, and brave at-
The glorious King their Beauty don't deſire;
His hearts not taken with't, but contrariwiſe
The Beauty of vain ones he doth deſpiſe.

Though

Though very fair, yet if defil'd with sin,
They like unto Sepulchres are within.
Loathsome and vile i'th' sight of God are they,
And soon their seeming Beauty will decay:
It fades and withers, and away doth pass,
Just like unto the flower of the grass.
The curled Locks, yea, and the spotted Face,
God e'r a while will bring into disgrace.
Those Ladies which excel all others do,
Must feed the worms within a day or two,
Death and the grave will spoil their beauty quite
And none in them shall never more delight.
As for thy Age, in youthful dayes we see,
Youth minds nought else save cursed vanity,
Soon may thy Spring also meet with a blast,
And all thy glory not an hour last.
The Flower in the Spring which is so gay,
Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.
Nothing on earth canst thou find out or spy,
That will content thee long, or satisfie
That Soul of thine, if still you search about
Till you do find the rarest Science out.
For if on Learning once you place your mind,
Much vanity in that also you'll find.
For Humane Knowledge and Philosophy,
Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity
With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
In whom, poor Youth, is happiness alone.
Dote not on Honour then nor yet on treasure,
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor Pleasure;

All

All is but Vanity that's here below,
Truth and Experience both the same do show,
Come, look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher joys,
Let Swine take husks and Fools these empty toys.
Come taste of Christ, poor Soul, and then you will
Of joys Cælestial receive your fill.
If thou dost drink but of the Chrystal Springs,
These outward joyes thou'lt see are trifling things.
If Heavens sweetness once thou hadst but caught,
Thou wouldst account Earth's best enjoyments
Honour & riches too Christ has great store (naught
And at's *Right hand pleasures for evermore.*
Dost think that he who makes Mans life so sweet,
VVhilst he with grievous troubles here doth meet,
And in believing hath such sweetness placed,
Though his own Image greatly is defaced.
Can't give to him much greater Consolation;
When all the sowr's vanisht of Temptation?
If with the bitter, Saints such sweetness gain,
What shall they have when they in Glory reign?

Youth.

Be silent Truth, *leave off, for I can't bear*
Your whining strains, nor will I longer hear
Such melancholy whimsies, they're such stuff,
Which suits not with my age; I have enough
Of it already, and also of you,
Sith you my int'rest strive to overthrow.
When I appeal'd to you I was perplext,
And with sad melancholy sorely vext:

But ſince I do perceive the Storm is o'r,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long winded Sermons Sir, I do not love,
Nor of your Doctrine in the leaſt approve.
No liberty to me I ſee you'l give,
In ſweet delights and pleaſures for to live.
I don't intend Fanatick yet to turn,
Nor after ſuch diſtracted People run;
An eaſier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewel to you.
My bride, my ſports, and my old company,
I will enjoy, and all my bravery.
I will hold faſt, yea, want only fulfil
My fleſhly mind, ſay Preachers what they will?

Conſcience.

Ah Youth, ah Youth, is't ſo in very deed,
Wilt thou no more unto God's truth give heed?
'Twas but my mouth to ſtop I now do find,
That unto Truth you ſeemingly inclin'd.
But this, O Soul, I muſt aſſure to thee,
What thou haſt heard, has much enlightned me,
And my Commiſſion too it doth renew,
As will appear by what doth next enſue.
Have you from God been called thus upon,
And ſhall your heart be hardned like a ſtone?
You can't plead ignorance, Oh Youth 'tis ſo,
You plainly now have heard what you ſhould do.
Your ſin will be with grievous Aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.

Your ſin will now be of a ſcarlet dye,
And many ſtripes prepared I eſpy,
With which you muſt be beat; becauſe that you,
Your Maſters will ſo perfectly do know,
But for to do the ſame you ſtill refuſe,
And your poor Conſcience wickedly abuſe:
You'll ſhew your ſelf a cured Rebel now?
If unto Chriſt with ſpeed you do not bow
Wilt thou thy ſins retain, when thou doſt hear
How much againſt the Living God they are?
Wilt thou caſt dirt into his Bleſſed Face:
Oh! tremble Soul, and dread thy preſent caſe,

Youth.

Now my good days, I ſee they will be gone,
My inward thoughts will ne'r let me alone;
Ah that I could but ſin without controul,
And Conſcience would no more diſturb my Soul;
His bitter gripes much longer I can't bare,
He's grown ſo ſtrong that little hope is there;
But he'll prevail, ſuch conflicts do I feel,
My Courage now and Reſolutions reel:
But yet I am reſolv'd once more to try,
And ſtruggle will to get the maſtery.
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the ſecond Summons will I yield.
I'll make once more another ſtout aſſay,
E'r unto Conſcience I will yield the day,
Ah! how can I my ſweet delights forſake,
Without reſiſtance to the laſt I make?

Con-

Conſcience, although I ſinful am, I ſee,
There's many thouſand ſinners worſe than me:
There's none can live and from all ſin be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.
My heart is good, though it is true, that I
Am over-come through humane frailty.

Conſcience.

O curſed wretch! dar'ſt thou thy heart commend?
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieces rend.
Don't I moſt clearly in thy heart behold
Moſt horrid luſt, 'twould ſhame thee were it told:
All rottenneſs and filthineſs do I eſpy,
In that baſe heart of thine to lurk and lie:
There Vipers breed and many a Cockatrice;
The ſpawn of every Sin and evil Vice,
Like a Sepulchre, Soul, thou art within,
Nought's there but ſtink and putrifying ſin,
Out from thy heart all evil doth aſcend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy heart commend?
And doſt thou think thy ſtate good for to be,
Cauſe thou doſt find many as bad as thee?
You are ſo naught, if you from ſin don't turn,
You muſt for ſin in Hell for ever burn.
Except you do repent. *Truth* tells you plain.
You periſh muſt, in everlaſting pain.

Youth.

Well, ſay no more, if this be ſo, I muſt
Go unto *Truth* again, or I ſhall burſt;

My heart will break I clearly do diſcern,
I therefore now muſt yield, and alſo learn
VVhat's my Eſtate, my Nature, Oh! that I'd know.
Come *Truth*, I pray will you this favour ſhow,
As to explain this thing to me more clear,
For *Conſcience* doth my Soul with horrour ſcare.
Is he i'th right, Oh *Truth*! or is he wrong?
I find Convictions in me very ſtrong.
What is my ſtate? declare it unto me,
And ſet my troubled Soul at liberty.

Truth.

What *Conſcience* ſpeaks, O young man is moſt right
And vain it is with him longer to fight:
Conſcience againſt thee doth his witneſs bear,
And dreadful danger alſo doth declare,
Thoſe he condemns by light receiv'd from me.
Th' Eternal God condemns aſſuredly.
And God is greater than thy heart, Oh Soul!
VVho can enough thy grievous ſtate condole;
If *Conſcience* doth his Teſtimony give,
That you in ſin and curſed ways do live,
And that thou art an unconverted wretch:
If 'tis from hence, between you there's a breach,
And this be ſo, as it you can't deny,
VVhat would you do if you this night ſhould die?
If in this ſtate this life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, Young man, thou art,
As ſure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
Againſt thy Soul the Sentence will be given.

Con-

Conſcience his power did from God receive?
And if you don't obey and him believe,
But do reject his motions, 'tis all one
As if Chriſt Jeſus you did tread upon:
Whilſt he doth Rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treaſon him to ſtop or undermine,
And once again to ſhew thee thy e ate,
Thou being, Young Man, not regenerate,
No God nor Chriſt have you; 'tis even ſo,
And this indeed's the ſum of all your woe.
In God no Intereſt, Youth, hast thou at all,
He's quite departed ever ſince the Fall,
And is become thy dreadfull Enemy,
His angry Face is ſet moſt vehemently
Againſt thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy pride with vengeance down to bring:
Each Attribute againſt thy ſoul is ſet,
And all of them alſo together met,
To make thee every way moſt miſerable,
Which wrath for too withſtand, what man is able?
He'll ſuddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his Eternal Vengeance make thee bear:
His wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
'Till you by Faith are truly born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
It is enough to drive one to deſpair:
If it be ſo, I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious and has ſent his Son.

He's full of Bowels, therefore hope do I,
He'll not on me his Juſtice magnifie,

Truth.

'Tis true God's gracious, yet he will not clear
Thoſe guilty Souls who don't his Juſtice fear
He's very gracious, yet his full of ire,
And is to ſuch like a conſuming fire.
He ſent his Son 'tis true for Souls to die,
But many miſs and falſely do apply
His precious Blood: therefore my Counſel take,
Don't you too ſoon an Application make,
Of Gods ſweet Grace, nor yet of Chriſt's dear (blood,
Until by you the Goſpel's underſtood.
Thoſe who are whole need no Phyſitian have,
The Sick and Wounded Soul Chriſt came to ſave.
What doſt thou judge thy preſent ſtate to be,
How do's it ſtand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my heart doth bleed,
My ſin-ſick Soul doth a ſweet Saviour need,
My Conſcience tells me that I am moſt vile,
And grievouſly for ſin doth me turmoil.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have, unleſs you do
Reſolve to leave your ſins, and let them go:
Not for your Wounds is there a help be ſure,
'Till Cauſes be remov'd which do procure,

And

And bring on you that pain and bitter ſmart,
Which you cry out of in your part.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with fear,
Another way, Oh *Truth*! thy courſe I'll ſteer;
I muſt forſake all evil ways, for I
Do ſee the danger and the miſery;
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whilſt I do keep and hug my curſed ſin.
There's ſcarce a night which paſſeth o'r my head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed;
(E'r Morning comes) in the ſad depths of Hell.
My Conſcience therefore now does me compel,
To bid adieu to all ſweet joy and pleaſure,
To lies and fraud and all unlawful treaſure.
In ſports and games I'l take no more delight,
But contrariwiſe I'll pray both day and night.
Conſcience has overcome me with his gripes,
Truth follows him ſo with his threatned ſtripes.
The wall's broke down, the old man runs away,
And *Conſcience* follows cloſe to cut and ſlay:
And threatens too no Quarter he will give,
And ſeems before him every thing to drive.
Luſt forced is in Corners now to fly,
Where it doth hide it ſelf moſt ſecretly,
And watcheth alſo, thinking for to get
An opportunity once more to ſet,
And fall on *Conſcience*, which it doth diſdain,
'Cauſe *Conſcience* ſays Corruption muſt be ſlain.

I ſide with him becauſe I would have peace.
But ſtill 'tis doubtful when theſe Wars will ceaſe.

Devil.

What Pity is't thy Sun ſhould ſet ſo ſoon,
Or ſhould be clouded thus before 'tis noon;
No ſooner riſen, in thy Horiſon,
And ſweetly ſhines, but preſently is gone?
Shall winter come before the Spring is paſt,
And all it's fruit be ſpoild with one ſad blaſt?
Shall that brave flower which doth ſeem ſo gay,
So quickly fade and wither quite away?
What pity 'tis that one ſo young as thee
Should thus be brought into Captivity.
Heark not to *Conſcience*, for I dare maintain,
'Tis better for to hug thy ſins again.
Thy *Conſcience*, *Youth*, thou haſt too lately found,
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a wound.
Conſider well, adviſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,
My ways are beſt, come hearken unto me,
I'll give thee honour, pleaſure, wealth, and things
Which prized are by Noble Men and Kings:
Let not this make-bate with one angry frown,
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleaſures down,
Let not ſtrange thoughts diſtreſs thy troubled mind,
What ſatisfaction canſt thou have or find,
But that which floweth from this World alone?
'Tis I muſt raiſe thee to the ſublime Throne,
The Hell thou feareſt, may be but a ſtory,
And Heaven alſo but a feigned Glory,

If

If this don't ſtartle thee then ſpeedily
I will ſtir up ſome other Enemy.
Old Man rouze up, I charge you to awake
And ſwiftly too, your life lies at the ſtake.
And Miſtreſs Heart, ſtir up your wilful Will.
Is this a ſeaſon for him to ſit ſtill?
If unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* he gives place,
Our Intereſt will, you'l ſee, go down apace;
Judgement is gone already and doth yield,
And Courage too I fear will quit the field.
Some ſins are ſlain, and in their blood do lie,
And others into holes are forc'd to flie.
As for affection he doth hold his own,
Though *Conſcience* doth upon him ſadly frown.
Remembrance will unto him tray'tors prove,
If I his thoughts from ſermons can remove,
I'll make his mind run after things below,
And raiſe up trouble which he did not know:
And he'll forget what he did lately hear,
And ceaſe will then his former thoughts and fear.
If I can pleaſe his ſenſual appetite,
There is no fear of any ſudden flight,
His Breaſt is tender, apt to entertain
The ſparks of Luſt which long he can't reſtrain.
I'll blow them up and kindle them anew,
And to Convictions ſoon he'll bid adieu.
New objects I'll preſent unto his ſight,
In which I'm ſure he can't but take delight,
I have ſuch hold of him, there is no doubt,
But I once more ſhall turn him quite about.

His

His old Companions *also I'll provoke,*
At's door again to give another knock;
Their strong enticements hardly he'll withstand,
They can (you see) his Spirit *soon command.*

Youths old Companions.

How do you, Sir? what is the cause that we,
Can't (here of late) enjoy your Company?
It seems to us as if you were grown strange,
As if in Youth there were some sudden change.

Youth.

I have not had the opportunity,
Besides on me there do's some burden lie,
Which doth press down my Spirits very sore,
And makes me seldom to go forth o'th door.

Companions.

I warrant you, Sirs, 'tis sin afflicts his soul,
And he's just going now to turn fool.
Come, come away, to Age such grief belongs,
To Youth, brave mirth and sweet melodious songs.
Come, drive these thoughts away with Pipe and Pot,
Sing and Carouse till they are quite forgot,
The lovely strains of the well tuned Lute.
Where playes they act, do with our Nature sute.
Come, go with us upon a brave Design,
The which will chear that drooping heart of thine.
Come generous Soul, let thy ambitious eye,
Such foolish fancies and vain dreams defie.

Shall

Shall thy Heroick Spirit thus give place
To ſilly dotage, to thy great diſgrace?

Vicinus.

The young man yields being poſſeſs'd with fears,
They would reproach him elſe with ſcoffs and jears;
But afterward his head begins to ake,
And Conſcience *then afreſh begins to wake,*
And ſtings him after ſuch a bitter ſort,
It puts a period to his jovial ſport.
The thoughts of death, which ſickneſs doth preſage,
Doth trouble him he cannot bear the rage.
And inward gripes of his enlighten'd breaſt,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis beſt
To hearken to Conſcience, *whom he did refuſe,*
And grievouſly did many times abuſe.

Conſcience.

Go mourn, thou wretch, for ſad is thy condition.
Pour forth amain the Water of Contrition,
Wilt thou appear to Men godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocriſie?
Wilt thou to Truth *ſo often lend an ear,*
And yet to Satan *alſo thus adhere?*
You were as good have kept your former ſtation,
As thus to yield afreſh unto temptation;
Go unto Truth, *if God give ſpace and room,*
Before I do pronounce your final doom.

Truth

Truth.

Come, come, Young Man, Don't thy convictions
But cheriſh them, and timely alſo chooſe (loſe,
The one thing needful, which alone is good,
That God may waſh thy Soul in Chriſt his Blood.
Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater worth
Than all the things that are upon the Earth,
For if that the whole world you now could gain,
And all the pleaſures of it could obtain,
And in exchange your Soul ſhould loſe thereby,
What would your profit be when you muſt dye?
When once thy Soul is loſt, thou loſeſt all:
Oh! that will be a very diſmal fall!
Do'ſt thou not know what I of Hell declare,
Of th' hideous howlings of the Damned there?
How can'ſt thou with devouring fire dwell?
Or lie with Devils in the loweſt Hell?
Thoſe who do in their natural ſtate remain,
Muſt live for ever in that reſtleſs pain.
All Fornicators, Drunkards, aud the Liar,
Muſt have their portion in that Lake of Fire:
With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
And ſuch who are moſt vile Idolaters:
The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the ſelf ſame curſe.
And thoſe who live in vile Hypocriſie,
Or do backſlide into Apoſtaſie;
Let ſuch unto my preſent words give heed,
Their pain and torment ſhall all men's exceed.

What

What wilt thou do, or whither canſt thou fly,
Where canſt thou hide from the great Majeſty;
Who tries the reins, and ſearches every heart,
Conſcience declares that thou moſt guilty art.
Condemned Soul! thou knowſt that this is ſo,
And this moreover which I plainly ſhow.
Will come to paſs as ſure as God's above,
If from all ſin with ſpeed you don't remove;
As ſure as you do live where ere you die,
To Hell you go to all Eternity:
Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,
With vengeance thither you'll at laſt be brought.
You are the Man for whom God did prepare
That dreadful Tophet where the Damned are,
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The Damned in that doleful place to keep.
Oh! call to mind what *Conſcience* doth this day
Charge you withal, before you'r ſwept away;
Leſt you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into thoſe ſcorching flames do fall;
What mercy is't that *Conſcience* ſtrives ſo long,
And his Convictions ſtill in you are ſtrong!
Oh! fear leaſt ſin do ſear your *Conſcience* quite,
And God alſo put out your Candle light!
And give you up unto a heart of ſtone,
As he in wrath has ſerved many one;
Then to repent it will be much too late,
Such is the danger of a lapſed ſtate.
Young men, take heed you don't this work delay
And put it off unto another day.

Your

Your own Experience may discover this,
Man's Life a bubble and a vapour is.
Alas! thy days on Earth will be but few,
They fly away like to the mourning dew,
Like as the cloud and shadow swiftly flies,
Or, dew doth pass as soon as the Sun doth rise:
So fly thy days, thy golden months and years,
Much like the blossom that most gay appears;
And on a sudden fades and do's decay;
So Youth oft times doth wither quite away.
Thy Age thou do'st unto the Spring compare,
And to the Flowers which appear so rare.
From hence, O young man, learn instruction now,
Don't thy Experience daily teach thee how.
The Flower withers and hangs down its head,
Which curiously of late so flourished:
The Meadow's clad in glorious array,
But's soon cut down, and turned all to Hay.
Like *Jonah's* gourd which sprang up in a night
And perished as soon as it was light.
Or like a post which quickly passeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly:
Or as a Ship when she is under sail,
Doth run most swift when she hath a full gale.
So are thy days, they in like manner fly,
How many little Graves may'st thou espy?
Come measure now thy days, and see their length,
Number them not by years, by health or strength
All these uncertain rules you must refuse,
Though that's the way which most of men do use.

They

They think to live till they old aged-are,
'Cauſe their progenitors long-lived were.
That Rule from *Truth* you ſee doth greatly vary,
And which Experience ſheweth is contrary.
You hear the things which you ſhould reckon by
Things ſwift in motion, gone moſt ſpeedily.
Thy Life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a blaſt,
Thy Sand is little, long it will not laſt,
Thy houſe though new, yet it is very old,
Gone to decay, and turning to the mould,
You'r born to die, and dead alſo you were,
Before you liv'ed or breathed in the Air.
And die you muſt, before that live you do,
Except you die to live as I do ſhew.
Thy dreadful ruin, Soul, is very nigh,
Unleſs thy Tears prevent it ſpeedily.
What is thy purpoſe now, what's in thy mind?
Which way doſt think to take, how art inclin'd?

Youth.

Thy ways, O *Truth*, I am reſolv'd to run,
And never more will I to folly turn.
I tremble, at the thoughts of Death and Hell,
My Soul is wounded and my wounds do ſwell.
My pains increaſe, therefore my purpoſe now
Is far more ſtrict to be, and for to bow
Unto Chriſt Jeſus, that I may obtain,
Some healing Medicine to remove my pain.
No reſt can I, ſave in my Duty find.
I unto prayer am very much inclin'd.

God

God will I hope, theſe latter ſins forgive,
Since I more Godly do intend to live:
And ſo reſolve to watch and take ſuch care,
That Satan ſhall no more my Soul inſnare.

Victus.

He from this day becomes a great Profeſſor,
Though far from being yet a true Poſſeſſor.
Chriſt he has got into his mouth and head,
And not internally rais'd from the dead,
But in Old *Adam* ſtill does he remain,
Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.
VVhen Satan ſees it is in vain to ſtrive,
The Soul into its former ſtate to drive;
But that it will forſake groſs wickedneſs,
And will alſo the Truths of Chriſt profeſs,
He yields thereto, reſolving ſecretly,
To blind its eyes in cloſe Hypocriſie,
And ſo appears under a new diſguiſe,
Moſt ſubtilly thy Soul for to ſurprize,
Perſwading him the VVar which he doth find
Dayly to be within his troubled mind,
Is ſaving Grace againſt iniquity,
VVhich has prevail'd and got the Victory;
VVhen it is common Grace (we do ſo call)
And not the Grace that's ſupernatural.
He takes the work of Legal Reformation
For the only work of true Regeneration,
Here he doth reſt and ſeem to be at eaſe,
VVhen all is done, his Conſcience to appeaſe.

But

But I'le give place to this Religious Youth,
To hear diſcourſe between him and the Truth.

Youth.

Oh! happy I, and bleſſed be the day
That unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* I gave way.
I would not be in my old ſtate again,
If I thereby ſome thouſands might obtain.
From Wrath, and Hell, my Soul is now ſet free;
For I don't doubt, but I converted be.
The Word with Power ſo to me was brought,
A glorious change within my Soul is wrought.

Truth.

Young man take heed, leſt you miſtaken are,
Converſion's hard, it is a work ſo rare,
That very few that narrow paſſage enter; (ture,
Though far that way there's thouſands do adven-
Yet miſs the mark for all their inward ſtrife,
They fall far ſhort of the new Creature-life;
Come, let me hear your Grounds of evidence,
For I don't like your ſeeming confidence.
I doubt I ſhall find you under God's curſe,
And ſtill your caſe as bad, if not much worſe
Than 'twas when you did no Profeſſion make,
But did your ſwinge in all Prophaneneſs take.
The *Phariſee* was a Religious man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.
If ſhort of Chriſt you fix or faſten do,
'Twill be your ruine and your overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean? this Doctrin's too severe,
For all might see that I converted were.
But if my Grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
You shall forthwith hear what I have to say;
And the first Ground which I resolve to bring,
For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,
Is from Convictions which I have of Sin,
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Alas poor Soul! this Reason soon will fly,
For most do see their vile Iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward light,
That sin is odious in *Jehovah's* sight.
But yet vile sinners are nevertheless,
And don't one dram of saving Grace possess.
King *Pharaoh*, *Esau*, yea and *Judas* too,
They were convinced of their sins (you know:)
That they were Saints there's no man doth be-
For all those three the Devil did deceive. (lieve;
As he beguiled them, he may likewise
With cunning Stratagems your Soul surprize.
Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
Unless you do some better Reason urge,
To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought;
I do declare your state is very naught.
How many men under Convictions lye,
Yet never born again until they die?

What

What hast thou else to say and to produce,
Sith slight Convictions are of little use?

Youth.

I do not only see my sin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for sin continually.
And those which so do mourn they blessed are,
Don't you also the self same thing declare?

Truth.

Nay hold a little, thou may'st weep amain,
And yet in thee may many evils reign.
And thou may'st mourn for sin, as many do,
Because of shame, of bitter pain and wo,
Which now it brings, and leads unto i'th' end,
And not because thereby you do offend
The living God, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your sake such torment undergo.
Mourn more for th' evil which doth come thereby,
Than for the evil which in it doth ly.
This ground is weak, for *Esau*, it appears,
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter tears:
And yet you know that *Esau* was prophane,
And far was he from being born again.

Youth.

But I go further yet, I do confess
My horrid evils, and my guiltiness;
I confess my sins, as I have done,
God he is just, and is the Faithful one;

Who will my ſins forgive and pardon quite,
And blot them out of his own precious ſight.
This being ſo, what cauſe then can you ſee,
But that I'm turn'd from my Iniquity?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground;
Some do confeſs their ſins whoſe heart's unſound:
When *Pharaoh* ſaw the judgment of the Hail,
His heart began then greatly for to fail;
I've ſinn'd this time, the Lord is juſt, ſaid he,
I, and my people (alſo) wicked be.
Though *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, and *Judas*, each of them,
God did reject, and utterly condemn;
Yet theſe, when under Wrath, are forc'd to cry,
Lord we have ſinn'd; their Conſcience ſo did fly
Into their Faces, that it made them quake,
And unto God Confeſſion ſtrait to make.
Confeſſion may be made alſo in part,
And not of ev'ry ſin that's in the heart.
Men may confeſs their ſin, and their great guilt
Who the dire nature of it never felt:
Confeſs their ſins in their extremity,
When Conſcience pinches them moſt bitterly:
Confeſs their ſins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend thoſe curſed ſins to leave.

Youth.

But I confeſs, and alſo do forſake,
My ſtate therefore 'tis clear you do miſtake;

Thoſe

Thoſe who confeſs and do their ſins foregoe,
God will to them his precious Mercy ſhow.
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
I for my part am truly born again.

Truth.

In this alſo you may deceived be;
Men may forſake all groſs iniquity,
Yet in their Souls may ſome ſweet morſel lye,
Which they may hug and keep cloſe ſecretly.
They may ſin leave, but not as it is ſin,
Which has too often manifeſted bin.
If the leaſt ſin thou did'ſt forſake aright,
All ſin would then be odious in thy ſight.
Judgment and Reaſon may your ſins oppoſe,
And utterly refuſe with them to cloſe;
Yet may thy will and thy affections join,
To favour ſtill and love thoſe ſins of thine.
If ſin's not out of thy affection caſt,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at laſt:
If ſins i'th will and in th' affections found,
'Tis a true ſign thy heart is quite unſound.
Like to the Sea-man ſome Profeſſors do,
Who over-board ſome Goods are forc'd to throw
When they do meet with ſtorms and with bad wea-
Leſt all their goods and ſhip do ſink together. (ther,
When in the ſoul great ſtorms and tempeſts riſe,
The Devil then may ſubtilly adviſe
The Soul to throw ſome of its ſins away,
To make a Calm, that ſo thereby he may

Perſwade the Soul the danger is quite gone,
And that the work in him is fully done.
'Tis not enough therefore ſome ſins to leave,
But every ſin you muſt reſolve to heave
And caſt o're-board, yea and that willingly,
Or elſe you ſink to all Eternity.
Not by conſtraint as *Conſcience* doth compel,
As ſome are forc'd to do, who like it well;
Who leave the Act, but love to it retain;
Such leave their ſins, and yet their ſins remain.

Youth.

Theſe are hard ſayings which you do relate,
And I indeed ſhould queſtion my eſtate
Were't not for other grounds and reaſons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.
Sir! there's in me a very glorious change,
Moſt Men admire it, and do think it ſtrange,
That one who lately did both ſcoff and jear
Thoſe men and People which I now do hear;
And followed Vice and ev'ry vanity,
Should on a ſudden thus reformed be:
And utterly my ſelf alſo deny,
Of my ſweet joys, and former Company.

Truth.

From outward filthineſs a Man may turn,
And not be chang'd in heart when he has done,
A Legal change I grant he may be under,
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut aſunder.

An outward change in men there may be wrought,
And yet their hearts within be very naught.
The Swine that wallows in the Mire now,
May waſhed be, but ſtill remains a Sow.
Perſons may cleanſe the out-ſide of the Cup,
And Dogs may ſpew their naſty Vomit up;
But yet do keep their Beaſtly nature ſtill,
And e're a while they manifeſt it will.
Many profeſſors fall away and dy,
For want of being changed thorowly.
The *Phariſee* was chang'd, he did appear
As if indeed a precious Saint he were;
And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
And thought himſelf a far more happy Man.
But all this was in ſhew and not in heart,
And therefore had in Chriſt no ſhare nor part.
Except your Righteouſneſs doth his excel,
You in no wiſe ſhall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a falſe change, and cannot be a true,
Unleſs in you all things are wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his Conſcience bites & ſtings.
To hear *John Baptiſt* alſo was he led,
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.
So far this ſeeming Saint was turn'd aſide,
That he alſo your Saviour did deride;
And with his Men of War ſet him at nought,
Whilſt Accuſations they againſt him ſought;
Simon the Sorcerer alſo you read
Was changed ſo, he gave great care and heed,

To *Philip*'s Preachings; yea, and ſuddenly
He leaves his Witchcrafts and his Sorcery;
And yet a curſed Caitiff all the while,
Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.
Another Man in ſhew 'tis like thou art,
Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart;
Men in thy Life may no great blemiſh ſpy,
Yet in thy breaſt much rottenneſs may ly.
Toward all men thy Conſcience may be clear;
Conſcience ſo far may for thee witneſs bear,
That you in Morals it do not offend;
Yet unto God it may not you commend:
But contrar'wiſe it in your face may fly,
And you condemn for ſin continually,
For ſecret evils which it's privy to,
Which none knows of ſave only God and you.
Therefore, Oh! Young man, if you look about,
Of your Converſion you have cauſe to doubt;
Satan ſo greatly may your heart deceive,
That not one dram of Grace your ſoul may have
Which ſaving is, and of the pureſt kind,
For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
The Voice of *Truth* and *Conſcience* every day.
God's called ones I'm ſure you can't deny,
But they are ſuch whom he doth juſtifie:
Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
That Grace alone hath made me penitent:

My

My heart is ſound, my Graces true alſo,
My Confidence there's none ſhall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou ſeem'ſt too confident, 'tis a bad ſign;
For fears attend where ſaving Grace doth ſhine.
I tell thee, Youth, that many called be,
But few are choſen from Eternity.
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his heart.
There is an outward and an inward call,
The latter only is effectual;
Therefore you muſt produce ſome better ground,
For this don't prove that your converſion's ſound;
But that thou may'ſt ſtick faſt ſtill in the Birth,
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.
'Tis rare, O Youth, for to be born anew,
And hard to find out when the work is true.

Youth.

Though it be ſo, what cauſe have I to fear,
When that my Evidences are ſo clear?
I do believe, and truſt in God through Faith;
And he which ſo doth do the wittneſs hath
Within himſelf, and ſhall aſſuredly
Be ſaved alſo when he comes to dy.

Truth.

Thou may'ſt believe as moſt of people do,
And yet to Hell at laſt thy Soul may go.

The

The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot quicken, purifie or ſave.
Some *Jews* believ'd in Chriſt you alſo find,
Yet to their Luſts their hearts were then inclin'd,
And out of Satans Kingdom were not freed,
Nor made Diſciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer he did believe,
Yet did his Soul no ſaving Grace receive;
But was a Child of Satan ne're the leſs,
And ſtill was in the Gall of bitterneſs.
The ſtony ground with joy receiv'd the ſeed,
And for a time brought forth, as you may read,
And yet their hearts they were but hearts of ſtone,
Their Faith 'twas temporary, ſoon 'twas gone;
The *Devils do believe* as well as you,
Yea, and confeſs that Jeſus they do know;
They tremble alſo, which ſome men can't ſay
They ever did unto this preſent day.
Such Faith as Devils have, moſt men obtain,
Which ſerves for nought, ſave to augment their pain;
If on a Death bed *Conſcience* do awake,
'Twill cauſe them then to tremble and to quake,
And roar like Devils when they do eſpy
The dreadful wrath of that great Majeſty,
Whom they offended, and againſt their Light
And knowledge too, moſt wickedly did ſlight.
This Faith will ſerve their Grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that eſtate;
'Tis eaſie to believe that Chriſt did dy,
But hard his Blood in Truth for to apply.

Men

Men may raiſe up the dead to life again,
As eaſie as true ſaving Faith obtain
By their own power and inherent skill,
Nought doth oppoſe it more than mans own will;
Untill Almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace nor Jeſus condeſcend.
That Power which rais'd up Jeſus from the dead,
Works Faith in Saints, whereby they'r quickened:
The Faith of Credence, and Hyſtorical,
Is eaſie had, I ne're deny it ſhall;
But precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
As 'tis a Grace and glorioufly bedeckt
With other Graces, ſo 'twill never grow,
But in the honeſt heart where God doth ſow
The Bleſſed Seed, which like a Garden pure,
Doth yield its fruits to th' laſt, you may be ſure.
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down ſelf, and wholly then doth rowl
On Jeſus Chriſt, as its beloved one,
On whom it reſts, and doth depend alone.
If God hath wrought this precious Grace in thee,
Sin thou doſt hate, yea, all Iniquity.
And Luſt doth not predominate and reign,
If thou by faith art truly born again.
Chriſt thou extal'ſt as he is Prieſt and King,
And as thy prophet too in every thing:
He does in thee wholly the Scepter ſway,
And thou art govern'd by him every day.
Sin can"t prevail, ſuch is thy happy caſe,
If thou haſt got this rare victorious Grace:

It purges and doth purifie thy heart,
Wholly renewing thee in every part.
Men by its fruits true Faith do come to know,
And by their works the ſame do alſo ſhow;
What Faith is thine? what think'ſt thou now of it?
I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeit.
Examine thy Eſtate, and take good heed
To cloſe with Jeſus Chriſt, and that with ſpeed.
For as th' Body without the Spirit's dead;
The ſame of Faith you know is alſo ſaid.
Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend,
Yet for all this you'l periſh in the end.

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to join
In fellowſhip with Saints, ſuch Faith is mine:
I willing am to do, as to believe;
The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.
For I have clos'd with Chriſt already ſo,
That none my faith ſhall ever overthrow:
The many Prayers I make both day and night,
Do doubtleſs prove that my Converſion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee Soul, men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true Converſion miſs.
Gods Ordinances many do obey,
And Members of Gods holy Church are they,
And of its priviledges ſeem to ſhare,
As if that they truly Converted were:

They

They may diſcourſe, and ſeem to be devout,
And may not be diſcerned nor found out.
They with the flock may walk, lie down & feed,
And ſo remain till many years ſucceed;
Nay, not diſcovered be untill they ſtand
Amongſt the Goats, at Jeſus Chriſt's left-hand.
The fooliſh Virgins join'd themſelves with wiſe,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did ariſe:
But e're the Bridegroom came their caſe was ſad,
For they nought elſe ſave empty Veſſels had,
A bare Profeſſion, and a meer out-ſide;
And did no Oyl, no ſaving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers and Diſputers too
Chriſt will not own, nor any favour ſhew,
Though in his name they mighty works have done,
He'l ſay to them, *Ye wicked ones, be gone,*
I know you not, therefore be gone from me
All you vile workers of Iniquity.
You ſay oft-times you ſeek the Lord in Prayer;
That you may do, and let fall many a tear,
And yet not be in a converted ſtate:
For many ſeek with tears, when 'tis too late.
Others like Sea-men in a ſtorm, do cry,
When *Conſcience* doth rebuke them bitterly.
And ſome under Affliction cry and howl,
And grievouſly their ſtate do then condole;
Then Promiſes and reſolutions make,
That they ſuch Courſes will no longer take:
But when the ſtorm, and the affliction's o're,
They are as bad, nay worſer than before.

Some

Some Pray in Form, and others Pray by Art,
And some to mend the badness of their Heart;
Their hearts are wounded, and then speedily,
Their Pray'rs to heal it, they do strait apply.
They sin i'th' day, and Pray when it is night;
They sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well if Tears they can let fall,
Their Prayers and Tears they think will cure all;
And so that way poor *Conscience* they beguile,
They silence him; yet sinners all the while.
Their Pray'rs alas! can't wash their filth away,
Though they do nothing else both night & day.
'Tis on their Pray'rs they rest, and do depend,
Which like a broken staff will fail i'th' end.
A Saint in Prayer, no rest nor ease can gain,
Unless Christ's blood thereby he doth obtain;
And Grace also his sins to mortify,
For Christ, as well as pardon, he doth cry.
But contrar'wise it is with most of Men,
They cry for Pardon, but do also then
In their vile hearts regard Iniquity;
And for this cause God doth their suit deny.
Their Prayers are to God abomination,
Whilst they do hide and cover their transgression.
Some out of Custom do perform their Prayer,
Not out of Conscience or from Godly care,
And others also for vain-glory sake,
Like *Pharisees* they many Prayers make.
In sight of Men, in publick such will pray,
But in the Closet little have to say.

And ſome to God alſo ſeem to draw near,
Yet not in love, nor out of filial fear, (ſhow,
They with their mouths & tongues much kindneſs
When as their hearts are fixt on things below.
'Tis for the heart which Chriſt doth chiefly call,
And Reaſon 'tis that he ſhould have it all.
For he the ſame did buy and purchaſe dear,
Yet Satan has the chief poſſeſſion there.
God at the door, and in the porch doth ſtand,
While Satan may the braveſt room command.
They'l ope to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they ſeem to be devout.
There's ſome will pray, and up this duty keep,
When th' Soul is quite, and th' Body near aſleep.
Whoever prayes, and prayes not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity; (hear,
Their prayers are ſin, and them God will not
Nor mind their cry when they to him draw near.
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,
But how alſo each Duty you ſhould do.
For Men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate:
And yet be in an unconverted ſtate.
They outwardly may many Truths profeſs,
But not in heart the power of them poſſeſs.
The Law i'th' Letter keep, yea have the ſhell,
Yet feed on husks, and want the true kernel.
The Young-man which to Jeſus Chriſt did run,
He many things as well as you had done,
And yet fell ſhort, as you may plainly ſee,
Of the chief part of true Chriſtianity.

What

What ſay ye now, O Youth, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are?
Have you no *Delilah* which ſecretly
Doth in your heart, or in your Boſom ly?
Don't you to ſin ſome ſecret love retain?
If it be ſo, you are not born again.
Conſcience I fear, and God's reſtraining Grace,
Has only ſtopt you in your former race.
Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
So *Conſcience* does from ſin oft-times reſtrain.
But if the Chain ſhould ſlip, then looſe he goes,
And preſently his churliſh nature ſhows.
To your own Righteouſneſs do you not truſt?
I fear you do, come ſpeak, or *Conſcience* muſt.
Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let ſo many evils go?
And are ſo holy here of late become,
Are not your duties ſet up in the room
And place of Chriſt? Oh! ſee you do not make
A Saviour of your own (for Jeſus ſake;)
Did ever ſin ſinful to you appear,
And as 'tis Sin, to it great hatred bear?
Would you not ſin, were there no Hell of pain,
Becauſe you know the Lord doth it diſdain?
Rather is't not for fear of Puniſhment,
That you of late ſeem thus for to relent?
Or doth there not ſome carnal, baſe deſign
Move thee ſo far unto God's Truth to join?
Is not thy end to get a name thereby,
Or only done, *Conſcience* to ſatisfie?

Or

Or done to free thee from reproach and ſhame,
Which ſin doth bring upon a Perſon's Name:
Ha'ſt not it done, and wiſely caſt about
This way, for to prevent a bankerout?
Or done for to augment thy outward ſtore,
To ſave thy ſtock and add unto it more?
For Riotous Living which attends thy Age,
Conſumes a pace, and want it doth preſage.
Come ſpeak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree,
To let me underſtand how 'tis with thee.
Come, call to mind what thou haſt heard of late,
And thereby judge of this thy preſent ſtate.

Youth.

I do not ſee but my conditio'ns good,
I have ſuch hope and Faith in Chriſt's dear blood:
Though many imperfections I do ſee,
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me.
For many failings there are in the beſt:
What is amiſs, I'le mend, and ſo do reſt.

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spider's webb,
Thy flood of Confidence will have its ebb,
If thou prove guilty of thoſe things which I,
Did unto thee ſo lately ſignifie.
Thy ſpots will not be like the ſpots of thoſe,
Which God for Children to himſelf hath choſe:
And ſince you are ſo loth for to be try'd,
And leſt you ſhou'd alſo ſome evils hide;

To *Conſcience* I'll appeal, you have done wrong
To ſtop his mouth and hinder him ſo long:
He's ſo enlightened now he can declare
As much as we at preſent need to hear.
He'll ſpeak the truth, and his opinion ſhow,
And nothing will he hide which he doth know.
If unto him you will attend with care,
Of other witneſſes no need is there.
If he, O Young-man, be but on your ſide,
And is your Friend, you need none elſe provide.
But if againſt you, and do prove your Foe,
With vengeance then be ſure down you will go.
But if you will not hear what he ſhall ſay,
He'll make you tremble in the Judgement day.

Conſcience, I do i'th' Name of the great King
Require you forth your evidence to bring
Againſt this Man, accuſe, or ſet him free,
According as you find his ſtate to be:
Stand up for Chriſt your dread & Soveraign Lord,
And Judge for him as he doth Light afford.
Be not deceiv'd by Luſt, a Bribe to take,
But Judge by Law; Chriſt's honour lies at ſtake.
For to ſpeak home and loud have you forgot?
Is he converted now or is he not?
What do you ſay? your Teſtimony give:
Is all ſin dead, or doth there any live?
Is he new born, and chang'd in every part?
Or is't in ſhew only and not in heart?

Conſcience.

Sir, ſay no more, I am at your Command,
And you ſhall hear how things at preſent ſtand.
He hath, *O Truth*, almoſt deceived me
By's late pretences unto Sanct ty:
But having now afreſh receiv'd more light,
I muſt declare he is an Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd or truly born again;
Which I to you ſhall clearly now explain.
For, firſt of all, his Faculty, call'd Will,
That is perverſe and very wicked ſtill;
Though I ſtir up to good every hour,
Will doth oppoſe it with his greateſt pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day nor night:
But I muſt force him to't with all my might.
The old man is not ſlain I do eſpy,
But has much favour ſhown him ſecretly.
Though I do force him into holes to run,
Yet he doth nouriſh him when all is done.
His Love and his Affections are for ſin,
And ſo in Truth they ever yet have been.
He's troubl'd more at ſin becauſe of guilt,
Than at the *Odium* of its curſed filth.
When he's abroad amongſt Religious Men,
Preciſe and Zealous he is always then:
But when amongſt ſuch who ungodly be,
He ſuits himſelf to their vile company.
Some ſins are left which *Men* condemn as groſs,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very cloſe:

Luſt doth bear rule and much prodominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminate.
'Tis ſhame an outward fear doth him reſtrain,
Or elſe the act he would commit again.
If he from outward blots can keep his Name,
That Saints can't him accuſe nor juſtly blame,
He's ſatisfied, and very well content,
Though to his Peace I never gave conſent.
Peace he oft-times doth ſpeak unto his Soul,
And ſcarce will ſuffer me him to controul.
When I ſometimes do catch him in a lye,
And do reprove him for Hypocriſie:
To ſtop my Mouth he vowes he will with ſpeed
Amend what is amiſs, and take more heed.
And more than this of him I could relate,
And ſhew how you have hit his preſent ſtate:
But that he will not ſuffer me to ſpeak,
He blinds my eyes, that ſo I might not rake
Into his heart and life, leſt he thereby
Meet with great ſhame for his iniquity.

Truth.

Conſcience, forbear, you need not to inlarge;
If you do lay theſe things unto his charge,
He is undone, alas! his precious Soul
Is under wrath; who can enough condole
His ſad eſtate! the Goſpel he'l profeſs,
But ſtill remains i'th gall of bitterneſs.
Is this the Saint which ſeemed ſo preciſe,
And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?

A Saint in ſhew, a Devil in his heart;
And muſt with Devils alſo have his part.
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites ſhall be ſurpriz'd with fear;
The everlaſting burning fiery Lake
Is made more hot on purpoſe for their ſakes
But ſince you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite do you go on:
Let us purſue him ſtill, for who doth know
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one dram of ſaving Grace,
That will yet do; though 'tis a doubtful caſe,
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To ſuch as he, who thus offend the Lord,
For ſuch whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly,
Of Sin, and of his nat'ral miſery.
His loſt eſtate he truly never ſaw,
Nor what it is for to tranſgreſs God's Law.
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for ſin original is due.
And as he did for ſin ne're kindly bleed;
So of a Chriſt he never ſaw the need.
Th' abſolute want and great neceſſity
Of Jeſus Chriſt, he never did eſpy.
But on falſe bottoms he has built 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from top to toe,
And let him underſtand you are his Foe.

The Plague is in his head, and no place free,
But in his heart it rages vehemently.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on ſuch blows as may cauſe him to reel.

Conſcience.

Come, come, O Young man, liſten unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be.
I from God's Word Commiſſion have anew,
To tell the what is like for to enſue;
For all thy hopes and ſeeming goodly ſhow,
Thou art a wretched ſinner thou doſt know.
Think'ſt thou on *Conſcience* to commit a Rape,
And yet God's dreadful vengeance to eſcape?
Dar'ſt thou again under a new diſguiſe,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the ſame I'm ſure although you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive,
Ungodly wretch! doſt thou not dread my Name.
V Who'm come once more againſt thee to proclaim
A ſecond V Var. and to declare alſo,
God's ſtill thy Enemy and bitter Foe.
His Sword is whet, his Bow he'l alſo bend,
To cut down thoſe that do like thee offend.
Nought he hates more than vile Hypocriſy,
And from his Preſence, Youth, thou canſt not fly.

Youth.

Conſcience, be ſtill, though I a ſinner be,
There's none doth know it now ſave only thee.

Con-

Conſcience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great God, is he not alſo nigh?
Doſt think, vain Youth, the interpoſing Cloud
From God's all-ſearching Eye can be a ſhroud?
Or doſt thou think God's Seat is ſo on high,
That he cannot thy inward thoughts eſpy?
None know't but me! know'ſt thou not who I am?
Have I not pow'r for to accuſe, and damn?
Should I be ſtill, it would be a ſad day,
Unleſs thy ſins were purged clean away.
And whilſt I ſpeak, and thou doſt ſtop thine Ear,
Nothing but war and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'le never ſide with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilſt horrid guilt remains in thy baſe heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,
Were thou the higheſt Prince of great'ſt Renown,
That ever did on Earth a Scepter ſway,
Before thy face I would thy evils lay.
At th' ſmalleſt ſin beſure I can't connive;
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to ſtrive.
For where I am an enemy indeed,
I'le plague that heart until I make it bleed,
A cloſe and ſecret Foe, Young-man, am I,
Who am alſo with thee continually.
What e're you think or ſpeak, yea, act or do,
Of it (poor Soul) I very well do know:
Thy ſecret Luſt, and what is done i'th' night,
Which thou aſhamed art ſhould come to light,

I then am nigh and know it very well,
And more than this I am resolv'd to tell;
I unto thee shall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adversity;
When death and sickness comes, then thou shalt
How thou with horror shalt amazed be. (see
Then my black Bill against thee will be large,
For then against thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will make thy sad face like Ashes look,
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife was struck
Into thy very heart, and make thee mourn,
And curse the day that ever thou wast born.
I'le make thee understand (clearly) i'th' end,
What 'tis (vile wretch) poor *Conscience* to offend.
Heark once again, for I have more to say;
When this life's ended, there's another day.
Look now about thee, Youth, for there's to come,
The black, the dark, and dreadful day of Doom.
When thou dost dye, I'le bite and sting thy Soul,
Whilst that in flames doth burn and doth condole
Its damned state for yielding unto sin,
Which has alone the ruine of it bin.
And also when i'th' Judgement Day you stand
Amongst the Goats at Jesus Christ's left hand,
Thy dreadful state and tryal for to hear,
Then I against thee straitway must appear;
Yea; and shall speak more plain than now I can,
Because I'me clouded by the Fall of Man;
And am by Satan oftentimes misled,
And utterly unable rendred

A true and right deciſion for to make,
He ſo beguiles me that I do miſtake,
And a wrong Judgement oftentimes retain,
Till *Truth* ſets me into the right again.
But Satan then ſhall no more power have.
The heart of any Man for to deceive.
I in that day ſhall you provoke and urge,
For to confeſs with ſhame before the Judge,
Thy evil Luſt and cloſe Hypocriſie,
Unto thy own Eternal miſery.
I ſhall accuſe thee ſo in that great Day.
Thou ſhalt not have one word (Young man) to ſay,
Thy inward parts ſo opened then ſhall be,
That nothing ſhall be hid i'th' leaſt from me,
And I before the dreadful Judge ſhall ſhow,
All ſecret things that ever you did do;
And in your face ſo fiercely alſo fly,
That you with horror ſhall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou muſt hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;
Go, go, ye Curſed! that's a word of ire,
And you muſt down into Eternal fire,
Where Hypocrits and Unbelievers lye,
Broyling in pain to all Eternity.
And as the fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence ſhalt never more return:
So alſo I ſhall then afflict thy Soul,
Whilſt thou in ſcalding Sulphur flames doſt roul,
I like a Worm, or Serpent, then will bite,
And gnaw thy ſoul, thou curſed Hypocrite.

Thoſe

Thos inward stings which always thou wilt find,
Or cruel gnawings in thy tortur'd mind,
Will then increase and aggravate thy woe,
In such a sort there is no Tongue can show.
You then will think how you did me abuse,
And my good Counsel utterly refuse.
And how you labour'd to put out my Light,
Who in God's paths would lead your feet aright.
Your base delays and put-offs you'l repent,
And that your time so foolishly was spent.
That you for love which unto Lust you bore,
Should lose your Soul, and that for evermore.
To think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous aggravation:
To bid so fair for Heaven, yet to miss;
What greater trouble can there be than this?
To see the Ship i'th' mouth o'th' Haven lost,
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant most.
I'le tell you also how you wilfully
Brought on your self that dreadful misery:
And how I did oft times to you declare
The bitter torments which you then must bear:
And what your Pride and Lust would bring you to,
If you did not resolve to let them go.
Ah! thou wilt see how thou art quite undone,
And how all hopes for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of those golden Seasons once you had,
And vainly lost, will then be very sad.
Thou might'st, hadst thou improv'd the means of
Beheld with Saints God's reconciled face (Grace,

And

And enter'd Paradise, where Angels sing
Anthems of Joy to the Eternal King:
Thou might'st have sung to him melodious Psalms
With those whose hands shall bear triumphant Palms,
Who with Eternal love shall ravish'd be,
Reigning with Christ to all Eternity.
Heav'n is a place whose glory doth excel;
The thousandth part of it no tongue can tell.
Man's heart (*Truth says*) cannot i'th'least conceive
What those shall have who truly do believe.
Who would lose Christ and his immortal treasure,
For one base Lust and moments time of pleasure?
But if what's said of heaven will not invite thee,
Then let hell-torments with black vengeance fright thee,
And make thee yield to *truth* without delays,
Before God put's a period to thy days.
As Eye can neither see, nor Tongue express
The glory which God's Saints in heav'n possess:
So ther's no Man which can conceive the woe,
That Souls shut up in hell do undergo.
If Men could number all the Stars of Heaven
Or count the Dust which with the wind is driven,
Or tell the drops of waters in the Seas,
Or count the Sands; then might a man with ease
Declare the nature of that dreadful pain,
Which damned Souls for ever must sustain.
But Stars, nor Dust, nor drops, nor Sands can be
Number'd by any man, neither can he
Express the nature of God's dreadful ire,
Which Souls lye under in Eternal fire.

In

In Hell all's darkneſs, not one beam of Light:
What's greater ſorrow than Eternal Night?
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Nought there is heard but a moſt hideous crying,
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption,
Their cries admit no help, there's no redemption,
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their groans,
Whilſt they do make their lamentable moans.
The Lord who dy'd will then rejoyce to ſee,
Vengeance pour'd forth upon thoſe Souls that be
Veſſels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace
Muſt have their portion in that doleful place.
No Earthly pain or torment can declare
The woful Anguiſh which the Damned bear:
For if thoſe Plagues could be defin'd by Men,
Infinite puniſhment 'twould not be then.
Infinite Wrath it is to ſatisfie;
And God be ſure, will Juſtice magnifie.
Didſt thou but hear the groans and hideous cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How would it ſcare, and cauſe thy Heart to ake,
And every limb of thee tremble and quake!
Think, think on this, before the time doth come
That God doth paſs on thee thy final Doom,

Truth.

What ſay'ſt thou now? how canſt thou ſleep in peace,
Until theſe inward gripes of *Conſcience* ceaſe?
How canſt thou think i'th' leaſt thy ſtate is good,
When Conſcience ſwels & makes ſo great a flood?

Or

Or raiſes ſtorms and tempeſts in thy breaſt?
Becauſe of ſin he will not let thee reſt,
Come, make a ſearch, *Conſcience* is not miſled,
The very Truth before you he has ſpread.
What will you do at death and Judgement day,
If *Conſcience* thus you ſlight and diſobey?
Make peace with God, for worſer are his cryes,
Than if ten thouſand witneſſes ſhould riſe
Againſt thy Soul; 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy Conſcience then to bite and ſting.

Youth.

Some comfort, *Truth*, alas my Soul doth melt,
Such gripes as theſe what Man has ever felt?
I have ſome doubt my ſtate is very nought,
And that Converſion is not truly wrought.
My heart condemns me, and doth me reprove;
'Tis thou alone which canſt my grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaiſter for your ſore,
Your wound muſt yet be ſearch'd a little more:
If ſlightly heal'd only for preſent eaſe,
The Remedy's as bad as the Diſeaſe.
Doſt know what time thou didſt this wound receive
'Tis worſer far, I fear, than you believe:
'Tis deep, it ſtinks, yea, and 'tis venomous;
And doth expoſe thee to God's dreadful Curſe.
The ſting or dart ſticks faſt too in thy Liver,
Which doth thy ſmart and bitter pains procure.

Thy

Thy ſtate is bad, thou haſt thy mortal wound,
No Limb, or any part of thee is ſound;
If thou couldſt live, and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd:
If from all actual ſin you ſhou'd be clear,
Yet by the Law you ſtill moſt guilty are
Of former Crimes, Treaſon and Felony,
And juſtice doth aloud for Vengeance cry,
Nor will ſhe pardon or reprieve give forth
To any Sinner living on the Earth,
Againſt thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
And th' Day of Execution doth draw on:
Nought is between thee and eternal Death;
But ſome ſhort hours of uncertain breath:
Sin is ſo vile, and Juſtice ſo ſevere,
That in the leaſt 'twould not *Chriſt Jeſus* ſpare;
But Juſtice he muſt fully ſatisfie,
Who came to be man's bleſt Security.
And ſince in Chriſt thou haſt no ſhare nor part,
See what a ſelf-condemned Soul thou art.

Youth.

O curſed Sin! is this my ſad condition.
Truth I believe hath made a right deciſion.
I have my Soul deceived all along,
Though in my heart Convictions oft were ſtrong.
Oh! horrid Luſt, and baſe deceitful Devil.
Is this the fruit of your ſweet-pleaſing evil?
And thou falſe World what art thou now to me?
For I alas! am ruined by thee.

O

O whether ſhall I fly? what path untrod
For to eſcape th' incenſed wrath of God?
Will none for me ſome ſecret place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance cloſe may hide?

Truth.

Vain is all this, for none can find a place
To hide from God (ſuch is thy bitter caſe)
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you purſue with *Huy* and *Cry*.
If you ſhould take a ſudden haſty flight,
To ſeek ſome ſhelter in the ſhades of Night;
'Twould alſo fail thee, though it ſhould be done:
For unto God Darkneſs and Light is one.
Or, if thou couldſt ſome ſolid Rock eſpy,
To hide thee from God's dreadful Majeſty,
Can Rocks, doſt think, prevent, yea, or reſtrain
The ſtroke of Juſtice, and not fly in twain?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave
Which can from Vengeance ſhelter thee or ſave.
The Sea would part, the hardeſt Rock will ſplit:
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery Darts muſt hit.
Can'ſt thou eſcape? alas! what place is there
To hide from him who's preſent ev'ry where?

Youth.

Oh *Truth*! what ſhall I do, how can I ſtand,
Or bear theſe Tortures of God's heavy hand?
My Spirit may infirmities ſuſtain,
But who can bear this inward cutting pain?

Is

Is there no help, no Salve to heal my VVound;
What, no Physician for me to be found?
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, Fastings, nor hearing of the Word?
Or if that I could live and sin no more,
O what is sin, and what's my Gangrene sore?
O what's the nature of iniquity,
If nought my soul can cleanse or purifie?
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth,
Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchase health.
Ah! I am lost! the cause is truly so,
I am undone, and know not what to do!
Have you no word of Comfort now for me?
Oh! must I dye in this extremity?

Truth.

Dost find thy self sick at the very heart?
And doth my searchings make thy Wounds to smart
Doth sin, as sin, upon thy Spirit ly?
And doth its weight and burden make thee cry?
Dost know thy wound is Epidemical?
And that for thee there is no help at all
By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy loss,
And thy own Righteousness to be but dross)

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in doubt
Some sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
My heart is deep and very traiterous;
Every day I find it worse and worse

I grieve for ſin, and yet I am in dread
That I in ſin am greatly hardened.
Yet this, O *Truth*, I hope is wrought in me,
Sin I do hate as 'tis Iniquity.
I would not Chriſt offend, nor grieve again
Were there no Hell or place of future pain:
O that e're I againſt the Lord ſhould ſin,
Who has to me ſo good and gracious bin!
Againſt the Lord, againſt the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid evil often done.
Oh! I do ſee that I in ſin am dead,
And my Iniquity's gone o're my head
As a great burden which I cannot bear,
O that I might but of a Saviour hear;
All my own Righteouſneſs I prize no more
Than ſtinking refuſe of a Common ſhore.

Truth.

Come Youth, chear up, if this be ſo indeed;
I tell thee then Chriſt for thy Soul did bleed.
Glad tydings now I unto thee do bring,
There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'nly King.
Chriſt to appeaſe Gods Wrath did hither come,
And I am ſent by him to call thee home.
Riſe up, riſe up, his blood for to apply,
And thou ſhalt ſoon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou doſt ſay,
Unto my Soul 't would be a joyful day.

Alas! on me a mighty burden lies,
I cannot ſtir, nor power have to riſe.
Can *Lazarus*, who in the grave doth lye,
Deaths cruel Fetters and ſtrong Bands untie?
Can he awake? what power has he to ſtrive,
When dead, and ſtinks? alas! he can't revive,
Although dead but four days: then how ſhall I,
Who have lay'n dead in my Iniquity
Ever ſince *Adam* (as it plain appears)
Which is indeed above five thouſand years?
Jehovah which at firſt my heart did make,
Muſt by his Pow'r it into pieces take;
That ſo he may create my heart a-new,
E're good from Chriſt doth to my Soul accrue;
'Tis he muſt give me pow'r to will and do,
And raiſe me up, e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,
And take the Counſel which I'le give to thee;
And thou ſhalt find, as ſure as God's above,
He will thy Fears and all thy doubts remove,
And raiſe thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock alſo ſtill ſet thy feet.
Firſt thing of all which to you I commend,
Be ſure you don't your Conſcience more offend;
Do not grieve that, but alwayes take great care
In every thing to prove your ſelf ſincere.
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Chriſt do paſs him by.

In every Nation thoſe excepted are,
Who walk uprightly and the Lord do fear;
Thoſe who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his ſaving help afford.
I do exhort you in the ſecond place,
For to attend upon all means of grace;
Do not neglect to hear Gods bleſſed Word,
But prize each ſeaſon which the precious Lord
Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to beſtow,
For unto you thereby much good will flow.
My third advice make uſe of ſpeedily,
Lift up your voice unto the Lord on high;
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,
And you'l prevail, though he at firſt ſay nay.
Though you at firſt may with repulſes meet,
Your Soul yet proſtrate at *Jehovah*'s feet.
He's full of bowels, long he can't refrain,
E're he comes forth to eaſe you of your pain.
Thy Prayers and Tears, and ſpiritual contrition,
Will move his heart to ſend thee a Phyſycian,
Who will apply a Plaiſter to thy wound,
Which will hereafter ever make thee ſound:
Chriſts blood will heal, 'twill cleanſe and purifie,
If now the ſame by Faith you do apply.
Such grief is thine, no Medicine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's blood.
The good *Samaritan* will caſt a look,
Though thou of Prieſt and Levite art forſook:
Into thy Wounds he'l pour in Oil and Wine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.

O Cry to God, my ſiſter *Grace* to ſend,
'Tis ſhe at laſt will prove thy ſpecial Friend.
If God is pleaſed but to ſend her down,
Thy head with Glory ſhe will ſtraitway crown.
But here I'le advertiſe thee firſt of all,
Be ſure you do for the right Siſter call:
For there are two, and both of one Sir-name,
The one is lovely fair, the other lame,
The one is common, th' other chaſt and pure,
And will be true to thee thou mayſt be ſure.
The one will dwell where ſin prodominates,
The other loaths, and bitterly it hates,
And makes a thorow-change where ſhe doth dwel
And will all filth out of that heart expel,
Where ſhe doth take up her ſure reſting place;
Rare is the nature of true ſaving Grace.
Thy ſtubborn will ſhe'l make for to ſubmit,
And thy affections change as ſhe thinks fit.
Thy heart ſhe can new mould, and make it ſoft,
And will bring down each high and ſinful thought.
The Old- man ſhe will into pieces tear,
She'l cut and kill, and nothing will ſhe ſpare
That's oppoſite unto the Prince of Light,
She'l put the Devil to a ſpeedy flight;
She'l make him leave his ſtrongeſt hold and run,
And quite forſake his former Garriſon.
She'l take no pity on the Old man's Age,
She'l pay him off for all his wrath and Rage,
And curſed Malice, Pride and every ſin,
Which of long time he has the Author bin;

'Tis

'Tis ſhe can work upon the Covetous,
And change his heart to keep an open houſe,
To give and to diſtribute of his ſtore
To th' cloathing and refreſhing of the Poor.
'Tis ſhe brings down the proud and lofty mind,
Which nat'rally was to that vice inclin'd.
'Tis ſhe can tame the wild ſtrong-headed Youth,
And make the Lyar alwaies tell the truth.
'Tis ſhe which makes the froward very meek,
And the revengeful not revenge to ſeek.
'Tis ſhe which quenches Young-mens luſtful fire,
And makes them to diſdain that baſe deſire.
'Tis ſhe will make thy Soul for to defie
Each *Dalilah* and all Hypocriſie.
She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace
And inward joy, which never more ſhall ceaſe.
'Tis ſhe muſt put Chriſt's bleſſed Robes on thee,
And bring thy Soul out of Captivity.
'Tis ſhe muſt thee adorn and beautifie,
And make thee lovely in Chriſt Jeſus Eye.
Oh! ſhe'l inflame thy Soul with precious love
To Chriſt alone, which none ſhall e're remove.
'Tis ſhe which ties that Conjugal bleſt knot,
Which can't be broke, nor ever be forgot.
'Tis ſhe that makes Chriſt and the Saints but one,
And makes them of his very fleſh and bone.
'Tis ſhe will help thee in this time of need,
Yea, a Diſciple will make thee indeed.
And this to thee alſo I muſt declare,
Thou of this *Grace* ſhalt have a part and ſhare.

Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die,
He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny;
Give him no rest, till more he doth give forth,
For to compleat in thee the second Birth;
Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear,
Yet importunity will make him hear.
Thy time I'm sure it is the time of love,
And thy deep wounds will make him from above
To pity thee, and for to cast an eye,
As thou polluted in thy blood dost lye;
What e're is needful to thee he will give,
And raise thee up to life, and make thee live;
Yea, manifest to thee such consolation,
As for to cloath thee with his own Salvation.
Come, make a tryal, and do not despair,
Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy help is there.

Youth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed,
If 'twas for me Christ on the cross did bleed;
I will send up a sigh, a bitter groan,
And earnestly implore his gracious Throne.

Most Holy God, who dwellest in the light!
Ah! What am I before thee, in thy sight?
Wilt thou attend or listen to my Cry?
Thou know'st my grief, and where my pain doth lye;
Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my blood am forc't to lye and roul?

Is there no Balm in Gilead, *is there none?*
Into dark ſilence then, Lord I'le be gone;
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the Blood Chriſt Jeſus ſhed;
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its grief,
Then let me periſh without all relief.
Why were thy ſides pierced? Lord Jeſus, why?
Didſt ſuffer for thy own iniquity?
There was no ſin, I'me ſure, nor guilt in thee
That caus'd thy pains; didſt thou not die for me?
Didſt-thou not Juſtice fully ſatisfie,
And pay the Debt? Muſt I in Priſon lye,
When Reſtitution's made in th' higheſt degree?
Oh! come and ſet my Soul at liberty;
Knock off theſe bolts and chains, and bring me forth
Out of this pit, deep Mire, and bands of Death.
Lord, muſt I bleed? did I not bleed before
In thy ſad Wounds? can Juſtice challenge more?
O! ſhall my heart-ſtrings break? my Soul doth groan;
I languiſh, Lord, whilſt thou ſtand'ſt looking on.
Lord, doſt thou hear the Ravens when they cry,
And wilt thou not my preſent wants ſupply?
Wilt thou the door of Mercy ne're unlock?
Lord, open unto me, now I do knock.
O Son of David, *help; think on thy Word,*
And unto me ſome Mercy, Lord, afford.

Jesus.

What voice is this? who is't that makes this cry?
What sinful Wretch is in extremity,
That thus implores for help, and follows me;
That takes no nay, although I silent be?

Youth.

Lord 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new birth.

Jesus.

Was I not sent only to Jacob's *race?*
How com'st thou then to have so bold a face
To importune me, when ye know full well
You are not of the stock of Israel?
Come you not of the cursed Gentile *seed?*
Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah! help, dear Lord, and some compassion show,
For to whom else, or whither can I go?

Jesus.

Is't meet that I should give to Dogs that Bread,
With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.

True, Lord, that I do grant, and ever shall,
Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crums which fall
From

From their own Master's Table: though a whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

What ailest thou, poor Soul, what's thy condition
Which makes thee shed these tears of sad contrition?

Youth.

My grief, my pain, and great extremitie,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my wants dost see.
Ah! I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate my self, and loath my present case.
I am a lump of filth, wholly unclean,
A viler creature has there never been.
I languish Lord, my wounds they are not small;
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus.

Come, cease thy grief, what is't thou dost desire?
My Soul doth melt, my heart is set on fire,
My Bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain
From tears, as well as thee I am in pain:
Thy wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry
Doth pierce my heart, I know thy misery.
What is it Soul? speak forth thy mind to me;
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee?
Come ope' thy heart to me, for I am nigh
Thy suit to grant, thy wants for to supply.

Youth.

Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here,
Nor Honours, which by men so prized are,
Nor length of dayes, Lord, do I seek or crave,
'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have.
The Earth's a blast, and all the World's a bubble;
There's nothing in't can ease me of my trouble.
Such is my state, nought but thy hand can save,
'Tis thou must raise dead *Lazarus* from the grave.
Knock off these bolts, and set thy Prisoner free,
And give thy grace (Lord Jesus) unto me.
My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh,
O spare my Soul, but crucifie the flesh;
Compleat thy work (Lord Jesus) on my heart,
And thy own Righteousness to me impart.
There's nought, I see, will do me any good,
Save the dear Merit of thy precious Blood.
My bleeding Soul will faint away and die,
If thou dost not thy blood with speed apply.
How has my panting breast sent many a groan,
With bitter tears, up to thy gracious Throne,
For one sweet look and aspect of thine Eye?
There's nothing else which will me satisfie:
O! manifest thy Love unto my Soul,
For that will cure me, and soon make me whole.
My gasping Soul's dissolved into tears, (fears;
Whiles pleas'd with hopes, and yet possess'd with
My great request, alas! is only this,
Come seal thy Love to me with a sweet kiss:

For

For nought is there in Earth, nor Heaven above,
Which I esteem or value like thy Love.
A Promise grant, some word to lie upon,
Before my life and little hopes are gone.
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou dost see,
Because I know how I unworthy be:
Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile;
Thy frowns I do deserve, but not one smile.
How did I grieve and put thy Soul to pain!
The thoughts of it doth cut my heart in twain:
Thy Messengers, how did my Soul refuse!
And my poor Conscience wickedly abuse,
Who did receive Commission from above,
Either to clear or sharply to reprove!
I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf ear,
And unto *Satan* rather did adhere.
I slighted thee, and sin I did embrace,
Which shames me greatly to look in thy face.
If thou should'st pardon such a one as I,
And save my soul to all Eternity,
And me embrace in a contract of love,
And all thy wrath for ever quite remove;
It would be Grace and Love beyond degree,
And such which never can expressed be.
O, wilt thou speak again! dear Saviour do,
A Promise, Lord, or I'le not let thee go.

Jesus.

What Faith hast thou poor Soul, canst thou believe,
And stedfastly my benefits receive?

Do'st

Do'st think that I have power and a heart
To save, to help and free thee from thy smart?

Youth.

My Faith alas! is weak, O send relief;
Lord, I believe, O help my unbelief!
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
Will soon remove my doubts and all my fear.
If Love as well as pity thou dost show,
'Twill give me joy, and take away my woe.
But thou may'st Lord, my Soul commiserate,
And yet may I be in a dying state.
Over *Jerusalem* thou didst lament,
Who had no saving Grace for to repent.
Is there in thee such bowels of compassion,
As to bestow thy self and thy Salvation
On such a worm as I, whose wounded breast
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have rest?
O help, dear Lord, my fainting Soul will die,
Without an Answer from thee speedily.

Jesus.

Look up to me, and see my Love descending;
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.
Can'st thou have more dear Soul? thou hast my heart;
What e're is mine to thee I will impart.
Thy scarlet sins are washed quite away,
Not one of them unto thy charge I'le lay.
Pull up thy drooping heart, be of goood chear,
Thy sins, though ne're so great, forgiven are.

I able

I able am to ſave to th' uttermoſt
All thoſe who do in me put all their truſt.
Thoſe which do come to me, I in no wiſe
Will caſt them out, therefore lift up thine eyes:
Behold my hands and feet and do not doubt,
For I have waſht and cleans'd thy ſoul throughout.
Thy debts I've paid, and quitted the old ſcore;
Thy former faults I'le ne're remember more.
Enter the Royal Fort, thou haſt obtain'd
Th' fountain of pleaſure, holy love unſtain'd:
Take up thy Lodging in Eternal Love,
What's here below? thy treaſure is above.
Chear up, poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
My blood was ſhed to ſave that Soul of thine:
With endleſs joyes thy Soul I'le ſatisfie,
And in my Boſom ever ſhalt thou lie.
In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,
And do engage I'le never thee forſake.
In th' fire and in the water I'le be neer,
And help thee through all grief and troubles here:
Yea, I'le be with thee always to the end,
And Death at laſt I'le cauſe to be thy Friend;
And make its paſſage alſo unto thee
Only an entrance to felicity.
Rivers of Pleaſures thou ſhalt have to th' brim.
Wherein the Prophets and Apoſtles ſwim,
And with great Glory thou ſhalt crowned be,
And on the Throne ſit down alſo with me.
World, Death nor Devil ever ſhall remove
My heart from thee; for thoſe I truly love,

I love

I love to th' end: Ah! Soul, 'tis thou shalt lie
In my own Arms to all Eternity.

Youth.

Darkneſs is gone, day-light begins to ſpring,
Heavens melody I find's the ſweeteſt thing.
The Sun is riſen now, it is broke forth,
And gloriouſly enlightens my dark earth.
My Soul is raviſh'd with this joyful ſight,
Yea, and diſſolv'd with Love and true delight:
My heart is melted with Cœleſtial fire,
And has obtain'd at length it's own deſire;
My frozen Soul muſt needs run down amain,
Which ſuch hot beams from *Jeſus* doth obtain:
The door is open'd, Chriſt has giv'n a knock,
Has made it fly, and has diſſolv'd the rock.
My heart which was ſo hard is made to yield,
Chriſt has o'recome me now and won the field.
The war is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity.
What joy is this! Ah! 'tis beyond all meaſure;
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleaſure.
As was my burden, ſo I find my reſt,
O that was great! and this can't be expreſt.
What heart can taſte of theſe tranſcendent joys,
And not account Earth's pleaſures empty toys!
Such is the nature of a ſecond birth,
Makes Héav'n on Earth, turns ſorrow into mirth.
Once was I blind, ſenſeleſs, bewitch't; nay, mad,
I thought in Chriſt no comfort could be had:

Religion

Religion was, I thought, a fooliſh thing,
Which could no pleaſure nor no profit bring.
I thought Profeſſors greatly were miſled,
When I beheld what things they ſuffered:
But I am now convinc'd of my miſtake,
For I my ſelf could, for Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
Any deriſion or Affliction bear;
Such inward peace in him, and joy is there.
What man would not all earthly glory ſlight,
For one ſmall dram or taſte of ſuch delight?
To have Chriſt's Love, and in his bolom lie,
Yields true content and ſweet felicitie.
Ah happy I, I live! my Soul's involv'd
In ſecret raptures, ſighs to be diſſolv'd,
And be with Chriſt my home and reſting place,
For to enjoy and ſee him face to face.
And in the int'rim, Lord, whilſt here I ſtay,
I faithfully will do what thou doſt ſay.
And help, me Lord, thy praiſe for to declare
Unto all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my voice on high!
Let joyful *Hallelujahs* pierce the ſky.
And eccho back again, reſound on Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought in me the ſecond birth:
Let me with the Cœleſtial Angels ſing,
And make thy Praiſes round the World to ring!
Thou'ſt brought my Soul out of the loweſt Pit,
And in the paths of *Sion* ſet my feet!
Thou haſt from darkneſs brought me into light,
And to mine eyes thou haſt reſtored ſight!

Nay

Nay, haſt my Soul ſav'd from Eternal Death,
And ſhall not I thy praiſes, Lord, ſing forth?
O let my tongue, my heart, and life make known
The favour, Lord, which to me thou haſt ſhown!
Let me aloft, by thy beſt Grace, aſpire
To ſound thy praiſe with the Cœleſtial Quire.
With ſwift wing'd *Cherubims*, Lord, let me join,
To magnifie that glorious name of thine.
Let not remainders of the fleſh diſturb
My precious peace that's new: O do thou curb,
Yea, kill and crucifie each evil thought,
With vengeance let thoſe rebels down be brought
And let me on the Earth live all my dayes
Unto thy Glory and tranſcendent praiſe. (o're
And then great God, when theſe ſhort days are
With *Seraphim's* I'le ſing for evermore.

Truth.

What melody and triumph do I hear?
Whoſe voice is this that ſoundeth in mine ear?
What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this that ſoars on high,
That with ſwift wings aloft doth mount and fly;
And in Eternal love ſeems to lye down,
Adorn'd with Grace, and raviſh'd with the Crown
Of inward Peace? that taketh up its reſt
At Jeſus Chriſts ſweet ſatisfying breaſt,
And breaking forth in raptures, can't expreſs,
As he would do, his humble thankfulneſs?

Youth.

'Tis I, bleſt Truth, the Conqueſt now is won,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the Conquer'd one;
My Grief is turn'd to joy, yea and my Night
Is alſo chang'd into Eternal Light.
Thy powers great when Grace doth work with thee,
Yeſoon do then obtain the Victory,
Bleſt be the day that ever thou wert ſent
To change my heart, and move me to repent.
Dear love to thee, O Truth, I ſhall retain,
So long as I upon the Earth remain.
I'le keep thee cloſe, and hide thee in my heart,
For thou more precious than rich jewels art,
I'le loſe my All before I'le part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy company.
Though Satan ſtir up foes never ſo cruel,
Devils nor Men ſhall rob me of this Jewel.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand deaths to dye,
Before I will God's bleſſed truth deny.
Though of deceivers there's a multitude,
Yet none of them ſhall my poor Soul delude.
Though they do thee reproach, ſlight and con-temn,
I by Exper'ence can refute all them,
Who ſay thy words nought but dead Letters are,
Which men may burn, or into pieces tare:
The out-ſide of the Book they only ſee,
Who thus do ſpeak reproachfully of thee;
For did they but thy inward power know,
They'd never ſpeak as oftentimes they do?

But ſoon they would God's written Word extol,
Above that light which they cry up in all.
The light which *Conſcience* unto me doth give,
I'le always own as long as I do live,
But from God's Word doth its chief light deſcend,
Therefore the Holy Sriptures I'le commend:
For had we not God's Word to light our hearts,
The Heathens which do live in Forreign parts,
Who never heard of Chriſt, might underſtand
As much as any do in this our Land,
Alas! we ſhould have been unto this day,
In all reſpects as ignorant as they.
But I'le forbear, becauſe I muſt with ſpeed
Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,
To hear what will he ſay; O *Truth* wilt thou
Concerning me ſhew forth thy Judgments now?
I do intreat thee prove me thoroughly,
For ſtill I do retain a jealouſie
Over my heart, becauſe that I have ſeen
How I deceived oftentimes have been.

Truth.

Conſcience, to thee I muſt once more deſcend,
The Controverſie thou alone muſt end:
How is it with him now? what doſt thou ſay?
Haſt any thing unto his charge to lay?
Remember what I formerly have ſhown,
And let thy preſent thoughts with ſpeed be known.

Conſcience.

I always ready am Judgment to give,
According to the Light I do perceive,
And never was more free than now am I
My thoughts to ſhew; your ſuit I can't deny.
O Sir! the caſe is chang'd; I am his Friend,
His ſweet Condition I muſt needs commend.
Grace has ſubdu'd corruption in his heart,
That he's made clean, and waſh'd in every part;
My teſtimony you may take for truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth;
He's truly Godly, Faithful, and ſincere,
I do for him, and ſhall my witneſs bear:
All kind of Evil doth his Soul deſie,
He hates above all things Hypocriſie:
Will and Affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his delight.
There's no Command of Chriſt, not any one
That he's convinced of, but he has done:
He faithfully alſo the Lord obeys,
Without excuſes, put offs, or delays;
He grieveth moſt for ſins that ſecret are,
Which unto men do not i'th leaſt appear;
He's more in ſubſtance than he is in ſhow,
When high'ſt in joy, his heart is very low;
All his own Righteouſneſs he doth diſown,
And does rely on Jeſus Chriſt alone,
Chriſt is become ſo precious in his ſight,
He's firſt with him i'th morn, and laſt at night.

He willingly has taken up the Croſs,
And doth account what e're is his but droſs.
And parts with it moſt freely, Chriſt to gain,
Since he hath found Earth's beſt enjoyments vain.
Chriſt he exalts as King i'th' higheſt degree,
And gives each Office its full dignity.
He uſes me alſo moſt tenderly,
Becauſe he knows that my Authority
Is from above, it is for Jeſus ſake
He ſides with me, and doth reſolve to take
My part always, what e're he doth ſuſtain,
He'l rather ſuffer than would make me gain.
Chriſt has in me ſet up his bleſſed Throne,
And over me no other King he'l own:
Chriſt muſt alone in me the Scepter ſway,
And he will die before he'l give away
Chriſts Right and Sovereaignry in his dear Soul.
He is reſolv'd to ſuffer no controul,
In things alone which to me appertain,
Fear leſt thereby Chriſts Glory he ſhould ſtain.

Truth.

Oh! happy young man! bleſſed from above,
Bleſſed with Grace, and raviſh'd with the love
Of thy Eternal Lord, in whoſe ſweet breaſt
Thou now doſt lie, and evermore ſhalt reſt.
Thy Honor's laſting, now it can't decay.
Thy treaſure's ſure, thieves cannot ſteal't away:
Thy Pleaſure's are beyond thought or conceit,
And thy rare beauty is without deceit.

Thy

Thy ſtrength, thy Wiſdom, nor thy Youth ſhall
Nor canſt thou die, thou art immortal made (fade
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou ſhalt Reign to all Eternity.

Ficinus.

There's none on Earth is able to expreſs
The inward peace this Young-man doth poſſeſs;
Whilſt to his joy he clearly doth eſpy
This bleſſed Concord and rare Harmony:
Conſcience and *Truth* moſt ſweetly do agree,
He's freed from bondage and captivity.
Chriſts Spirit doth with *Conſcience* witneſs bear,
He's born of God, and is become an heir
(With his dear Saviour) of Eternal bliſs;
What conſolation can there be like this?
But whilſt thus fill'd with joy and true delight,
The Devil falls on him with all his might;
With ſtrong aſſaults, his Faith for to deſtroy,
Which much abates and mitigates his joy:
But Satan failing in his Enterprize
In one reſpect, another way he tries;
And with malicious threats he breaketh forth,
Spitting his Venome and his helliſh wrath,
Which in ſome meaſure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

Hark, hark, thou curſed wretch, vengeance is mine,
And I'le repay't upon that Soul of thine;

In dreadful wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again ſubmit to me,
Will not my ſhining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my Agents fell thy Soul affright
To leave thoſe curſed ways in which you go?
Then I'le ſome way contrive your overthrow.
Though out of your Dominions I am beat,
And forced am at preſent to retreat;
Yet I'le return like a Lyon ſtrong,
And break thy bones in pieces ere't be long.

Youth.

Father of Lyes, do'ſt think I dread thy frown?
Tis paſt thy skill to throw my Glory down,
Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
And chained up; alas! thou canſt not do
According to thy wrath and curſed ſpight,
Chriſt's pow'r is mine, who ſtronger is in Might;
Me he'l not leave, though tempted am by thee,
Yet he knows how to help and ſuccour me,
What matter is't although thou art inraged,
When the great Pow'r of Heaven is ingaged
To ſide with me always, and takes my part?
Though thou a Lyon and a Serpent art,
Yet may'ſt as ſoon the Lord of Life o'recome,
As to produce or work my final Doom,
So Long as I do for his Glory ſtand,
And am obedient to his beſt Command.

Devil.

But I have ſo much craft and ſubtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy:
Though thou do'ſt think he is become thy Friend,
I'le by temptation move thee to offend
Him ere't be long; and ſoon you will eſpy
In's anger you he'l caſt off utterly:
And then I'le tear and rend you as I liſt,
And you ſhall have no power to reſiſt.

Youth.

God has beſtow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the thoughts of giving place
To thee, O Satan, though thou doſt entice,
God will preſerve my Soul from deadly vice:
But if through weakneſs him I ſhould offend,
In Bowels he'l to me his pardon ſend.
Chriſt is my Advocate; God will paſs by
All ſins of Weakneſs and Infirmity.
Although he uſe the Rod, his precious Love
I'm ſure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your hopes will fail, alas! black clouds will hide
Your glorious Sun, your ſteps will quickly ſlide:
Your morning's bright, but ſoon 'twill over caſt,
And all your joy will ſcarce a moment laſt.
Though Truth *doth now thy preſent ſtate commend,*
Yet you will find the Proverb true i'th' end.

That the young Saint will an old Devil be:
You'l dye and periſh in Apoſtaſie.

Youth.

Cauſe thou haſt loſt thy former happy ſtate,
With malice thou ſtir'ſt up thy bitter hate
Againſt my Soul, thou ſhew'ſt thy wicked ſpight,
But thy vile teeth are broke, thou canſt not bite.
Thou doſt on me caſt forth an envious frown,
Becauſe thou haſt for ever loſt thy Crown.
Becauſe thy Morning's turned into Night,
Doſt think thou ſhalt my Soul amaze and fright
With ſuch inſnaring thoughts? I thee defie;
Nothing can break that bleſſed band and Tie,
Or Covenant which Chriſt with me has made,
My ſtanding's firm, my Crown can never fade.
He that has in my Soul this work begun,
Will finiſh it I'me ſure e're he has done.
There's ne're a Lamb or Sheep of his dear fold,
But he will keep, he has of them ſuch hold.
That in the midſt of danger they ſhall ſtand,
And none ſhall pluck them out of his ſtrong hand.
They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,
Till they are ſafely brought unto Salvation.
Upon the Rock of Ages I am placed,
And my foundation never can be razed;
Though Mountains ſhall depart, & Hills remove,
Yet Chriſt will never change in his dear Love,
Nor cauſe his Covenant of his laſting peace
To be remov'd, nor his ſweet Mercy ceaſe,

The

The *Truth* and *Conſcience* both joyntly agree,
That the new-birth is truly wrought in me.
Th'Immortal ſeed I'm ſure muſt needs bring forth
A Babe Immortal; and my Heav'nly birth
Doth ſhew to all, and clearly ſignifie,
I cannot periſh in Apoſtaſie.
The Head and Members of one Nature are,
Or elſe Chriſt's Body a ſtrange Monſter were.
As ſure as he's in Heaven, ſo ſhall I,
And reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil.

My words I ſee no place at all can find
Within the Center of thy evil mind:
I'le leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curſe,
Which is as bad as Hell, nay it is worſe
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake;
And let all thoſe who love me, vengeance take
Upon ſo vile a Wretch: and though I do
Forſake thee now, within a day or two
I'le come again, and will thy Soul torment
Till thou of thy Repentance ſhalt repent.

Youth.

O Lord, I praiſe thee for that glorious Pow'r,
Which helpt my Soul in ſuch a needful hour
Of ſtrong aſſaults from the vile wicked one;
Thou help'ſt me to reſiſt him, and he's gone.
Therefore, dear God, be pleaſed to inflame
My heart with Grace to magnifie thy Name:

And

And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy *Truth* alſo for me appear,
Though I am young and weak, I ſhall thereby
Not fear the aſſaults of any Enemy.
Come, ſpeak, O *Truth*, wilt be on my ſide,
'Tis in thy ſtrength ſtill I very much confide.
Though I am feeble, thou art mighty ſtrong;
And whilſt for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul ſupport thee whilſt on Earth,
And ſave thee from the rage of Hell and Death:
I will aſſiſt thee by a mighty Arm,
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm;
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and ſlay
All curſed Enemies who thee gain-ſay.

Grace.

If *Truth* ſhould fail, I will thy wants ſupply,
Thou need'ſt not doubt of my ſufficiency,
Light I will be in Darkneſs, Joy in Grief,
And when in Trouble great, I'le bring relief.
If always thou doſt on my Arm rely,
The Devil will be forc'd with ſpeed to fly.
Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the end.
I'le help thy Soul through all its Chriſtian ſtrife,
And bring thee ſafe to Everlaſting Life.

Con-

Conſcience.

I'le be the *third* that will lend thee an hand,
We'l all combine to make a triple band.
A threefold Cord can't eas'ly broken be,
I'le be a Friend in thy Adverſitie.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou need'ſt to fear,
So long as I for thee my witneſs bear;
Thou that in Truth doſt walk before the Lord,
And that thy ways do with his Word accord.
The evil Foe ſhall be aſhamed quite,
Whilſt faithfully thou walk'ſt up to thy Light;
And Satan never can get any ground,
Whilſt I declare thy heart is truly ſound.
Chear up, poor Soul, I'le feaſt thee conſtantly,
And plead for thee before the Enemy,
My ſweeteſt wine alſo I'le keep to th' end,
At death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's Word that is thy ground in every thing,
His Glory is thy aim, from thence doth ſpring
All ſervice thou doſt do towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'l afford;
That doth bear witneſs for thee, ſo do I,
And will alſo when thou do'ſt come to dy.

The Young mans Experiencing Converſion truly wrought in his Soul, and that he's delivered from the Power of the Tempter, breaks forth into theſe following Hymns *of Prayer and Praiſes to God.*

A Myſtical

A Myſtical Hymn of Thanksgiving.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles wings,
And unto thee, dear God, ſhe ſings;
Since thou art on my ſide,
My enemies are forc'd to fly,
As ſoon as they do thee eſpy;
Thy name be glorified.
Thou mak'ſt Rich by making Poor:
By Poverty add'ſt to my Store;
Such Grace doſt thou provide.
Thou wound'ſt as well as thou mak'ſt whole,
And heal'ſt by wounding of the Soul;
Thy name be glorified.
Thou mak'ſt men blind by giving ſight,
And turn'ſt their darkneſs into light:
Theſe things can't be deny'd.
Thou cloath'ſt the Soul by making bare,
And giveſt food when none is there;
Thy name be glorified.
Thou Killeſt by making alive,
By dying doſt thy Soul revive,
Which none can do beſides;
Thou doſt raiſe up, by pulling down,
And by abaſing, thou doſt Crown,
Thy name be glorified.

By

By making bitter thou mak'ſt ſweet,
And mak'ſt each crooked thing to meet
I'th' Soul which thou haſt try'd:
The fruitleſs tree thou mak'ſt to grow,
And the green tree doſt overthrow;
Thy name be Glorify'd.
The conquered the conqueſt gains;
By being beat, the Field obtains,
Which makes me therefore cry,
Lord while I live upon the Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought the ſecond birth,
Thy name I'le Magnify,
Thou mak'ſt men wiſe, by 'coming Fools;
By emptying thou fill'ſt their Souls,
Such Grace doth thou provide:
By making weary thou giv'ſt Reſt,
That which ſeem'd worſt proves for the beſt;
Thy name be glorify'd.
Thou art far off and alſo near,
And not confin'd but ev'ry where,
And on the Clouds doſt ride.
O thou art Love and alſo Light;
There's none can go out of thy ſight;
Thy name be Magnify'd.
Lord, thou art great and alſo good,
And ſit'ſt upon the mighty Flood,
By whom all hearts are try'd:
Though thou art Three, yet art but One,
And comprehended art of none:
Thy name be glorify'd.

The

The Excellency of Peace of Conſcience.

MY *Conſcience* is become my Friend,
And chearfully doth ſpeak to me,
And I will to him motions bend,
Although that I reproached be:
I matter not who doth revile,
Since *Conſcience* in my face doth ſmile.
My *Conſcience* now doth give me reſt,
My burden's gone, my Soul is free;
Again I would not be oppreſt
In the old bands of miſerie,
For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
Nor any thing which can be told.
My *Conſcience* doth with precious food,
Feed my poor Soul continually,
Its dainties alſo are ſo good,
All ſinful ſweets do I defie:
This Banquet's laſting, 'twill ſupply
My wants, and feaſt me till I die.
My *Conſcience* doth me chearfull make,
When I am much poſſeſt with grief;
And when I ſuffer for its ſake,
'Twill yield me joy and ſweet relief:
Though troubles riſe, and much increaſe,
I in my *Conſcience* ſhall have peace,
When others to the Mountains flye,
And ſore amaz'd do trembling ſtand:

A place of ſhelter thee have I,
And *Conſcience* will lend me its hand
To lock me in the Chambers faſt,
Till th' Indignation's over-paſt.

At Death, and in the Judgment Day
What would men give for ſuch a Friend?
All thoſe which do him diſobey,
They'l it repent I'm ſure i'th' end:
When ſuch are forc'd to howl and cry,
My Soul ſhall Sing continually.

An Hymn on the ſix Principles of Chriſt's Doctrine, Heb. 1. 2.

REpentance is wrought in my Soul,
And Faith for to believe;
Whereby on Jeſus I do roul,
And truely him receive
As my dread Lord and Soveraign,
Him always to obey;
And in all things o're me to reign,
And govern night and day.
Chriſt's Baptiſme it is very ſweet,
With Laying on of Hands:
My Soul is brought to Jeſus feet
In owning his Commands,
Thoſe Ordinances men oppoſe,
And count as carnal things;

I have

I have clos'd with, and tell't to thoſe,
From them rare comforts ſpring.

My precious Lord I muſt obey,
Though men reproach me ſtill;
I'le do what ever Chriſt doth ſay,
And yield unto his will.

On Chriſt alone I do rely,
Though men judge otherwiſe;
Becauſe I can't Gods Truth deny,
I am reproach'd with lyes.

Let them deride, yet for Chriſt's ſake
Reſolved now am I,
In his own ſtrength the Croſs to take,
Yea, and for him to dye,

Before I'le ever turn my back
On him whoth I do love;
For I do know I ſhall not lack
His preſence from above.

For he has promis'd to the end,
To me he will be near;
And be to me a faithful Friend,
Which makes me not to fear.

Whatever men or Devils do
In ſecret place deſign,
He ſoon can them quite overthrow,
And help this Soul of mine.

The Reſurrection of the Dead
I conſtantly maintain;

When

When all thoſe which lye buried,
Shall riſe to life again.
And that the Judgment day will come,
When Chriſt upon the Throne
Shall paſs a black Eternal Doom,
Upon each Wicked one.
But all the Saints then joyfully
With Bowels he'l embrace,
And Crowns to all Eternity
Upon their Heads he'l place,
And in the Kingdom ſhall they Reign,
Prepared long before,
And alſo ſhall with Chriſt remain,
In bliſs for evermore.

A Spiritual Hymn.

THe Sun doth now begin to ſhine,
And breaketh forth yet more and more,
Mere darkneſs was that Light of mine,
Which I commended heretofore.
I was involved in my ſin;
Had day without but night within.
My former days I did compare,
Unto the ſweet and lovely Spring;
I thought that time it was as rare,
As when the chirping Birds do ſing:
But I was blind, I now do ſee
There was no Spring nor Light in me.

My Spring it was the Winter-time,
Yet, like the midſt of cold *December*;
The Sun was gone out of my Clime,
And alſo I do now remember
My heart was cold as any ſtone,
My leaves were off, and ſap was gone.
God is a Sun, a Shield alſo,
The Glory of the World is He;
True Light alone from him doth flow,
And he has now enlightned me:
The Son doth his ſweet beams diſplay,
Like to the dawning of the day.
How precious is't to ſee the Sun,
When in the morning it doth riſe,
And ſhineth in our Horizon,
Toth' clearing of the cloudy Skies!
The miſty Fogs by his ſtrong Light
Are vaniſh'd quite out of our ſight.
Thus doth the Lord in my poor heart,
By his ſtrong beams and glorious rayes
The light from darkneſs clearly part,
And makes in me rare ſhining dayes.
Though Fogs appear and Clouds do riſe,
He doth expel them from mine eyes.
Were there no glorious Lamp above,
What dark confuſion would be here!
If God ſhould quite the Sun remove,
How would the Seamen do to ſteer!
My Soul's the World, and Chriſt's the Sun,
If he ſhines not, I am undone.

In

In Winter things hang down their head,
Until *Sol*'s beams do them revive;
So I in ſin lay buried,
Till Jeſus Chriſt made me alive:
Alas my heart was Ice and Snow.
Till Sun did ſhine, and Winds did blow.
Untill warm Gales of Heav'nly Wind
Did ſweetly blow, and Sun did dart
Its Light on me, I could not find
No heat within my inward part;
Then blow thou Wind, and ſhine thou Sun,
To make my Soul a liyely one.
In nat'ral men there is a Light,
Which for their ſins doth them reprove;
And yet are they but in the night,
And not renewed from above:
The Moon is given (it is clear)
To guide men who in darkneſs are,
The Sun for brightneſs doth exceed
The Stars of Heaven, or the Moon;
Of them there is but little need,
When Sun doth ſhine towards high noon.
Juſt ſo the Goſpel doth excel
The Law God gave to *Iſrael*,
All thoſe who do the Goſpel ſlight,
And rather have a Legal guide;
The Sun's not riſen in their ſight,
And therefore 'tis that they deride
Thoſe who commend the Goſpel-Sun
Above the Light in ev'ry one

Degrees of Light I do perceive
Some of them weak, and others ſtrong;
That which is ſaving none receive
But thoſe who unto Chriſt belong:
Yet doth each Light ſerve for the end,
For which to man God did it ſend.

Divine Breathings.

A Hymn.

LEt not the Sun Eclipſed be,
Nor any dark Cloud interpoſe
Between thy ſelf (dear Chriſt) and me,
Who art that bleſſed *Sharon's* Roſe:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since thou by choice haſt made me thine,
Always let me walk in the Light
Till Grace doth me with Glory Crown;
Turn not thy mourning into Night,
Nor ever let my Sun go down:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by dear purchaſe I am thine.
Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, ariſe
From the groſs Lump of inward Earth,
To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,
The thoughts of that's as bad as Death:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since by Adoption I am thine.

Lord

Lord, let my morning be more bright,
And my Sun-ſhine to th' perfect day.
And let mine Eyes have ſtronger ſight,
That I behold its Glory may.
O let thy Face upon me ſhine;
Since God by Gift has made me thine,
Lord ſhine and make my heart more ſoft,
And temper it, the Seal to take;
Make it according as it ought,
Lord do it for thy own Names ſake.
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by ſweet Contract I am thine.
The Light of thy dear Countenance,
It is the thing I only prize;
Let not therefore mine ignorance
Darken the Light of my dim Eyes,
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.
O be my Strength, my Light, my Guide,
Always until I come to dye;
And from thy paths ne're let me ſlide,
But Light me to Eternity:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I my ſelf to thee reſign.
There's many Lord, who daily cry,
Oh! whom will ſhew us any good?
'Tis in thy ſelf, Lord it doth lye,
Although by few 'tis underſtood:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I by Conqueſt now am thine.

Lord in the Light I thee enjoy,
And with thy Saints Communion have,
No Devil can that Soul deſtroy,
Whom thou intendeſt for to ſave:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I can't ſay, Lord, thou art mine.
Let not the Sun only appear,
For to enlighten my dark heart;
But to poor Souls both far and near,
The ſelf-ſame Glory, Lord, impart:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine
As it doth now, dear God, on mine.
Let Light and Glory ſo break forth,
And darkneſs fly and quite be gone,
That all thy Saints upon the Earth
May in the Truth be joyn'd in one:
O let thy Face ſo brightly ſhine,
As do diſcover who are thine.
Let Grace and Knowledge now abound,
And the bleſt Goſpel ſhine ſo clear,
That it *Romes* Harlot may confound,
And Popiſh darkneſs quite caſheir:
O let thy Face on *Sion* ſhine,
But plague thoſe curſed Foes of thine.
Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold;
To each adjacent Countrey
Do thou the Goſpel plain unfold:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,
That all theſe Nations may be thine.

Let

Let *Chriſtendom* new Chriſt'ned be,
And unto thee O let them turn,
And be Baptiz'd, O Chriſt, by thee
With th' Spirit of thy Holy One:
O let thy Face upon it ſhine,
That *Chriſtendom* may all be thine.
And carry on thy glorious Work
Victoriouſly in every Land;
Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*
Subject themſelves to thy Command:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe blind People may be thine.
And let thy brightneſs alſo go,
To *Aſia* and to *Africa*;
Let *Egypt* and *Aſſyria* too
Submit unto thy bleſſed Law:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe dark Regions may be thine.
Nay, precious God, let Light extend
To *China* and *Eaſt-India*;
To thee let all the People bend,
Who live in wild *America*:
O let thy bleſſed Goſpel ſhine,
That the blind Heathens may be thine.
Send forth thy Light like to the Morn
Moſt ſwiftly, Lord, O let it fly
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*;
That all dark Nations may eſpy
Thy glorious face on them to ſhine,
And they in Chriſt for to be thine.

The Fulneſs of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
Bring in with ſpeed, O let them fear
Thy name in Truth, with one accord.
Live they far off, or live they near:
O let us thy Face upon them ſhine,
And let know, Lord, who are thine.
And let alſo the Glorious news
Of thy Salvation, yield relief
Unto the ſad diſtreſſed *Jews*,
Who hardened are in Unbelief:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
For *Abram*'s ſake that Friend of thine.
O don't forget poor *Iſrael*,
But let thy Light and glorious Rays
Cauſe their rare Beauty to excel,
Beyond what 'twas in former days:
O cauſe thy Face ſweetly to ſhine,
That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.
O let all Kingdoms now with ſpeed,
And all the Nations under Heaven,
From all groſs Darkneſs quite be freed,
And Power to thy Saints be given;
That they in Glory Lord, may ſhine,
According to that word of thine.

AN

AN APPENDIX.

Containing a Dialogue between an Old *Apoſtate*, and young *Profeſſor*.

Apoſtate.

HOw many ſtraights and croſſes have I met,
Since I my ſelf to ſeek for *Canaan* ſet!
Red Seas and Wilderneſſes lye between;
Why venture I for what I n're have ſeen?
Why can I not where I am now remain?
Or to my old delights turn back again.
My head has been perplext with cares and fears,
Since to theſe Preachers I inclin'd mine ears.
They were but Fancies that diſturb'd my mind,
I ſought for ſomething which I could not find.
Would God in *Egypt* I had ſtill remain'd,
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.
Conſcience be ſilent, don't diſturb me more.
Upon ſuch things I'll no longer pore,
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire
Where I ſhall have things to my hearts deſire.

Devil.

Purſue thy purpoſe, thou ſhalt underſtand,
What e're I have ſhall be at thy command:
My Kingdom's great, this world is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all ſhall then be thine.
Affraid I was I ſhould have loſt thee quite. (ſight
There's nought like that which here's now in thy
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou ſhalt have,
Honours on earth, riches and pleaſures brave,
When others forc't in Priſon are to lye;
Thou ſhalt enjoy thy precious liberty,
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou ſhalt be held in honour and renown.
Thou haſt much Goods laid up for many years,
And long ſhalt live free from all cares and fears.
Thy ſeed eſtabliſh'd too ſhall be on Earth,
And thou ſhalt ſpend thy days in joy and mirth,
Thoughts of Religion utterly diſdain,
Nor think of God, or Jeſus Chriſt again,
Phanatick Fables never more regard,
The pains of Hell which thou oft haſt heard,
Are nought ſave fictions of their crafty head,
With fear of nothing are they frightened,
That mad-men like, they do tread under Feet
Thoſe lovely joys which wiſe men find moſt ſweet.
Religion's nought but a deviſed thing,
Which up at firſt ſome crafty head did bring
To awe the minds of Fools, who wanting wit,
Take that for Gold that's a meer counterfeit.

The

The truth of th'Scripture thou haſt cauſe to doubt,
For divers places thou may'ſt ſoon find out
Which inconſiſtent to each other be,
Of what it ſpeaks there is no certainty.
Conclude in truth there is no God at all,
Why ſhould'ſt thou be ſo Fooliſh as to call
On him, whom thou did'ſt never ſee or know,
Unleſs its thus, becauſe that moſt do ſo?
Let Melancholy Fancies now therefore
Ne're vex thy mind, nor grieve thee any more.
Enjoy thy ſelf on Earth, and heap up Gold,
No good like that which purſe or bags do hold.
Come eat and drink, to morrow thou muſt dye;
And afterwards there's no Eternity,
As ſome ſuppoſe, for thou i'th' grave ſhalt rot,
And as the Beaſt be utterly forgot:
But ſince you know it is reproach to them,
Who all Religion utterly contemn,
Thou may'ſt Religious alſo ſeem to be,
For there is that's very fit for thee.
Melodious ſounds, ſweet mirth, and muſick rare,
Do much effect the heart and charm the ear.
No worſhip on the Earth doth ſuit ſo well
With Fleſh or Blood or doth for eaſe excell,
Or with mans Intereſt doth ſo well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That, that's the worſhip which for thee I pitch,
I'me not againſt thy turning Catholick:
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'ſt not doubt,
An eaſier way for thee I can't find out.

The

The way's ſo broad, whole Nations walk therein,
And perſons of all ſorts, no let is ſin.
Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'ſt hear melodious ſounds
Sweet joy and mirth on every ſide abounds:
Fine boys and men raviſhing notes do ſing
Whil'ſt Organs play in Conſort, and Bells ring;
In that brave way thoul't have thy Liberty
To do ſuch things as others do deny.
Thou may'ſt be mad, carouſe and domineer,
Strict *Roman Catholics* ſuch things can bear; (curſe
If thou doſt ſwear, drink healths, yea, or ſhould'ſt
There's few i'th' Church would like thee e're the
Or if thou ſhould'ſt ſome curious Lady ſpy (worſe
Or view ſome pretty Maid with wanton Eye,
To court or play with her thou need'ſt not fear,
For Venial ſins alaſs all ſuch things are;
And one great help and Remedy thoul't have,
Which from all grief and danger will the ſave;
If it fall out by chance at any time (crime
Thou ſhould'ſt commit ſome great and hainous
There is ſtraight way the bleſſed Abſolution,
A preſent help, and yet no Superſtition.
For a ſmall ſum of Mony ſoon is had
A pardon for all Sins, though ne're ſo bad.
His Holineſs for a few Shillings can
Murder and Perjury forgive to man;
Nay unto thee can grant a diſpenſation
To kill and Murder any in a Nation
Who us and th' Holy Church hate and oppoſe;
Come trouble not thy ſelf, but ſtraight way cloſe

With

With this ſam'd *Church to whom ſuch power's given*
To ope and ſhut with eaſe the Gates of Heaven.
And make that ſin to day which ne'r was ſin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne'r hath bin.
Come buy thee Beads and Crucifix alſo,
And as the Church believe, believe thou too,
For this I hope to ſee o're a few days
Some thouſands more cleaving to thoſe old ways
And thou wilt not ſuch an advantage gain,
As now thou may'ſt with eaſe I am ſure obtain.;
And ſince in kindneſs and affection dear,
I've ſhew'd thee how to be preferred here,
And do engage thy faithful Friend to be;
There's ſome ſmall thing I'de have thee do for me
Speak evil of the way thou late waſt in;
Belye them all, and charge them too with ſin.
Their faults lay ope, let nought at all be hid,
Revile, reproach, and ſlander in my ſtead:
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little Love, and want of Chrarity.
Of *Canaan*-Land raiſe thou an ill report,
To turn them back who are going for't;
One thing at preſent I would have thee do,
There is a Friend of mine which thou doſt know,
Who hath a Son, which is indeed his Heir,
That to theſe fooliſh Notions doth adhere,
If he ſhould viſit thee, with ſpeed do thou
Treat with the peeviſh youth, I'le teach the how,
To controvert the cauſe, my place ſupply,
And do what I could not do formerly.

His

His forward zeal will do my Kingdome wrong,
Cauſe others alſo in that way to throng.
And you ſhall alſo ſome deriſion bear
Through his hot zeal, if that you han't a care.

Vicinus.

The thoughts, which Satan darts into his mind,
He cloſes with, and fully is inclin'd
His Council for to take, what e're become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of Doom,
An Atheiſt he's become in heart and Life,
And hath abandon'd all his Chriſtian ſtrife.
He's ready now, and fit for any Evil,
An Inſtrument prepared for the Devil.
But ſince the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way and hearken how they treat
About this youth, that has of late begun,
Reſolvedly to Heaven for to run.
You'l hear how this Apoſtate will ingage
To turn him from his bleſſed Pilgrimage.

Apoſtate.

What my old Friend *E. K.*? Sir, I am glad
To ſee you once again, yet I am ſad,
And grieved ſore to ſee you look ſo ill;
What evil Sir, I pray has you befel?
What is the cauſe of this your preſent grief?
If I can give or help you to relief,
Or comfort you i'th leaſt; I willing am,
And ſhall rejoyce, alſo I hither came.

Gent.

Gent.

Ah Sir, my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,
He from whom I moſt comfort hop'd to find,
Contrariwiſe will prove a plague to me,
Unleſs he can with ſpeed recover'd be.
He'l be a Preacher I do think er'e long,
He's ſuch a Bookiſh fool, and ſo headſtrong,
That I have little hopes he'l e're be good;
Here's cauſe of grief if rightly underſtood.
He is become ſuch a vile Heretick,
That *Romes* good *Church*, and the true *Catholick*
Moſt vilely I perceive he doth diſdain,
And doth forſooth tell me he's born again,
I do beſeech you, Sir, do what you can,
If you can't change his mind, there's not a man
I think, in truth, that ever prevail will,
O arm your ſelf therefore, and try your skill;
If you can turn him from theſe ways, then I
Shall be ingag'd to you until I dye.
You were deceiv'd your ſelf ſome time ago,
And therefore now more able are to ſhow
The vanity of theſe deviſed ways,
And Bookiſh fables of theſe filly days,
Having the Scripture in our Mother-Tongue
Has been the ruine of us all along:
For, ſince men did our holy Church forſake,
And up new notions of Religion take,
Nought but confuſion in the World we ſee,
And otherwiſe, in truth, 'twill never be

En-

Until their Books i'th' fire all do burn,
And they unto the Ancient Church do turn.

Apostate.

I am good Sir, of that opinion too,
And sorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me, and will also in truth
Do what I can to turn that silly Youth;
For I can shew and make him understand
The danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
The hopes of unseen things will him deceive,
And Faiths but a meer fancy I believe:
That's the chief good which man doth here enjoy,
And that's the evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of this joy and bliss,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this;
Who boast of that they never did possess;
They lye alas, and are (in truth) no less
Than frantick fools, for I could never see
Of what they speak there's any certainty.
I will therefore endeavour out of love,
Your Son from these delusions to remove:
And since I do perceive he's near at hand,
I'le take my leave,

Your Servant to Command.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

ATtend kind friend, read with a ſerious eye,
And thou ſhalt a ſharp Conflict ſoon eſpy
Between a man quite void of godly fear,
And a dear youth moſt holy and ſincere.
The one affirms all godlineſs is vain,
The other counts it for the greateſt gain.
Mark thou the end of both, and thou ſhalt ſee
What's beſt to chu, ; Grace or Iniquity.

Apoſtate.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you come?

Profeſſor.

I am a ſtranger, and am trav'lling home.

Apoſtate.

Are you a ſtranger in this Countery.

Profeſſor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apoſtate.

But from whence came ye? let's confer together.

Profeſſor.

From *Egypt* Sir, *Apoſt.* I am Trav'lling thither.

Apostate.

What is your business, Sir, that thus in pain
You strive against the wind with might and main?
E're further you do go, sit down, account,
See whether that you run for, will surmount
The labour great, and loss you will sustain,
Before the Prize in Truth ye do obtain.
What place is it to which you think to go,
That to advise you I may fully know.
For good instruction to you I'le afford,
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Professor.

I am for *Canaan* that most Holy-Land,
I'le Travel thither as God doth command;
Whose worth and value I do know full well,
For Riches it doth far all things excell.
And though all things I lose e're I come there,
'Twill all my losses I am sure repair.
The worth of that therefore for which I run,
I did account before I first begun.

Apostate.

Know you of certain, the place is so rare?
You may mistake for you were never there.

Pro-

Professor.

Ah Sir, of it I have a glorious sight,
Which doth my Soul transcendently delight,
Although in Person there I ne're have been,
Yet I most plain sweet *Canaan* oft have seen:
Besides, I lately spoke with a dear friend,
Who did the other day from thence descend;
And unto me its glory he did show,
Its precious worth from him I came to know:
Some of its Fruits also to me he gave,
Which makes me long till I possession have.

Apostate.

Is't not the fancy of thy crasy-head?
I have likewise of such a *Canaan* read;
It may be so, or so it may not be,
It ne're seem'd real truly unto me.
Who would for things which so uncertain are,
Such losses suffer, and such labour bear.
A bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' bush, ye know
This Zeal (*poor lad*) will work thy overthrow.

Professor.

You vainly talk, and live by sight and sense,
I walk by Faith, which is the Evidence
Of things not seen, here with an outward eye.
What thou see'st not I clearly do espy.
'Tis not the fancy of a crasy brain,
For *Moses* that its glory he might gain,

All *Egypts* treaſures quickly did forego,
Was that the way unto his overthrow?
No, no, dear Sir, he ſaw it was the way
To peace and honour in another day:
The glory real did his Soul behold,
To be ſo great, that never can be told,
If thou had'ſt drunk but of its glorious ſprings,
Thou would'ſt it prize above all earthly things.
If thou hadſt taſted but of *Canaans* hony,
Thou would'ſt eſteem it more then bags of mony,
Although I make, alaſs, a poor profeſſion,
Yet I have now ſomething in my poſſeſſion,
Lock'd up moſt ſafe in my refreſhed breaſt,
More rare than Pearls within a golden Cheſt.
True peace of conſcience, that through grace I have
Which paſſeth all mens knowledge to conceive.
I would of it not be depriv'd again,
If that I might ten thouſand worlds obtain.

Apoſtate.

Tuſh, ſilly Fool, kick Conſcience quite away,
Ne'r mind his motions, nor what he doth ſay.
I ſtifl'd him, and that a good while ſince,
And took revenge for his proud Inſolence.
His gaſping groans I no ways did regard,
But let my heart againſt him grow ſo hard,
That I do judge I have his buſineſs done,
He's dead in truth, and to dark ſilence gone;
That now I can without the leaſt controul,
Have any pleaſures which delight my Soul.

Profeſſor.

Profeſſor.

Ah Sir, go on, if that's the choice you make,
I never will ſuch curſed Council take.
Who ever doth his Conſcience ſo abuſe,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner uſe,
And though in you poor Conſcience now lies ſlain
I'th' Judgment day he will revive again,
And then againſt you his ſad witneſs bear,
And in your face moſt ghaſtfully will ſtare.
You'l have the worſt at laſt, I grieve to ſee
You hardned thus in your Iniquity.
Apoſt. My ſorrow's gone, but thine alaſs will double,
Concerning me thy ſelf do thou not trouble.
The ſtorms and bluſt'ring winds are over-paſt,
And very ſafe I am arrived at laſt,
In that ſame Port where Princes do delight
For to repoſe and harbour day and night.
Toſs'd I have been upon the boyſterous Seas,
And till of late ne're could find reſt nor eaſe.
But now I'm ſafely Landed, and with good
Shall ſatiated be, whilſt thou art toſs'd i'th' flood.
Thou ſhalt poor youth with dreadful ſtorms be hurl'd
Whilſt I ſhall find a very quiet world. (plung'd
All thy beſt days are gone, and thou'lt be
Into ſad Gulfes of woful miſery.
Unleſs thou doſt recant, & ſtop thy courſe (worſe
Thou'lt ſee things with thee will grow worſe and
Thoſe fools who do their nicer Conſcience mind.
E're long they ſhall but little friendſhip find.

Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempeſts, do, I know, attend,
Thoſe who reſolve poor Conſciences to befriend,
Pauls Potion 'twas, who from his very youth
Had kept good Conſcience, and obey'd the truth.
He met with bluſtering winds, was toſs'd about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* moſt devout,
'Till he at laſt the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne're away ſhall fade,
All thoſe who ſayl'd this way, have all along
Met with great oppreſſion and much wrong
From Pyrates, Spoylers, and Uſurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo,
This terifies me not, becauſe that I
Know 'tis the way to true Felicity.
The gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
Do quit his cauſe and recompence his pains:
The Riches which he brings at his return,
Makes him great dangers oftentimes to run.
So hopes of joys, the which Cœleſtial are,
Makes me no labour nor no coſt to ſpare.
You are for preſent things, I further ſee;
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me:
You are for pleaſures, and for bags of Gold,
I am for that which *Moſes* did behold.
You are for eaſe, whatever it doth coſt,
And honours here, though Soul for it be loſt.
Who makes the wiſeſt choice, let them declare,
Let Death and Judgment ſhew who wiſe men are.

My

My purpoſe I'le purſue what e're I meet,
My portions great, my peace no counterfeit.
Heaven is my Port, there's ſuch a place I'am ſure,
Nought ſhall entice me, nor my Soul allure,
To looſe my hold, I'le keep firm in my ſtation,
Though in my way I meet with Tribulation.
Yet I moſt ſafe ſhall there at laſt arrive,
No Men nor Devils ever ſhall deprive,
My Soul of that Eternal dwelling place,
Such confidence I have obtain'd through Grace.

Apoſtate.

If I ſhould grant things which ſo doubtful are,
That there's a Canaan *or a Heaven, where*
Sweet joys abound beyond what's here below;
Yet hard it is for any man to know
The ready way unto that ſeeming place,
Conſider this, O 'tis a weighty caſe!
For there ſo many ways and voices be,
How thou ſhouldſt find the right I do not ſee.
Thou art a ſtranger too, thou tolſt, be plain,
Come, come young man, turn with me back again.

Youth.

Nothing (dear Sir) more certain is than this,
That there's a Heaven or eternal Bliſs.
The Heathens could by Nitures light eſpy
Mans chiefeſt good or beſt Felicity.

Muſt needs excel the high'ſt enjoyments here,
And ſhall this doubtful unto thoſe appear (known
Who have Gods works moſt dreadfully made
Yea, and his word, which very few or none
Who live in any land the like have had;
Shall ſuch turn Atheiſts, this is very ſad.
Is not Jehovah every where made known
By fearful Judgments, which are daily ſhown?
And, why think you I can't the true way find,
Seeing Jeſus has in writing left his mind
In plain Characters, which whilſt I obſerve,
I from the truth am ſure no ways to ſwerve,
He came from thence himſelf the other day,
And gave directions how to find the way;
This writing's firm, 'tis ſigned with his blood,
That the old Dragon, with his mighty flood
Of ſuperſtition, and perſecuting fire,
Could not it ſpoil nor gain his curſt deſire.
The holy Scripture God to us hath given,
To guide our ſouls in the right way to Heaven.
Though Satan has made oppoſition ſtrong,
Yet ſtill we have it in our Mother-Tongue.
And by this means, moſt plain I come to know,
The very foot-ſteps where the flock did go.

Apoſtate.

Though you of Scripture ſeem to make your boaſt,
Your hopes of this will ſuddenly be loſt.
For you much longer it an't like to have,
Your ſouls and others thus for to deceive.

For

For holy Church once more will quite deſtroy
This *Engliſh* God, which they ſeem to enjoy.
Thou art unlearn'd, the Scriptures doſt not know,
But wreſteſt them unto thy overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd, whom God has never taught,
But have in Popiſh darkneſs up been brought.
They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by Works ſalvation merit.
They are unlearn'd, who fooliſhly deny
The Spirits Teachings and Authority
For to excell all humane Arts and Science,
And on man's teaching wholly have reliance.
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
That teach Chriſt Jeſus is a piece of Bread,
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,
And do deny the Lavety the Cup.
For thoſe for whom Chriſt did his Body break
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory,
Can be ought elſe than a meer fained Story.
They are unlearn'd, whoſe Doctrine doth declare
The Church two heads doth on its ſhoulders bear,
That woman which hath any Husbands more
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
That man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
The ABC of the true Chriſtian Faith.
That man I grant is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himſelf, nor yet diſcern'd

The

The curſed nature of his hainous ſin,
Nor what eſtate by nature he is in.
That man's unlearn'd who never went to School,
To learn for Chriſt how to become a Fool.
That man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
Who hath his ſoul and Jeſus Chriſt forgot,
And doth eſteem earths empty vanity,
Above that good which Saints in God eſpy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucifie the fleſh, yea, and to bow
To Jeſus Chriſt, and for his precious ſake,
His yoke and burden willingly to take.
And follow him where ever he doth go,
And him alone determine for to know.
Who for my ſake upon the Croſs did dye,
Him I have learn'd alone to magnifie,
And to exalt him as he's Prieſt and King,
And as my Prophet too in every thing.
And this through grace I learned have of late,
To be content whatever be my ſtate.
Some things I muſt confeſs I ne'r could learn,
Nor any wayes perceive, ſee, or diſcern.
I never read of *Peters* tripple Crown,
Nor that he ever wore a Popiſh Gown.
I never learn'd that he did *Pope* become,
Or Rule o're Kings like to the Beaſt at *Rome*.
I never learn'd that he kept Concubins,
Or ever power had to pardon ſins.
I never learn'd he granted diſpenſations,
To poyſon *Kings*, or *Rulers* of thoſe *Nations*

Who

Who were prophane and turned Hereticks,
Or did refuſe the Faith of Catholicks.
I never learn'd he was the Churches head,
Or did forbid the Clergy for to wed.
I never read that he had Cheſts of Gold,
Or that great benefits by him were ſold.
I never read he's call'd his Holineſs,
Yet had as much as any Pope I gueſs.
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnifie
Himſelf above all Gods or God on high.
Or that upon the neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were hercticks, or would not turn
To Jeſus Chriſt, much leſs to murther thoſe,
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppoſe.
I never learn'd nor could unto this day,
That th' Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one way:
Yea, or that they in any thing accord
Save only in denying of the Lord.
In that they alſo greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two.
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear,
The Pope denies him, and doth hatred bear
To him, and to all thoſe that do him love,
Who bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did weep amain,
The Pope denies him with the great'ſt diſdain.
Peter deny'd him yet for him did die,
The Pope in malice him doth Crucifie.

Peter

Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented,
The Pope a thouſand times, but ne're relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty Scholars were,
Yet few for knowledge might with them compare.
Poor Fiſher-men do find the way to Heaven,
When Scholars go aſtray, who Arts have ſeven.
The Learned Schoolmen put our Lord to Death,
And very few of ſuch Chriſt called hath.
But poor deſpiſed Perſons he doth call,
And paſſeth by the high-flown Cardinal.
For humane learning, and ſuch kind of Preaching,
Is nothing to the bleſſed Spirits teaching.
I Learning like, and grant that men may uſe it,
Yet would I not have them for to abuſe it.

Apoſtate.

Leave off theſe canting ſtrains, and don't deride
Our holy Father, for I can't abide
To hear ſuch prating Fools. Are you ſo wiſe?
Dare you the holy Mother Church deſpiſe?
'Tis that Religion I like beſt of all,
The Pope I do adore and Cardinal.
There's Pomp and Riches and a worldly glory,
What you talk of, is an unpleaſant ſtory,
There's Pleaſure, profit, ſafety, and much eaſe,
Which doth the Fleſh as well as Spirit pleaſe.
Here's Heaven and Earth, what can'ſt thou more (deſire,
Or of thy God or any man require?
Thy way th' haſt loſt, and *Canaan* wilt not ſee,
Therefore with ſpeed turn back with me.

Profeſſor.

Profeſſor.

Could I no other reaſon give or urge
To prove *Romes* Church untrue, I can't but judge
This which you ſpeak, doth plainly it declare,
For in Chriſts Church no ſuch vain pomps appear;
No worldly glory doth Chriſts Church adorn,
For ſhe's afflicted, much deſpis'd and torn.
Her beauty can't with outward Eyes be ſeen,
Her beauty and her glory are within.
When *John* ſets forth the Antichriſtian ſtate,
Much outward pomp 'tis true he doth relate.
The Whore is deck'd with Gold, brave Stones and Pearl,
Who at poor *Sion* doth with envy ſnarl.
No liberty to th' fleſh the Lord doth give,
Saints muſt alone after the ſpirit live.
No ſerving God and Mammon, Sir 'tis plain,
To Hell ye go except you're born again.
If you'l be Chriſts, with ſpeed then turn you muſt,
To crucifie the fleſh with all it's luſt,
No cauſe have I to fear, to go aſtray,
Whilſt I walk daily in the narrow way.
All thoſe who do Gods holy word contemn,
No light nor truth is there at all in them.
Their feet on the dark mountains ſoon will fall,
And utter ruin will o'retake them all.
But as for me no cauſe have I to doubt,
But I ſhall find this bleſſed *Canaan* out.
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
The thoughts of it my ſoul doth much diſdain.

Do'ſt

Doſt think I'le leave my *Quails* and *Manna* rare
For ſtinking Garlick, and baſe Onyons there?

Apoſtate.

For all your courage, Sir, I do ſuppoſe,
You will repent that ever you have choſe,
To leave the comforts of a precious World,
And with ſound zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
You are a man that might advanced be,
Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity.
Your Father's Maſter of a good Eſtate,
And you too are his Heir, I hear of late.
But if you don't this new Religion leave,
One groat of him you are not like to have.

Profeſſor.

This World in a juſt balance oft I try,
And find it lighter far than vanity,
Riches alaſs! they are but bags of cares,
And honors nought ſave fool bewithing Snares.
Your outward joy will turned be to ſadneſs.
Your pleaſure into pain, your wiſdom's madneſs:
You catch at nothing, 'tis at beſt a bubble,
Which long you cannot keep although you double
Your dilligence, and think to hold it faſt,
'Twill fly with ſpeed, 'tis but an empty blaſt.
What frantick fit is this? Will you deſtroy
Your higher hopes for ſuch a fancy'd joy? (read,
This world's juſt like th' Strumpet of whom I've
Who with ſweet fumes inticeth to her bed.

With

With amorous glances promiſes a Bliſs
And hides deſtruction with a feigned Kiſs.
She has her tricks, and her enſnaring wiles,
But lodges Death under deceitful ſmiles.
She hugs the Soul ſhe hates, yea, and does prove
A very *Judas* where ſhe fains to love.
Take heed therefore, leaſt you be catch'd i'th'ſnare,
And buy your late Repentance much too dear.
Theſe comforts here with you do precious call,
Each wiſe man ſees they're vain and flitting all.
To think I ſhould repent no cauſe is there,
If things by you rightly conſider'd were.
What *Moſes* choſe of old, the ſame do I,
All vain allurements I do quite defie.
I knew when firſt my Journey I did take,
I muſt my Fathers Houſe learn to forſake.
What ever I expoſed am unto,
In *Abrahams* ſteps I am reſolv'd to go,
What e're I loſe, Chriſt will mak't up to me,
When I of *Canaan* ſhall poſſeſſed be.
I ſeek no honour here from any one,
True honour comes, dear Sir, from God alone.
To be an Heir unto a great Eſtate,
Or Son unto ſome Earthly Potentate.
Is nought to what by Grace I am born to.
My Portion's great, I know not how to ſhow
I'm Heir unto the mighty King of Heaven,
To me, e're long, ſweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do reſolve to hold out to the end,
Although I han't one great nor earthly Friend.

To

To favour me: I never will return
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have wone.

Apostate.

What ground have you (my friend) for to believe
If you forsake all things, you shall receive
This land you speak of, for your own possession?
Unto you heart 'tis good to put this question.
For divers do unto great things lay claim,
Yet some times I see, and sure I am,
Unto such lands can no good title shew,
Although they strive for them as you may do.
If you should sell what e're you have for this,
And yet at last should also of it miss,
You'l see your self at length then quite undone.
Consider of 't, and back with me return,
For no good title of it can be had,
'Twas this alass which once did make me sad,
To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
Unless of this I could assured be.

Profession.

Don't think you shall my zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with fancies thus befool.
Rouse up, my Soul, now in thy own defence,
And shew thy clear and precious evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on earth,
'Twas purchas'd for me by Christ *Jesus*'s Death,
The father doth this Kingdom own, and he
For his own Child has late adopted me.

And

And if a child, I alſo am an heir,
And ſhall with Jeſus this like glory ſhare.

Apoſtate.

How do you know you be his Child? in this
You may miſtake, and ſo may *Canaan* miſs.

Profeſſor.

My late converſion doth moſt plainly prove,
My inward birth is truly from above.
The Truth and Conſcience both agree in one,
I am through Grace no Baſtard, but a Son.
Thoſe whom God doth by his own Spirit lead,
They are his Sons, you in the Scripture read.
Beſides all this, ſince I did firſt believe,
An earneſt of this Land I did receive.
And divers promiſes alſo there be,
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my title unto Heaven good,
When ſign'd and ſeal'd to me by Chriſt his blood?
You ſee by theſe I have a certain ground,
And good aſſurance for Gods Kingdom found.
But you, as it appears, do quite deſpair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there.

Apoſtate.

Nay ſtay a little, don't affirm that neither.
Why may not I as ſoon as you come thither,
Though in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other folk;

And thought that Heaven was entail'd to thoſe
Which did the Pope and Church of *Rome* oppoſe.
Thinking a man a ſeparate muſt be
From that ſame Church, or elſe could never ſee,
Find, nor enjoy eternal peace and reſt;
And therefore I, like others, did proteſt
Againſt that Ancient Mother Church, whom now
I am reſolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
Down unto her, with all humble ſubjection,
Thinking 'tis beſt for ſafety and protection,
Reſolving never more to vex my mind
As I have done, for I ſhall ſooner find
In this ſmooth way, aſſurance for Salvation,
Than if I had kept in my former ſtation.
Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
The Church affirms we can attain unto.
But promiſes moſt clear are made to thoſe
Who ſeek for the Old way, and with it cloſe.
And that *Rome*'s Church can plead antiquity,
No Proteſtant I'me ſure can it deny:
Yea, and muſt grant, whatever's their profeſſion
That none ſave *Rome* can prove their true ſucceſſion
From thoſe brave Churches which firſt planted (were
By the Apoſtes, as their *Acts* declare.
And therefore Youth, you muſt no longer boaſt
Of Faith and Confidence, for you have loſt
Your way to Heaven; and muſt therefore look
Unto that Church which long has been forſook,
From the true Church to rend and ſchiſmatize,
Is a ſad thing, though many it deſpiſe.

For though Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all should walk in uniformity.

Professor.

Sir, I deny your Churches constitution,
Which makes me loath you, and for your pollution,
Corruption, and vile spots, they are so bad,
No Church of Christ the like hath ever had;
Which I resolve fully to make appear
Before I'le leave you, if you're pleas'd to hear.

Apostate.

Rome's Church was rightly gather'd, that's most clear,
Saint *Paul* himself to this doth witness bear.
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were baptized in due form 'tis known;
No Church in constitution right has been,
If that our Church i'th least doth fail herein.

Professor.

Rome's Church I grant was true i'th Apostles days,
But yours from that doth differ many ways.
Romes Church was very famous heretofore,
But is become the Scarlet colour'd Whore.
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight
Into the dark and howling Wilderness,
Where she lay hid in sore and great distress,

From the vile Beast, and Dragons furious rage,
And so remain'd untill this latter Age.
If *Romes* Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the Romanists we all would hold,
But when she is become Christs Enemy,
God out of Babylon doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Romes* Church hath not declin'd,
From that Church-State by *Paul* himself defin'd,
Then you will undertake for to do more
Than any Papist ever did before.
The *Jewish* Church God once did own and love,
But for their sins he did them quite remove
Out of his sight, they'r broken for their sin,
With other Churches which have famous bin.
And yet do keep some outward form and show
Of Worship and Church-State, as *Rome* may do.
Who has in Truth nought left save a bare name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by men of fame.
If you should bring your Visibility,
To prove your Church is true; I do reply,
A better argument I need not bring
To prove your false, than that same very thing.
For the true Church was hid, did not appear
A thousand two hundred and sixty year.
And then whereas you in the second place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear case,
Your Church is under age, yea much too young,
Out of th' Apostacy alas she sprung.
A Bastard-Church, base-born, mere National,
And therefore that's for you no proof at all.

The

The fleshly seed i'th' Church must not be brought,
John Baptist and our Saviour both so taught.
Christs Church is gather'd by Regeneration,
And not as 'twas i'th' former dispensation.
You in a lineal way do go about,
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out.
The Axis now laid to the root o'th' tree,
And every one true penitent must be,
And must obtain of God true saving grace,
Who in his holy Church would have a place.
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church and its Antiquity;
That Church which is upheld by th' carnal sword,
And not by th' power of God's holy Word,
Is very false, And that *Romes* Church is so,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly show.
And whereas she much boasts of Holiness,
No people doubtless in the World have less;
For *Rome* like to a stinking common shore,
Receives what ev'ry one casts forth o'th door.
She's like a Cage of ev'ry hateful Bird,
As is recorded in Gods sacred Word.
The Counsel which an ancient Author gave,
Let ev'ry Soul with special care receive.
He that would holy live, from Rome *be packing,*
There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.
She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,
According as th' Apostle hath foretold.
In charging people to abstain from meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat.

And in denying persons for to wed,
Though God allow the undefiled bed.
By means of these most cursed prohibitions
Your Clergy stinks alive with gross pollutions.
And many of your filthy Popes of *Rome*
Have *Sodomites* and *Buggerers* become;
Whoredom and Incest they have minc'd so small,
As scarce to count them any sin at all.
Most cursed *Stews* allowed are by them, (demn.
Whom none i'th' *Popedom* dare i'th' least con-
Vile *Necromancers* many of them were,
Haters of God, no sin (in truth) is there,
But some o'th' *Popes* of it have guilty been,
As may upon Record be clearly seen.
Is this your holy *Head* and reverend *Father*,
Next unto Christ supream? Is he not rather
A Dev'l incarnate? the worst of Mankind,
Who can in Hell a viler sinner find? (*Love*,
Is *Rome Christ*'s *Church*, *Christ*'s *Spouse*, his only
His undefiled one, and spotless Dove?
Sir, don't mistake, she is that *Scarlet Whore*,
Whom *John* characterized heretofore.
Which I shall full evince, and make appear,
If you with patience will but lend an ear.

Apostate.

I find you in reproaches free enough,
But shall expect you so too in your proof.
Those common Epithets of Beast and Whore,
Are daily flung at every bodies door.

But

But for to warrant your ſeverer doom,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

Profeſſor.

That truth Gods ſacred word doth well explain;
That City which o're Kings of th' Earth did reign,
Was that ſame Whore, the Spirit clear doth ſhow;
And that *Rome* was that City, all men know,
Who then above all others bore the ſway,
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd and did obey.
And ſtill you Papiſts to her Biſhops give
Headſhip o're all who on the Earth do live:
Before him Kings and Emperors muſt ſubmit,
That ſo he may the mighty Monarch ſit.
Whil'ſt abſolute pow'r he claims, and Sovereignty
Above all Princes, by his Tyranny.
From whence all perſons may conclude it true,
By their firſt Mark the title is his due.
The ſecond Character of *Babylon*,
Is *Pomp and State, wherein ſhe proudly ſhone.*
That *Rome* has been a rich gay coſtly Whore,
England once found, I wiſh ſhe may no more.
Infinite Sums almoſt ſhe ſqueez'd from hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annates, *Peter-pence*. (led
And through each Land where ſhe her triumphs
Whole ſwarms of Locuſts, Prieſts and Friers were
Theſe (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (ſpread.
Were faithful ſlaves ſtill to promote her work.
Whilſt to maintain thoſe drones ſhe ſwept away,
The fat and wealth of Nations for their prey.

In the third place, *She doth mens Souls enslave,*
This mark in *Rome* most evident we have.
With dangerous Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith and thousand superstitions,
Pretended Miracles, Apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors and fond Fopperies,
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her dictates are infallible:
And then (to fill her measure) i'th' last place,
'Tis said she would Gods precious *Sion* raze.
This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
That drunken whore, who reels in Martyrs blood;
As I more largely now shall make appear,
And then with patience your excuses hear.
Within the compass of six thousand years,
Has been presented to the Eyes and Ears
Of future Ages, the most sad contents
Of bloody Tragedies, the dire events
Of dreadful wars, in sev'ral Generations,
The overthrow of many fruitful Nations:
But all comes short of *Romes* most bloody bill,
Which doth the Earth with Sanguin volumes fill.
Jerusalem that City of renown,
Sack't by *Vespasian*, burnt and broken down;
It was indeed a dreadful desolation,
And so have Conquerors dealt with many a Nation
All Conqu'rors ever found a time to cease, (peace.
When once they'd conquered then they were at
They murder'd not, but such as would not yield,
To own them for their Lords: and in the field,

They

They ſlew them too with weapons in their hand,
For their defence, and always ready ſtand
To give Quarter to thoſe that it demand.
But this vile Strumpets blood-bedabbled hands
Finds not a period, never countermands
Her cruel rage, her murders know no end,
She ſlaughters when ſhe pity doth pretend:
Years terminate not her blood-thirſty acts,
She ſlays without examining their facts.
In times of peace her treach'rous hands have ſhed,
Blood without meaſure: ſhe hath murthered
By curſed Maſſacres, her Neighbours, when
They thought themſelves the moſt ſecure of men.
One might fill volumes with her bloody ſtory,
In which ſhe ſtill perſiſts: Makes it her glory
T' invent ſtrange torments to deprive the breath
Of Chriſtians, by a tedious lingring death.
The bruriſh *Nero* firſt of Tyrant Kings,
From whoſe baſe root nine other Tyrants ſprings,
Whoſe moſt inhumane Acts, not to their glory,
Did leave the world a lamentable ſtory;
And to their laſting and eternal ſhame,
Did purchaſe to themſelves that hateful name
Of bloody Monſters in the ſhape of men,
Whoſe cruel acts deſerve an Iron pen,
That might perpetuate to after-times,
Theſe Heathens cruelty; record the crimes
For which thoſe Chriſtians willingly laid down,
Their earthly houſes for a heavenly Crown.
Reflect a while Sir, and but caſt your eye,
Firſt on thoſe Heathen Emp'rors cruelty. Then

Then view the bloody Papists, and compare
Their cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypts* Darkness did exceed our Night,
Or Midnight differs from the Morning-light,
So farr the Papist's cruelty does exceed
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worst of Tyrants, since the world began,
Or since dissention fell 'twixt man and man.
If *Cyprian's* and *Eusebius* words be true,
These persecuting Emp'rors yearly slew
Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless blood
Which ran like waters from a mighty flood.
So void their hearts were of all humane pity,
They spar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City
The things wherein these Christians did offend,
Were only this, they did refuse to bend
Their Heaven-devoted knees, or fall before
Those Idol-Gods these Emp'rors did adore.
They did believe one God created all,
They did believe in Christ, and down did fall
Prostrate upon the Earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that Heavn'ly King.
Their Emperors Gods these Christians did deride
This was the cause so many millions dy'd.
These Emperors thinking themselves engag'd
Their Idols to revenge, grew more enrag'd,
To see the Christians boldly to despise
Their Gods, and honour Christ before their Eyes
They did conclude the nature of th' offence
Deserv'd no less than Death for recompence.

Thus may we plainly ſee a reaſon why
Theſe Heathen Emp'rors us'd ſuch cruelty.
'Twas not becauſe they worſhipt not aright,
But worſhipt not at all, nay, did deſpight
Unto thoſe Idols which they Gods did call,
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.
An act not to be born by fleſh and blood,
To have the Edicts of their Gods withſtood.
Yet in the midſt of all thoſe Tyrants rage,
Serious advice a little would aſſwage
Their helliſh fury, and for ſome time ceaſe,
And give the Chriſtians a breathing ſpace.
And when as thoſe ten Emperors ceas'd to be,
Then terminated all their cruelty. (wrath,
Three Hundred years accompliſht their fierce
And then the Heathens own'd the Chriſtian Faith.
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heaven and Earth, as they before
Had done their Idols; and zealous for the Church,
Give great donations, make their Biſhops rich.
And now proud *Rome*, ſince *Conſtantine* the great,
Thou by degrees haſt taken up thy ſeat,
Puft up with riches, ſwoln with filthy pride,
From Gods pure Laws haſt quickly turn'd aſide.
And now ſuch Biſhops only doſt thou chuſe,
As God doth hate, and utterly refuſe;
Proud, ſenſual, and void of th' holy Spirit;
Such as the Lord hath ſaid ſhall not inherit
Eternal Glory; ſuch thy Biſhops be:
Who ſhould be fill'd with truth and purity.

Shining

Shining like lights before the Flock, that they
The better might discern the perfect way.
But now in stead of such as these, behold
They are presumpt'ous, proud, imperious, bold;
Changing the Worship that the Lord makes known,
And in its stead will introduce their own.
Yea so presumptuous are they in their pride,
As to affirm God's holy Word's no guide
For men to walk by; the only rule that they
Do council men, nay force them to obey,
Is their Traditions which th' affirm to be
Far more authentick then our Lords decreee,
Within his holy Word he us hath given,
For a sure light to guide our steps to Heaven.
And now these Christians whose most tender heart
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart
From Gods directions which in his bless'd word
He hath so plainly left upon record:
These are the men this wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the objects of her wrath,
Making the Earth to drink the guiltless blood,
Of such as for Gods holy Word have stood.
Oh! Let the blood-drunk earth ne're cease to cry
Unto the Heaven enthroned Majesty,
'Till God take vengeance as he did on *Cain*,
For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his sacred Word
Is the most perfect, and the truest guide,
The Rule by which all Doctrines should be try'd.

Our

Our blessed Lord bids search them, for saith he,
They are the words that testifie of me.
Lo here's the cause, behold the reason why
The Whore has acted so much cruelty.
Inhumane Murthers doth this Whore invent,
Whereby she dayly slays the innocent.
The numbers she hath murder'd do surmount
The strictest of Arithmeticks account.
What Countrey hath not tasted of the Cup,
That her most bloody hands have filled up?
How hath she stirr'd up Nations to engage
Against each other, to satisfie her rage?
Where Millions have been brought unto the dust,
Only to satisfie this Strumpets lust:
That she the better might ingross the power
Of Hell into her hands, and so devour
At her blood thirsty pleasure, such as she
Could not perswade to love Idolatry.
Perfidious *France*, whose most inhumane wrath,
Passing the limits of a Christian Faith.
Within the space of eight and twenty days,
Thy bloody hands most treacherously detrays
Ten thousand Souls, and to that bloody score,
Adds quickly after twenty thousand more.
How many murders more that Popish Nation
Have done, the *Romish* Hist'ries make relation;
And yet from cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,
But as her years, her murders have increas'd:
And sworn to bigger numbers in less space,
As *Bellamine* affirmeth to her face;

Who

Who thus atteſts, that from the morning light
Until the Sable Curtains of the night
Were cloſely drawn, her bloody hands did ſlay
A hundred thouſand Souls; O! let that day
In Characters of blood recorded be,
That may remain unto Eternity.
O let the Earth that drinketh in the rain,
That did receive the blood of all the ſlain;
Let both the Heavens, and the Earth implore
The God of Heaven to confound the Whore.
O poor *Bohemia*, thou haſt had a taſte,
When wicked *Julian* laid thy Country waſte.
Burning thy Towns and Villages with fire,
Sparing not young, nor old, nor Son, nor Sire,
What multitudes unnumbred were thy ſlain,
Which in the field unburied did remain!
Thou found'ſt the wolviſh Popes in every age
Contrive thy ruin, many times engage
Thy Neighbour Nations to ſhed forth thy blood,
Only becauſe faithful *Bohemia* ſtood
For Gods pure Worſhip, *Martin* the ſixth excites
(Knights,
Emperours, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and
With one conſent to fall upon that Nation,
On no leſs terms, than on their own Salvation;
Promiſing alſo upon that condition,
To give a full and abſolute remiſſion
Unto the vileſt ſinner that e're ſtood
Upon the earth, that would but ſhed the blood

Though

Though but of one *Bohemian*; O rage!
Not to be parallel'd in any age;
Except that Monſter, who did ſore rebuke
The over charitable Popiſh Duke
Of *D' Alva*: and would you know his crime,
It was becauſe that he in ſix years time,
Through too much lenity caus'd not the earth
To drink more Chriſtian blood than iſſued forth
From eighteen thouſand Souls; for this the Duke
Was thought by Papiſts worthy of rebuke.
Is Eighteen thouſand in ſix years ſo few,
In the account of your blood-thirſty crew,
Inhumanly to murther? yea indeed,
Becauſe their former numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva*'s bloody bill
Came ſhort in number, yet his hand did fill
It up with Torments, ſo dreadful to rehearſe,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce
A Marble-heart, make Infidels relent;
Torments that none but Devils could invent,
But if all this was over little ſtill,
His Predeceſſors added to the bill.
For from the time that helliſh Inquiſition
Did from the Devil firſt receive Commiſſion,
As well approv'd Hiſtory doth relate,
Till thirty years expired had their date,
By cruel torments which they ſtill retain,
Was a hundred and fifty thouſand ſlain.
And yet before they took away their breath,
They for ſome time did make each day a death;

Depri-

Depriving them, as far as in them lay
Of all th' comfort that either night or day
Affords mankind; for them there was not found
So much Sun-light as to behold the ground
On which they ſtood: Each day that giveth light
Was unto them like *Egypts* darkeſt Night.
In Helliſh darkneſs thus they made them ſpend
Their weary hours, and kindly in the end
Deſtroyed them: the company they had
Within thoſe darkſome caverns, was their ſad
And melancholy thoughts, their ſighs and groans
Their doleful Lodgings was upon the ſtones.
If noyſome creatures bred and foſtred there,
Theſe noyſom creatures their Companions were.
What food they eat, was only to ſecure
Their Souls alive, that ſo they might endure
The ſeveral torments that they did provide,
And ſo a hundred and fifty thouſand dy'd,
Beſide what dy'd by perſecuting hands,
Within the *Popes* Confines in ſeveral Lands.
Thus may I ſooner ſpend my ſtrength and tears,
And tire (if you regard) your eyes and ears,
Than give a full and abſolute relation,
Of all the acts of *Romes* abomination.
Oh! may my native Countrey rather hear
Their bloody Acts than in the leaſt part bear
Her burthen, or behold her mund'ring hand
Once more ſpread through the Confines of our Land
But I perceive theſe truths are dully heard,
And that you little my diſcourſe regard.

Apoſtate

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what *Tragedies*
You make of lawful just severities.
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebels too,
And still against Authority would goe.
If then they suffer'd, who (pray) is to blame?

Professor.

That I have shewn already to their shame.
And I would have my Countrey-men to take
Another taste, that may preserve awake
Their drowsie Souls, who take a dying nap,
Much like deluded *Sampson* on the lap
Of lustfull *Dalila*, whose treacherous breath
Sends forth the Messenger of *Sampsons* death:
Let not the Strumpets sugar'd words perswade
Thee to give credit t'her, 'thas been her trade
To promise fairest when she doth intend
To deal falsest, she doth betray her friend
Like wicked *Cain*, first of that sinful race,
That slew his Brother smiling in his face.
From the first time that e're the hellish rage
Of Jesuits appeared on the stage
To act their parts in *England*, *France*, and *Spain*,
And *Italy* her bloody hands hath slain,
Nine hundred thousand souls or thereabout,
E're many years had run their hours out.
Of the *Americans* by *Popish Spain*,
In fifty years was fifteen Millions slain.

The poor religious *Waldenſes*, whoſe eye,
Like the quick-ſighted *Vultur*, did eſpy
Romes filthy whoredoms, and freely diſclaim
Her vile Idolatry, and hate the ſame;
Drunk dreadful draughts of *Romes* moſt bloody
Which ſhe with Hell bred fury poured up.
And for no other cauſe, her bloody hands
She did ſtretch forth, with hell inraged bands
Being ſent abroad, forthwith to put to death
Both young and old, each man that draweth breath
And yet, as if ſhe had not been content
To murder Parents with their Innocent
And harmleſs Babes, as if their helliſh breath
Had now been ſpent with putting ſouls to death:
Fourſcore ſweet Babes that never did offend,
Famiſh'd to Death, their harmleſs lives did end.
Search, ſearch into the deep Abyſs of hell,
And ſee if all the Devils can parallel
So vile an act, O moſt imperious Treaſon
Againſt the King of Kings, and Law of Reaſon!
Are Papiſts Chriſtians, and are theſe their *Acts*
To puniſh ſuch as ne're commmitted *Facts*?
Are thoſe right actings, fitting Goſpel times,
To lay on Babes the weight of higheſt Crimes?
Did Chriſt do thus, or hath he ever given
Them leave to deal ſo with the heirs of *Heaven*?
Thoſe murd'red Souls under the Altar lie,
Crying how long *Eternal Majeſty*,
How long wil't be e're thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend thine ear unto their ſad complaints?

These *Waldenses* being overcome and dead,
A little remnant that escaped fled,
Taught by Dame Natures Moral Laws to save
Their much desired lives, within a Cave
Did hide themselves, hoping at last, that they
Taking advantage of another day,
When Golden *Titan* had laid down his head
Upon the pillows of his Western-Bed,
And *Proserpina* Lady of the Night
Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might
Transport themselves into some other land,
And so escape out of the Hunters hand.
But as the *Hound* that hunts the wearied *Hart*,
Doth ply their steps, and never will depart
The Fields and Meadows, or the silent wood
Till they surprize the Beast: ev'n so these blood-
Devouring Monsters having found the Cave
Most barb'rously did make that place their grave,
Wherein four hundred yielding up their breath,
Were in a barb'rous manner choak'd to death.
No Nation in the world hath ever seen,
A Foe so dreadfull as the Whore hath been.
It is far better to be overcome
By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Christian *Rome*.
What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,
And say they have not tasted to their cost
Of *Romish* Mercy? Some are yet alive,
Whose Parents felt the Death she did contrive.
O *Germany*! thy poor distress'd Estate
Will speak to future Ages, and relate

Whole volumes of her bloody Murders, and
The murder'd Souls of bleeding *Ireland*
Crie night and day for Vengeance, and implore
Gods *Heaven* enthroned Majesty e're more,
To put a period to her Hellish power,
That we may overtake her in an hour.
Those dreadfull Murders, have the eyes and ear
Of some now living, heard and seen the tears
Of soul afflicted Parents, whose sad eyes
Beheld their murdred Babes, and heard their cries
Their Daughters ravish'd, and when that was don
Cruelly murdred; and the hopeful Son
By unheard Torments slain before their eyes,
Whilest they beheld their Childrens miseries:
Their Children murdred, and their Wives defil'd
Whose Bodies they ript up being great with chil
And all this while Parents and Husbands were
Forc'd to behold what flesh and blood can't bear
The bare Relation: what *Adamant* heart
Melts not, when I these dreadful things impart?
Ripping up Child great-Women was not all,
For that, although inhumane, was but small,
Compar'd with other torments they indur'd,
Whose Patience bore what could not else be cur
Tearing out Bowels, boyling men alive. (tri
These deaths and worse, those Monsters did co
We see how they have dealt with every Nation
And shall we think at last to find compassion?
The piteous cries of Parents ne're could move
Them to extend the smallest dram of love.

The tears that ran from dying Infants eyes,
Like plenteous ſhowers from the darkned skies:
Whoſe great abundance might have made a river,
Yet all theſe floods of brin iſh tears could never
Enter a Papiſts heart ſo hard condens'd,
So void of pity, and all humane ſence.
To hear the doleful ſhrieks, and dying groans
Of poor diſtreſſed Babes who make their moans,
To Soul-afflicted Parents e're they part,
Theſe are the things delight a Papiſts heart;
To ſee the dying gaſps before the death
Of tortured Souls, whoſe life-forſaken breath
Had waited many a tedious hour paſt, (laſt.
When their tormented Souls ſhould breath their
Whoſe dolorous ſighings penetrate the skies,
Thoſe objects do delight a Papiſts eyes.
And can we now at laſt expect to find
That *Rome*'s grown merciful, and Papiſts kind.
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our ſerious thoughts upon late Sixty ſix:
When *London* was conſum'd, that Famous City,
Its Ruins do beſpeak them void of pity.
By *Rome*'s contrivance was fair *London* burn'd,
Englands Metropolis to aſhes turn'd.
Their Merchants of their richhes quite bereft,
To day rich men, to morrow nothing left.
Their Wives and Children harbourleſs became,
Their ſubſtance all conſumed in the Flame.
To day this Famous City's deck't in Gold,
To morrow an amazement to behold.

The doleful Shrieks, and lamentable Cries,
The floods of tears that ran from weeping eyes,
As true resemblances, did represent
The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
And can we think that Hell begotten Rage,
That did provoke so many to engage
In such an Act, far worse than th' *Powder-treason*:
Can we suppose, if we consult with Reason,
The fury of their Hellish Rage expir'd
So soon as e're that Famous place was fir'd?
No, no, Good Sir, your pardon, I presume
Those Hell-Ingendred flames that did consume
So fair a City in so short a space,
Hell gave those flames Commission down to raze
Not *London* onely, but every Soul that hath
A heart resolved to maintain the Faith
Of Jesus, Protestants both great and small
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
And those more formal Protestants, whose Zeal
May secretly perswade them to conceal
Their seeming Faith, and feignedly to close
With *Romes* erroneous Doctrine, and suppose
Thereby to save their lives; let none believe
Such vain perswasions, many did deceive
Themselves; for *Rome*, that Painted Whore,
Will deal with them as she hath done before,
With such as hoped in the self same kind,
To meet with Mercy, but nought less did find.
Christ never gave unto his Church Commission
For to make Laws for grievous Persecution.

No outward force were they i'th' least to use,
Much less poor Innocents for to abuse,
By Burning, Starving, Roasting on a Spit,
And tauntingly to make a sport of it.
The holy Saints and People of the Lord,
Their onely weapon was Gods sacred Word.
With that blest'd sword alwayes they overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks; but *Rome*
Makes use ('tis plain) o'th' Carnal Sword and Fire,
'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood this Locust doth desire.
Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,
The matter must decide continually:
The way they use to turn a Soul from error,
Is the most dreadful flesh amazing terror
Of horrid Racks, whereon a man must lie
Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot dye.
Strange kinds of Instruments devis'd to tear
The flesh from off the bones, these sometimes were
Her friendly admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom she doth for Hereticks defame.
What Massacres hath she contriv'd by Night,
When Nature doth to rest each man invite!
When sleep had clos'd their eyes, no thoughts of harms
Did them possess, but in their folded arms they
Their Wives and Children lay, with hopes that
Through grace might live to see another day.
Then came these murdring Butchers, sent from Hell,
Nothing but Blood would their vile rage repell;

Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their gore,
'Till all were dead they ſcorned to give o're:
If theſe Church-dealings will not work contrition,
She can erect a curſed Inquiſition:
A dreadfull place of cruelty and blood,
Whoſe torments ſcarcely can be underſtood,
A loathſome Dungeon, and vile ſtinking Cell,
A place of Darkneſs, repreſenting Hell;
Where nothing is ſo plentiful as tears,
And bitter ſighs, and yet can find no ears
To hear their cryes and lamentable moans,
Nor hearts to pity them for all their groans;
Where many tedious days and nights they ſpend,
Not knowing when their ſufferings will have end.
If ſuch like arguments (Sir) will confute
A Heretick, the Papiſt may diſpute
With all the world, nay Heathen *Rome* could never
Come nigh a Papiſt with their beſt endeavour:
They ſcorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* (for contrival
Of Barbarous Cruelties) ſhould be corrival;
For inhumanities they muſt defie
And ſcorn that Cannibals ſhould them come nigh.
A bloody Papiſt ſtrives to counterfeit
The Plagues of Hell, as far as man's conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent;
This is the Papiſts knocking Argument.
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martyrs blood,
Which has run down like to a mighty flood.
O! it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet whore,
Which thus doth hate and perſecute the poor.

And

And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd,
To ſerve the Lord with a moſt perfect mind,
According to the tenor of his Word;
All ſuch ſhe ſtrives to put unto the Sword:
And ſuffers none to buy, nor ſell, nor live,
But ſuch as homage unto her would give.
Upon her head alſo Saint *John* did ſee
Was writ the curſed name of Blaſphemy:
Setting her ſelf on God's Imperial Throne:
Saying, I am, beſides me there it none.
I have the Keys of Heaven in my hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my ſole command;
I ſhut and open unto whom I pleaſe;
I torment give to ſome, to others eaſe.
Lo, thus God's Sacred Word doth point her forth,
This, this is ſhe, there's none in all the Earth
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that preſumptuous and blaſphemous Name,
As King of Heaven, Earth and Hell, but ſhe; (be.
Therefore *Romes* Church muſt the vile Strumpet

Apoſtate.

Sir, ſpeak no more, forbear your ſtand'rous lies,
The holy Church ſuch murd'rous acts deſies:
Do not believe all Stories you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make theſe things appear.

Pro-

Professor.

These things were not (Sir) in a corner done,
Besides, I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or standeth on your side,
Who by just proof these things ever deny'd;
For they alas notoriously are known,
And many Papists also them do own:
Besides, 'twas late some of these Cruelties,
Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies
Were done, and acted; some alive now be
Who with their eyes these villanies did see.
About the year (dear Sir) of Fifty five
A dreadful Massacre did *Rome* contrive
Near unto *France*, i'th' Dukedom of *Savoy*,
Where thirty thousand souls she did destroy,
Who were commanded without all delays
Papists to turn, and that within three days;
Who for refusing, were then presently
Put unto death with barb'rous Cruelty, (parts
Some with sharp spears thrust through their privy
Whil'st others stabbed were unto their hearts.
Some Babes they cut in pieces, some they Roasted,
And some upon the tops of spears they tossed:
Virgins were Ravished, Widows and Wives,
All barbarously deprived of their lives:
Some were dreve forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
And many knock'd o'th' head as they did go;
Thus were those souls brought into misery;
See it at large in *Morelands* History.

Two

Two hundred thousand Protestants, or more,
Were Massacred by this vile bloody Whore
In *Ireland*; there's many now alive
Who saw what kinds of deaths they die contrive,
By which some of their dear Relations then
Were tortured by those most bloody men.
How can you, Sir, these things i'th' least deny,
Which are so obvious unto ev'ry eye.

Apostate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of Roman *Catholicks,*
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks.
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will,
For which the Church did many thousands kill.
To Magistrates they disobedient were,
And therefore they just punishment did bear.

Professor.

Peter and *John* they Rebels were also,
By that same Argument which use you do.
To Magistrates they did refuse to bend,
Wherein they knew they should the Lord offend.
In Civil things they always did submit,
And preached also, 'twas a thing most fit,
In things which unto man do appertain;
But Christ o're Conscience ought alone to reign.
Ev'n so those Martyrs bare an upright mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all just things obedient for to be;
Yet did stand up for Christ his Sovereignty,

And were resol'vd in matters of their Faith,
To worship God as holy Scripture saith,
According to that light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.
And though your Church doth put poor men to (death,
'Twas from the Dev'l such curst Laws came forth.
The tares with wheat should grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
That 'twas from Satan, I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all cursed Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil persons without doubt,
Who crep into the Church, that work'd about (low,
Those Murderous deeds, the Church did not al-
But utterly against them doth Avow.

Professor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Monks, and Fryers you so call,
With fiery Jesuits, for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous acts these were the chief.
Bulls, false Pardons, and cursed Dispensations
From bloody *Rome*, has Ruin'd many Nations.
You can't deceive, nor hood-wink the world more,
Times have discovered the Scarlet Whore.

We

We now know how clearly to bring our charge,
As I could ſhew, but that I can't inlarge.

Apoſtate.

I know not how further (Sir) to excuſe
The Holy Church, you put me in a muſe:
But ſhe's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth ſuch cruelties defie and hate.

Profeſſor.

Rome *to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,*
Who whil'ſt againſt his will is quite debarr'd
From ſeeking of his Prey, being ty'd in chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains
A Wolf in Nature ſtill, if ever he
At any rate can get his Liberty,
Doth ſtraightway run impatient of delay,
And cannot reſt until he's got his prey.
So Rome *ſeems kind and gentle, until ſhe*
Can find again an opportunity
Which with unwearyed pains and often trial,
She ever ſeeks, and hardly takes denial.
Which if ſhe once obtains, ſhe will not ſtay
From ſhedding blood a minute of a day.

Apoſtate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end:
'Tis out of love I ſpeak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, ſpeedily to cleave

Unto

Unto that Church who onely can decide
All Controverſies, even to divide
The truth from error, light from darkneſs, ſo
That every one the ready way may go.
But you ſeem ſo reſolved in your mind,
That little hopes, alas, of you I find.
But Youth conſider once again I pray,
The troubles of a now approaching day.
For ſore amazements will you overtake,
Unleſs you do your purpoſes forſake.
If once our Church the day obtains, be ſure
Then down you Hereticks muſt go for ever.
Let former ſtroaks of Juſtice take ſuch place,
As for to move you wiſely to embrace
That counſel which in tender love I give,
That you in ſafety evermore may live.
Or you'l Repent that ever you begun
Theſe dang'rous wayes of Hereſie to run.
'Tis a dark doleful! dangerous path you go,
Recant therefore as many others do.

Profeſſor.

You may miſtake, ſometimes the waters flow,
Yet on a ſudden I obſerve them low.
A Haman *may maliciouſly deviſe*
Poor Mordecai *and others to ſurpriſe,*
Yet may his purpoſes meet with a blaſt,
And he himſelf be hanged too at laſt.
The fleſh with all its luſts to mortifie,
Is hard to thoſe that love Iniquity.

The way to Papists wholly is untrod,
And unto all who haters are of God,
The way seems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard 'tis to th' flesh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven;
'Tis dark to you, because that you are blind,
And can't Gods purpose in dark foot steps mind.
I've a sure hand to lead my trembling paces,
To scape the danger of those dang'rous spaces.
I shall pass safe, by means of my best Guide,
Though thousands fall by me on every side.
For to turn back will prove a doleful fault,
I think upon the Monument of Salt.
I am resolv'd a thousand deaths to dye,
Before I'le ever yield to Popery.

Apostate.

Thou art too strict, too righteous, and precise,
Thou slight'st such things which prudent men do prize;
Thou mayst have Christ, pleasure and honours too,
And saved be without half this ado.
There's very few alas are of your mind,
Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Professor.

You now condemn me for my holy life,
Wherein 'tis true I met with straits and strife.
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,
You'l blame your self, and me you'l justifie.

Did

Did ever any on a dying bed
Lament that they were by Gods Spirit led
To crucifie their ſins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jeſus ſake?
If Righteous ones, alas, ſcarce ſaved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care
In holineſs to walk, what ere you ſay,
I from the paths of life will never ſtray.
The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and ſtreight,
And leads me alſo through a *Thorny gate*.
Whoſe ſcratching Pricks are very ſharp and fell,
The way to *Heav'n* is by the Gates of *Hell*.
Your way 'tis true ſeems very ſmooth and wide,
Since you from Chriſt have lately turn'd aſide.
My paths ſeem long, yours ſhort and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet Sir beware,
The ſafeſt path is not alwaies moſt even,
The way to *Hell*'s like to a ſeeming *Heaven*.
Shall proud Fleſh wantons for a moments pleaſure
Expoſe themſelves to ſhame, and loſs of treaſure?
They'l ſpend their ſtrength, their gold, and their E
Amongſt their ſenſual dame helliſh-mates. (ſtate
Shall curſed Pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
The joyes above be cheaper than a luſt?
Th' ambitious Gallant, for to hoyſt his Name
Upon the wings of Honour and of Fame,
How will he venture on the point of Spears,
And face the mouth, of Cannons! nought he fear
With courage ſtout how will he fight i'th Flood,
When Britiſh Seas are mixt with human blood!

Sha

Shall wretched man be at the Devils will,
And dangers run his luſt for to fulfil?
And ſhall not I, when God commands me forth,
Ingage for him with all my might on earth?
Or ſhall the promis'd Crown of endleſs life,
Be judg'd a triffle, and not worth a ſtrife?
That which vain man accounts to be moſt rare,
Is not obtain'd but with much coſt and care.
Things of great worth on Earth are got by pains,
And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains.
And ſhall I then be ſtartled with a frown,
When full aſſur'd of an Eternal Crown?
The ſtrife which doth an holy Life attend,
Will recompenſed be I'm ſure i'th' end.
I will go on, ſince Jeſus doth invite me,
His ſtrength is mine, and nothing ſhall affright me.

Apoſtate.

I do perceive you are reſolv'd to run
In your ſtrict ways, until you're quite undone;
Yet hear a little what I have to ſpeak,
And you will find 'tis beſt for you to take
The Counſel which I give; for you'l eſpy
Great Ruin fall upon you ſuddenly.
Your Father will not own you for his Son,
If in this fooliſh ſtrictneſs you'l go on;
His Face expect hereafter not to ſee,
If this your purpoſe and your pleaſure be.

Professor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
Forsake me quite, yet still I well do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
And I shall see sweet smiles from his dear face.
My self and my Relations all (though dear)
I do deny, such is the love I bear
To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,
And do resolve to be until I dye.
Come Life, come Death, for Canaan *I'le endeavour,*
It is my home and resting place for ever.
Better it is that earthly Friends abuse me,
Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me.
I'de rather bear my Fathers wrath and ire,
Than to be cast into Eternal Fire.

Apostate.

Fie, fie, Young-man, forbear and take advice,
Let not hot zeal thy fancy thus intice.
For to refuse those pleasant things, which you
May here enjoy as many others do:
'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,
For nought but grief and dotage from it springs;
'Twill dull thy wit and make the like a droan,
And thou'lt be slighted too by ev'ry one.
How might'st thou live at ease, and pleasure have,
If once these ways thou would'st resolve to leave;
And like a Flower flourish in the Spring,
And with young Gallants might'st rejoyce and sing,

And

And ſpend thy days in pleaſure ſweet and rare:
I prithee youth conſider, O take care
To chear thy heart; behold now in thy ſight,
What earthly joys moſt ſweetly do invite.

Profeſſor.

Young it is true I am, and in my prime,
Therefore reſolve for to improve my time:
The flower of my days do'ſt think I will
Give to the Devil luſt for to fulfill?
Shall *Satan* have the primeſt of my days,
And put off Chriſt with baſe and vile delays
Until old age, and then at laſt preſent
The dregs of time to him? I'le not conſent
To ſuch vile thoughts, I will not lend an ear,
I to my Saviour more affection bear.
Since firſt of th' living Spring my Soul did drink
All ſinful pleaſures in my Noſe do ſtink.
More precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this world doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am ſlighted for Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take
All for him, who hath undergone
More ſhame than this before his work was done
This is my choo ſing time, I have made choice,
Gods word I will obey and hear his voice.
Gods Council 'tis, that firſt of all in youth
I ſhould him ſeek, and cleave unto the truth.
Your Council I abhor; ſhall luſtful fire
Be kindled in my Breaſt? ſhall my deſire

Run out again to *Egypts* curſed ſtuff,
I know 'tis nought, of it I have enough.

Apoſtate.

Alas, the Journey's long, you'l wearied be,
And faint before that Kingdom you do ſee.

Profeſſor.

Nay Sir, be ſilent, that is falſe, for I
By Faith moſt clearly do the Land eſpy.
But is the Journey long? blame me no more,
Betime i'th' Morning I ſet out therefore.
VVhy didſt thou ſay it was too ſoon for me
For to ſet out? If long the Journey be,
I do reſolve in youth with ſpeed to ſtrive,
Leſt I too late at laſt ſhould there arrive.
While ſtrength and youth do laſt I'le bend my mind
To travel hard, becauſe I clearly find
Old Age and weary Limbs quite out of caſe
To go a Journey or to Run a Race.
Alaſs when night is ready to come in,
That's not the time this Journey to begin,
VVhen Sun and Moon and Stars all darkned be,
And Clouds return, that we no light can ſee:
VVhen rain and tempeſts do moſt ſore appear,
And th' Keepers of the houſe all trembling are:
VVhen the ſtrong men themſelves are forc'd to bow
And grinders ceaſe alſo becauſe that now
They are but few and ready to fall out,
And thoſe through windows which do look about

Are become dim, nay darkned, without light,
And doors too in the ſtreet are ſhut up quite.
When the low ſound o'th' grinder's ſcarcely heard.
He riſeth up too at the voice o'th' Bird:
And all the Daughters of ſweet Muſick rare,
Are brought too low, don't for ſuch Muſick care,
And fears increaſe on thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh,
When flouriſh ſhall the Almond Tree alſo,
And th' Graſhopper ſhall be a burden too.
When looſed is the precious ſilver Cord,
And Golden Bole is broken as we have heard:
When the weak Pitcher at the Fountain's broke,
And th' wheel at th' Ciſtern with a heavy ſtroke:
When deſire fails, and there alaſs is none,
What will ſuch do who han't this Race begun?
Beſides 'tis clear my days uncertain be,
Old Age alaſs I may not live to ſee.
Young men are quickly gone, for I behold
Daily as young as I are turn'd to th' Mould.
My own experience doth diſcover this,
My life a bubble and a Vapour is.
The flower which doth ſpread, and is ſo gay,
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.
If I therefore have much work to do,
Or as you ſay ſo long a way to go;
It doth concern me then, with all my power
For to improve each day, yea every hour:

For days to come I ſee may not be mine,
My time I'le ſpend, not as thou ſpendeſt thine;
My weights I'le caſt away this Race to Run,
Stand ſtill I muſt not, nor with thee return:
I muſt provide me Oyl, get Grace in ſtore,
For o're a while I ſhall be ſeen no more
This ſide the Grave; I haſt therefore to meet
The glorious Judge at the great Judgment-ſeat.
I muſt make haſt, be ſwift like to the Sun,
Leſt that my works to do when time is done.

Apoſtate.

To you, youug man, I have declared much
Of the ſad danger, but your Zeal is ſuch,
Nought that I ſay with you takes any place,
You don't beleive me that's the very caſe.
But what's the reaſon, youth, ſo many folk
Decline thoſe paths in which you now do walk?
Were ways of your ſtrict Holineſs ſo ſweet,
They in this ſort would never back retreat;
I did reſolve with others for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly,
Your whole Religion's nought but meer conceit,
Let none therefore thy Soul with Fancies cheat.
Since wiſe men daily do your ways forſake,
Be thou adviſ'd and other Council take.

Profeſſor.

If thouſands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scripture ſhews was heretofore.

Tho

Thouſands of old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter:
They never had of Chriſt a ſaving taſte,
Who quite away their ſeeming hopes do caſt:
Their heart alaſs are rotten and unſound
Who in Chriſt Jeſus never ſweetneſs found.
But what of this? Shall I my Lord deny
Becauſe that you ſome Hypocrites eſpy?
Thoſe who do murmur in the Wilderneſs,
The Land of promiſe never ſhall poſſeſs.
But if they will the precious Lord Revoke,
Shall I from thence reſolve to ſlip the Yoke?
Becauſe ſo many walk i'th way to Hell,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive?
Becauſe ſo many walk i'th' way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excell
The vain enjoyments of an evil World?
Or ſhall with fancies thus my ſoul be hurl'd?
To think, becauſe that Swine the grains do chuſe,
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuſe,
There is more worth in thoſe baſe ſtinking grains
Than in thoſe true Pearls which the Merchant (gains?
Becauſe theſe ſilly men have loſt their way,
Shall I on purpoſe therefore go aſtray?
Becauſe that *Judas* did for thirty pence
Sell his dear Lord, ſhall I conclude from thence
Peter a fool, who priz'd his favour ſo,
That for his ſake all things he'd undergo?
If fearful Souldiers baſely quit the field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore ſtraitway yield

Moſt cowardly unto their treacherous foe,
Whom they aſſured were to overthrow.
If Mariners unskil'd in Navigation
Are ſplit on Rocks, ſhall all then in the Nation
That have that curious Art, reſolve therefore
Never to uſe the Art of Sailing more?
Becauſe the Sluggard ſees the winds do blow,
The Rain deſcending with cold hail and ſnow,
He doth give o're, and ſays no longer will
Remain i'th' field his barren Land to till:
Shall faithful Husband-men from the like ground,
Who have oft-times by good experience found,
Without they ſow, no harveſt can they have,
Reſolve the painful labours quite to leave?
He that wont Plow becauſe o'th' ſnow or rain,
Shall beg at Harveſt, and ſhall naught obtain:
So in like ſort to mind my preſent caſe,
'Cauſe perſons void of Gods true ſaving Grace
Do poſtatize as you your ſelf have done,
Muſt I to th' Devil with you headlong run?
'Cauſe ſome Profeſſors ſecretly do love
Some baſe Corruptions, doth this therefore prove,
There's none ſincere for God in all the Earth,
Whoſe ſouls exper'ence do the ſecond birth?
I for my part through Grace have this to ſay,
I never ſhall, nor can I fall away:
All thoſe whom God has unto Jeſus given,
They never can be diſpoſſeſs'd of Heaven;
The Promiſe of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they like *Iſaac* even ſo are heirs,

Who

Who could not miſs nor diſpoſſeſſed be,
Unleſs Gods word's made a meer Nullity,
Gods Covenant alſo with Chriſt doth ſtand,
Who can ſupply our wants on ev'ry hand:
Sin ſhall not Reign, ſuch is our happy caſe,
We are not under the *Law*, but under *Grace*.
This Covenant is not like to the Old,
We of a ſurer perſon now have hold.
We ſtand not now as *Adam* did 'tis plain,
God never will truſt that Old man again.
Our credit's nothing worth, our Surety
Is in our room, our wants he muſt ſupply.
Beſides all this I'le hint another thing,
Which to my Soul doth much refreſhment bring;
He that's the Authour of my Faith, I ſpy,
Will finiſh it himſelf aſſuredly.
He that in me has a good work begun,
VVill perfect it alſo e're he has done
Within Gods Saints Eternal Life doth dwell;
This would remove the doubt conſidered well:
Thoſe unto whom Eternal Life is given,
How can it be that ſuch ſhould miſs of Heaven?
And now to 'breviate 'tis my intent,
Sir, if you pleaſe to frame one argument.
If the new Creature in the Souls of men
Is of Gods Spirit born, I argue then,
The ſame in nature it be ſure muſt be,
Which cannot Death, or like mutation ſee;
But that 'tis of Gods Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the Third doth make moſt plain appear.

The

The ſeed alſo doth in their ſouls remain,
They cannot ſin to Death who're born again;
Gods Fear moreover is ſo in their heart,
That they from him ſhall never more depart.
Thus is my ſtanding very firm and ſure,
And to the end I know I ſhall endure:
And as for thoſe who fall away and Dye,
I ſhall diſcover clearly by and by
What kind of men and women they are all,
Which will hold forth the cauſe to of their fall.

Apoſtate.

Moſt confident I do perceive you are,
Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Thoſe perſons Names which you did laſtly meet,
Who finally reſolve for to retreat, (mend;
And leave thoſe paths which you ſeem to com-
Come, ſpeak to this, and we will make an end.

Profeſſor.

Sir, unto me it doth moſt plain appear
As if they Cowards and faint-hearted were;
Under their tongues alſo cloſe ſecretly,
Some pleaſant morſels I am ſure do lye:
And in them all doth reign ſome curſed evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apoſtate.

As you ſuppoſe, but pray, youth, have a care,
For they ſincere and ſober People are.

And

And I do queſtion whether yea or nay
Thou do'ſt them know, what further haſt to ſay?

Profeſſor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well.
And ſince you urge me I reſolve to tell
What kind of folk they are, and alſo ſhall
Their names diſcover unto great and ſmall;
Maſter *Fearful* was one that I did ſee,
With him was goodly *Senſuality*.
With Dame *Miſbelief*, and Goodman *Outſide*,
Who turn'd from Chriſt as ſoon as they were try'd:
One *Unbelief* a very wicked man;
Turn him out of his way, there's no man can:
Beſides them alſo, there's one *Earthly-heart*,
Who loves nothing ſo well as Plow and Cart:
Alſo there's *Eſau Faint-heart*, moſt profane,
That ſells his Birth-right Pottage to obtain;
With *Belly-god*, a man that I do find
Fleſh-pots and Oynons chiefly he doth mind.
There's Miſtreſs *Diſcontent* too with the reſt,
Who would have nought but what ſhe liketh beſt.
Maſter *Hot-love ſoon cold* alſo was there,
Lately for zeal with him few could compare;
There's *Iſhmael Legal-heart*, in truth alſo,
When troubles riſe then ſtrait away he doth go
With Maſter *Balaam*, who doth Jeſus leave
The wages of Unrighteouſneſs to have:
Some People alſo I have lately met,
Who were with ſin moſt eaſily beſet;

And

And divers heavy weights alſo they bore,
Which wearied them, and made them to give o're.
A Gentleman I alſo did behold,
Whoſe trade was great, and ſtore he had of gold,
He's going back with ſorrow I do know,
Becauſe he can't have Chriſt and the world too.
One Maſter *Atheiſt*, that I think's his name
As like your ſelf as if he were the ſame;
He's fallen back ſo far, and turn'd aſide,
That at Religion he doth much deride:
He thinks Religion's but a fooliſh thing,
Which doth no comfort, nor no profit bring,
This is too true, you alſo are the man,
To clear your ſelf, deny it if you can;
No marvel 'tis you play the Devils part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my heart,
And blind mine eyes, if that thou kneweſt how;
Thou'dſt make me like thy ſelf, and therefore now
I am reſolv'd with thee for to ingage,
Who ſtriv'ſt to ſtop me in my Pilgrimage:
A foe more vile than you, what ſoul can meet?
I le therefore bring you down unto my feet.
Some ſtones I think to fetch out of Gods Book,
Though like *Goliah* you do ſeem to look,
Yet in his Name whom you ſo much defie,
I ſhall prevail againſt you by and by.
I thought I muſt confeſs ſome years ago,
I ſhould not in the leaſt been ſtopt by you;
Or that I ſhould have met with oppoſition
With ſuch a foe to add to my affliction.

But

But ſince this is my ſad unhappy fate,
I'le add a line or two to vindicate
The Dreadful God, ſo far as lies in me
I'le vindicate that Glorious Deity;
Who in my ſoul his Image ſo has ſet,
That I his Glorious Being can't forget.
Shall he which form'd both Heaven and the Earth,
From whom I have my precious Life and Birth,
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd?
What ſoul can ſuch a ſinful wretch abide?
Who ſtrives at once, if that you could it do,
The life of all Religion to o'erthrow.
Haſt thou got ought to ſpeak and wilt thou enter
On the debate? yea, durſt thou to adventure
To o'pe thy mouth i'th' leaſt for to defend
Thoſe thoughts of thine which clearly do aſcend
From Hell beneath? thou'lt prove thy ſelf thereby
The Devils Friend, *Jehovahs* Enemy.

Apoſtate.

Thou childiſh Lad, do'ſt think I am afraid
For to declare my ſelf, or am diſmay'd
By ſilly dreams and fancies, which affright
Thoſe ſimple ones who dare not walk i'th' night:
Who ſtartle at the ſhaddow which they ſee,
And think the Devil's near when 'tis a tree?
And ſince I do perceive you underſtand
What my opinion is, I do demand
How you can prove, and fully make appear
There is a God, for none at all I fear.

No

No God nor Devil I at all believe,
Nor is there any Heaven to receive
The Souls of Holy Men when they do dye:
Nor is there any Hell of misery
For Sinners after death, as you conceit;
All is nought else save a Religious Cheat.

Professor.

Dare you your Maker thus with impudence,
Deny, and tread upon? Such insolence
What Soul can hear! what Age can shew the like,
Where so much light hath been! shall Mortals
At the great God and glorious Deity? (strike
Whose dreadful Being and Existency
The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear;
His Godhead did to them most plain appear
By the Creation, Man, as in a glass
May there behold who his Creator was.
'Tis time to arm my self and look about,
When by an Atheist I am Challeng'd out,
When the whole of all Religion lies at stake.
'Tis time to rouse, and also for to shake
Off sloath and idleness, and to ingage
With such a foe in this my Pilgrimage.
If once I should unto an Atheist yield,
And treach'rously also acquit the Field;
The strongest hold of truth betray should I
Into the hands of its worst enemy:
And should unman my self of Christian too,
And my dear Soul of reason overthrow.

I should

I should debase my self, should I deny
My Noble Birth from the great Deity.
Mans cheifest glory springs from's Supream Head,
In his descent from him who made and bred
And brought him forth and doth his life maintain,
From hence man doth his greatest honour gain.
'Tis power Divine that man doth greaten thus,
As to make him King of the Universe.
Who e're disowns his blessed Pedigree,
Doth prove himself unnat'ral for to be.
For man to say he came by hap or chance,
As 'tis a peice of wilful Ignorance,
Himself also he doth depose thereby,
From his own honour and rare dignity;
And vile contempt upon himself doth bring,
As well as dirt upon that essence fling
Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his breath,
And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
But to proceed, and lend my helping hand;
In the defence of Sacred Truth to stand,
And vindicate my great Creators cause,
By Natures Light, and also by those Laws
Which supernat'ral are, and most Divine,
Whose light excels, yea, and whose glories shine.
You ask me how I can make it appear,
There is a God, Attend, and now give ear,
And weigh my Arguments and reasons sound,
And let not Satan more your Soul confound,
And reason quite destroy as he hath done,
Lest to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apostate.

Apostate.

Before you do proceed, this you must know,
If you a God do think to prove or show,
Be sure of this, young man, it must not be
By Scripture-proof, for its Authority
I do deny, and cannot it believe,
You never shall that way my heart deceive:
The knowledge which you supernatural call,
Is a meer cheat, I mind it not at all.

Professor.

Though supernatural knowledge you despise,
And count Gods holy Word to be but lies;
I briefly shall stand up in its defence,
And shew your pride and cursed Insolence.
That all may love Gods word, prize it, and see
Its worth and weight, and its Authority
To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given
To lead poor Souls in the right way to Heaven:
One thing of you in the first place I demand,
Pray let me know, and fully understand
When this supposed Cheat did first commence,
And in what part o'th' world, bring evidence.
Egypt stands mute, saith it commenc'd not here,
Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
Ask all the Heathens too in every age,
If their Philosophers brought't on the Stage.
If you can find it out, pray bring't to light,
Or else confess your darkness worse than night.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange that ſuch a Univerſal cheat
Should thus be put upon the world, and yet
No one can ſhew who did the ſame deviſe,
Nor how nor when the ſame at firſt did riſe;
Since all the world ſtands ſilent and is mute,
This might a period put to the Diſpute.
But ſecondly I argue once again,
There's none of them who do ſo much diſdain
The Holy Scriptures who juſt proof could bring
To ſhew i'th' leaſt they were a forged thing:
If none can them diſprove, O then ſay I,
What ground have you the Scripture to deny?
The Scriptures alſo, I obſerve have been
Strangely preſerved by a pow'r unſeen;
In every age, kept both in word and ſence
From ſecret fraud, and open violence,
Againſt the num'rous Armies of all thoſe
That were both ſecret, yea, and open foes,
No wicked or malicious men could ever
Subvert the Scripture, though they did endeavour.
The beaſtly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
Thorow whoſe hands, to us the Scripture comes;
Though guilty of moſt vile abomination
As ever was committed in Nation.
Their curſed ſins are hateful to relate,
Which they committed and did tolerate,
And that they might more freely do the ſame,
And ſo be kept from ſad reproach and ſhame.
They ſay the Pope himſelf may change the Laws
Of th' Holy Goſpel, as himſelf ſees Cauſe;

And make the ſence of Scriptures to agree
With time and place as he moſt fit doth ſee.
How free thoſe Sacrilegious Monſters were,
(Had God admitted) to extinguiſh'd clear
The ſacred Scripture, and put out their light,
And fill'd the world with an eternal night.
But we may ſee, although it made its way
Thorough thoſe muddy Channels, yet have they
Been ſtill kept pure, and ſtill remain a Law
To keep moſt men ſave bloody Popes in awe.
Now it againſt ſo many Enemies,
Who us'd all means that Devils could deviſe
To obliterate that Soul-informing word,
It was preſerv'd, and not by humane ſword.
How dare you Sir preſume for to deny
Its bleſſed and Divine Authority?
Another ground or reaſon I ſhall urge,
Which proves Gods word Divine as I do judge.
'Tis taken from that influence they have
Upon their Hearts, whom God intends to ſave:
It turns them from thoſe curſed ways of ſin,
Which once they loved and delighted in.
It brings them out of darkneſs into light,
Yea, and diſcovers Jeſus to their ſight,
Filling their ſouls with inward life and peace,
And precious joy, the which ſhall never ceaſe.
The glorious power which God did afford
Always for thoſe who ſtood up for his word
Moſt clearly ſhews, Methinks to every eye
The Scripture's true, and their Authority

To

To be Divine, what ever you may say,
I cannot give this Argument away.
How have they been supported in the flames,
VVhich as it did perpetuate their Names,
So God thereby did stir up ten for one,
To stand up for his word when they were gone.
Ah! how did they rejoyce Sir in the fire
VVhich made their very enemies admire.
Would thou one instance have, I could give two,
And ten times twenty more if that would do,
But if I should, I am sure I should transgress,
And over-charge the Appendix and the Press.
And therefore I will add one reason more
To prove Gods word Divine and so give o're.
How has the Scripture made the Atheist quake,
And all his limbs with dreadful horror shake!
VVhen on a Death-bed they have come to lye,
Their Conscience waking in their Face did fly,
Though in their health they did it much despise,
And did affirm it was made up with lyes.
Yet has it made them howl at last and cry,
VVe are undone to all Eternity.
'Twas like unto the writing on the wall,
VVhich did foretel profane *Belshazzers* fall;
VVhich was terrible, yea, and so strange,
It wrought amongst them a most sudden change.
Their mirth and Jollity doth now expire,
And the proud King doth earnestly desire,
To hear it read, nought then would serve the turn
But an Interpreter: his heart did burn.

His trembling Knees ſmote one againſt another,
As if his Joynts were looſed from each other.
Thus thoſe that won't confeſs *Jehovahs* Name,
Are forc'd to own him to their utter ſhame.
And thoſe who will not of Gods word allow,
Are forc'd by Conſcience under it to bow. (o're
Theſe being weigh'd may make you quite give
Yea, and Gods word thus to oppoſe no more,
Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-ſaid,
Methinks each Soul ſhould be exceeding fraid
How they contemn that glorious Deity,
VVhom they ſo clearly ſhew and magnifie.
But to leave this a little and deſcend
To mans own reaſon which you ſo commend.
How many Heathens did alone thereby,
Find out (dear Sir) Gods glorious Majeſty.
If you your Reaſon did but exerciſe,
From Atheiſm doubtleſs you ſoon might riſe,
And hate alſo this Soul-deſtroying evil,
Thus ſiding with and yeilding to the Devil.

Apoſtate.

Amongſt the Heathens (youth) were men of fame
VVho for their ſkill in Nature had the name
Above all others, which did quite deny
There was a God or ſuch a Deity.

Profeſſor.

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Ariſtotle*,
VVith *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,

And

And ſuch like Atheiſts I muſt grant to you
Deny'd there was a God as Stories ſhew,
Philoſophy is good, but men abuſe it,
When they, like thoſe old Heathen Authors uſe it.
God doth ſometimes mens reaſons darken quite
For not improving of the means of light.
To vile affections up God doth them give,
Becauſe on earth like Brutes they ſeem to live.
But though theſe natural Sots could not eſpy
By all their skill th' eternal Deity.
Yet many thouſand Heathens I might ſhow
By Natures light alone did come to know
There was a God, they ſearched ſo about
Into Gods works, they found his God-head out.
For when they gave themſelves up ſeriouſly
To ſtudy Natures Book, and come to pry
Into the cauſe of all things here on earth,
And their effects, did clearly ſee the birth
Or firſt Original of every thing,
From ſuch an Eſſence to deſcend or ſpring.
The very Novices in Natures School,
May ſoon convince that man to be a Fool,
Who by the Creatures glory can't diſcern
The being of that dreadfull Soveraign
Who did them form and make, for every where
His glorious God-head they to all declare,
Had I but time, I could ſome pages fill,
To ſhew to you how that mans reaſon will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The nature of his Soul, this he might find,

Mans

Mans ſoul is like a ſpring or like to fire,
It reſteth not aloft, it doth aſpire,
And unto *Noah's* Dove, I'le it compare,
God is the Ark, ſouls reſt alone is there,
The fleſh dams up the ſpring, quenches deſire,
Keeps out of th' Arke to which it would retire:
Since I perceive mans ſoul doth ſearch about
To find ſome higher good and being out;
Which doth excel all things which are below,
This doth to us Gods glorious being ſhew.
But to conclude this, no man can diſown,
God by his judgments daily is made known.
What ſad examples daily do we hear
Of wrath and Vengeance almoſt every where?
Some drunkards & blaſphemers ſtruck down dead
And others with ſtrange Judgments tortured?
Some have preſum'd the Holy God to dare,
Whom he would not one little minute ſpare,
If this will not convince you of your error,
I fear you will e're long fall under terror;
For if you will not now example take,
God may of you a ſad example make.
Your ſtate alaſs, above all men is ſad,
Becauſe of God you once ſuch knowledge had,
And of his ways, which now you loath and hate;
O Sir, conſider this your woful ſtate;
And cry to God if peradventure He
May give you Grace, whereby your ſoul may ſee
Your hainous ſin, that ſo you may repent,
And turn to God before your days are ſpent.

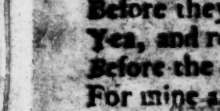
Apoſtate.

Apostate.

I must confess I know not what to say,
If there's a God, then cursed be the day
That ever I was born, for I do know
He never unto me will mercy show:
I now resolve to open my condition,
Though all's in vain; for there is no contrition
Will do me good, I utterly am lost;
For I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost:
I wilfully have sinn'd, and there remains
Nothing for me but everlasting pains.
O that there were no God! for then should I
Be like the beast when e're I come to dye.
For love o'th' world and for my present ease
I am become like to the troubled Seas.
No rest nor comfort ever shall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd
From these good ways in which dear youth you go,
Or ever I did God or Jesus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear
My sin would not so hainous now appear:
My conscience doth prick me to the Heart,
I never shall be eased of this smart.
O that I were in Hell! for then should I
Soon see the worst of my extremity;
Thou shalt, dear youth, for ever happy be,
For thou art chosen from Eternity,
To be an Heir of the Eternal-bliss,
But I alas am damn'd! what woe like this?
The Devil with his glist'ring Golden ball
Hath me deceiv'd, and now I see my fall
To be so bad no tongue can it express;
My woful pain is quite remediless.
The cheeks of Conscience I did greatly slight,
And loved darkness greatly, hated light:

Yea,

Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear,
Though I of him had hints oft times most clear;
And now will he my Soul in peices tear,
And make me his Eternal Vengeance bear.
Let all back-Riders of me warning take
Before they fall into the *Stygian-Lake*;
Yea, and return and make with God their peace
Before the days of Grace and mercy cease?
For mine are past for ever, oh! condole
My sad estate, and miserable soul.
My days will quickly end, and I must lye
Broyling in Flames to all Eternity.



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The youth in his Naturall state
Etat. su. 10

The youth in his converted
State Etat. su. 16.
Narrow is the Way that leads

War with the Devil,

THE SECOND PART.

OR THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Young Converted Gallant.

LONDON,

Printed for *Benjamin Harris* at the Stationers Armes and Anchor under the *Piazza* of the *Royal Exchange*, 1683.

THE MORAL ARGUMENT of this BOOK.

Concerning the New Creature, or Regenerate Man; under the six Types foregoing.

DArk, Ignorant Creatures are we all by Birth,
Of Earth first form'd; still lovers of the Earth:
Fools were we born, and so continue still,
Fools in our passions, Fools in our wit and will;
All Natural Fools (as to the Truth,) or Mad-men;
Proud, poor and blind; and all by nature Bad-men.
Till Man's * eclipsed Soul from earth doth rise
By a new Birth, enlightning his blind eyes;
For when his Pride sinks down, & wrathful Will,
And so his Mind Ascends the Holy Hill:
When once the Truth doth shine within his heart,
Wrath, Pride and Ignorance must all depart:
For naked came we from our Mothers Womb,
And naked must return to our last home:

* Viz. *Mens Humana*: the Humane Mind, or the Humanity.

Yea, Naked we ſhould live, as Babes new-born,
Or, like the harmleſs ſheep, clean waſh'd & ſhorn,
Rob'd of his fleece, he envies not the wearer,
Nor opens he his mouth againſt the Shearer.
Uncloath'd, unarm'd; no Weapon to defend him,
No Lordly Powers to favour or befriend him.
Thus on the Croſs, Chriſt Jeſus naked hung,
A Prezident of Life to old and young;
To ſhew how Man ſhould alwayes naked ſtand,
Under Chriſt's Croſs with open heart and hand;
Ever Reſigned in his Makers ſight,
And nothing claim as his peculiar Right.
For all Man hath he ows to God alone,
Nothing but Sin and Death he calls his own!
O take it deep to heart, ye men of Wit,
Of Wealth, & Worth, though neer ſo high you ſit:
For ſuch by right each Chriſtian ought to be,
Of whatſoever Title, He or She.

THE

THE DEDICATION TO THE Whole Universe, with the Princes, and People thereof.

TO the wide World I Dedicate this Glass,
To shew a Wonder that must come to pass;
The World's New-Birth, and Gallantry Refin'd,
To a more solid and substantial Kind.
And because much in few I would express,
I write my mind in plain an pithy Verse.
For lo, in my divining thoughts I see,
The last fulfilling of that Mystery,
Which sacred Scriptures have concealed long
Under a Vail, or dark Prophetick Song:
The Gentiles fulness with that wonderous news,
The Calling and Conversion of the Jews.
A promis'd truth, which few or none believes,
Though for that Day the whole Creation grieves.
But Time will cut each mystick knot in sunder,
That God may have the Honour of the Wonder:

For then Jew and Gentile both, shall know
There is a God can bring the Haughty Low.
Perhaps the sound may rouse some Prince or Peere,
Now to begin the Worlds Reforming Year,
To stop the stream of Vice, and turn the Tyde,
Of Wrath and Lust, Debauchery and Pride;
And, as the Rising Sun, with Powerful Light
Dispel the darkness of the Worlds long Night;
That all the World New born may speak one Tongue,
Or no man think or do his Neighbour Wrong:
For such by right all Mankind ought to be,
And so make good this following History.

Art thou a Master of *Israel*, and knowest not these things? —— Namely, Thine own New-Birth, and the Worlds New-Birth to come, *John* 3. 10.

THE

THE

Young Converted Gallant.

The First Part;

OR

First Direction General to the Readers of the Divine Poem aforesaid, in Reference to the Substance, or Personal History thereof.

GOod Readers see, who take that book in hand
You read aright; that is, to understand;
For else, I fear, that some Misapprehension
May judge that work at best, but Man's invention,
Some Pious Fancy, not a Real Truth,
Concerning this un-named New-Born Youth.
Had but the Author told this Convert's Name,
All might have given Credit to his Fame;

But since his Praise, and Virtue is so much,
Without a Name, he may be called *None-such.*
For, in the compass of our Hemisphere,
No-such New-star, or Comet doth appear;
There's no such Figure in the Heav'nly Plain,
Between *Orion's* Hilt, and *Charles* — his Wain:
No such young Saint, which by just steps doth clime
The Ladder of Conversion in his Prime;
Descending and Ascending by degrees,
Christ's Cross betimes, with humble heart & knees.
Yet to cut off all doubt, I'le here proceed,
And take for granted what I there do read,
And tell the progress of this Converts Way,
In his low state; and first Refining Day.
For such, by right, each Reader ought to be,
And so make good this following Historie.

Advertisement.

SIRS,

IN the Reading of this Convert's Story, observe aright the several Steps, or Degrees of his Conversion; namily, six Descending, and six Ascending: the six Descending shew the Virtues and graces proper to Repentance, and Mortification, in forsaking and eschewing of evil: the other six Ascending, shew the Virtues and Graces of Obedience, and Renovation in Practising the Good.

1. *The*

1. *The Firſt Mortifying Grace, or Vertue, or Firſt Step and Degree of his Converſion, Deſcending,* viz.

Humility of Spirit.

VIew here a *Princely *Youth (the Sts.delight)
From the wrong way converted to the right.
Conſcience, and Truth, as Witneſſes appear
Againſt his Pride, and ſtrike his Soul with Fear.
His Height and State, Aſtoniſhment ſoon daſhes,
When he conceives himſelf but Duſt and Aſhes:
And thus Baptized in a new white Dreſs,
Begins to ſhine in Robes of Lowlineſs.
For like as Droſſie Oare doth change to Gold
When pure Refining Fire doſſolves the Old;
So minds new chang'd, new Manners ſoon do take,
And hearts, by Grace refin'd, their Droſs forſake;
Namely that Pride, which in the Soul doth lie,
That firſt born Nature call'd * *Egoity*. (neſs,
Lo! thus this Gallant's chang'd, & all his wild-
Is now diſſolv'd to Meekneſs, and to Mildneſs:
All his unruly paſſions are made Tame,
And looſe Affections wrought to ſober Frame.
His Love, his Wrath, & Joy, Grief, Fear, & Hope,
All ſix move gentle in their bounded ſcope,

Viz. ** *Mens Humana*: Mans Underſtanding.
* *Or* Sublimity Selfehood.

As

As calmed Seas when stormy blasts are stay'd,
And swelling Billows in the deep are lay'd.
Or as the Humbled Prodigal returning
To his lost home, with blushing & with mourning,
For he's asham'd, and blushes to appear
Before the *Just*, whom he did scorn and jeer.
Thus Mortify'd, and chang'd, in deep Remorse
By free consent of Will; not Form, or Force:
He's strip'd of all, not by the hands of Thieves,
But by the power of Truth, which he believes,
For Truth hath over-powered his belief,
And makes him think, of sinners he is chief.
And this his first Step is, in Degradation,
Leading the way to fuller Resignation.

The Reason of this first way in Conversion.

For though high Honour God himself doth give
To all his Saints, who here obedient live,
Yet Man must first descend from his own Glory,
And so come down unto the lowest story.
He must come down from that exalted Throne
In his proud heart, and his own self disown,
Before he can Ascend in perfect Love,
To Contemplation of the life above.
And e're to *Sion*-Hill he dares go on,
He first comes down from lofty *Babylon*;
That *Babylon* Great, where he was born an bred
He leaves and loaths, as to her joyes quite dead:

And so falls down a prostrate Publican,
That God may have the Honour and not Man.
Lo! By this step this Gallant first Descends,
Before he climbs the Hill to which he tends;
For such a one each Gallant ought to be,
And so makes good this Converts History.

II. *The Second Mortifying Grace, or Virtue; or the second Step and Degree in his Conversion, Descending; Namely,*

Impartiality in Judgment,

Concerning Sin, and Errour, Vice and Vanity, and every Evil.

THus, first brought low in Spirit, meek & mild,
Fit to receive Instruction as a Child;
He in his Youth a new Christ-Cross doth learn,
Twixt Good and Ill, the difference to discerne;
To chuse the Good, and to refuse the Ill,
The next hard Cross unto a Gallant's Will:
For it is Death unto a High-born Spirit,
To judge aright the sin he doth inherit.
But now his Conscience is awak'd from sleep,
And made alive; late risen from the deep;

And

And by that Light of Conſcience, wond'rous clear,
The Pow'rs of Darkneſs he doth ſee, and hear,
With open Eyes he ſees how vain a King
Did rule his ſoul, and ſenſe in every thing;
For 'tis a ſaying, and a Truth of Old,
All that doth gliſter is not perfect Gold.
Yea, thus our Father firſt loſt Paradiſe,
A Falſe-appearance did delude his Eyes;
And ſince that day to this, a Gliſtering ſhow
Deludes us all; we nothing rightly know,
'Till Conſcience doth conſume man's vain Deſire,
Like to a ſhining, and a burning Fire.

The Proceſs followeth.

Thus, this enlightned Convert doth begin,
To judge aright of Vanity and Sin;
To paſs a Righteous Sentence on Truth's ſide,
And not Prevaricate with Pomp, and Pride:
If Conſcience ſhould miſtake, yet Truth cannot,
Though that o're-ſee, yet this will hit the blot.
For now the Beam is pull'd from his own eye,
That he the Mote in others may eſpye;
He ſees that all is Vain this world commends,
For Honour, Pomp, or Pleaſure; or like Ends.
He ſees how Vice puts on a brave Diſguiſe,
To make it paſs for good before Mens eyes;
As Jugglers do, or Players on the Stage,
Who with a Cheat our wandering eyes engage.

But

But, above all, he doth discern full well
That dark Abysse, which leadeth unto Hell;
Call'd Pride of Gallantry', and of gentile 'state,
In which he liv'd involved, deep of late;
He sees how Vain those Gentile Gloryes are,
Which in False shape, him and the World insnare!
He sees, besides, the several Faults and Crimes,
And sinful fashions of these sensual Times:
And how base Flattery too doth cover all,
Till all at last to desperate Hardness fall.
O 'tis a Blessing to discerne each Errour,
Vice, and False Virtue, Scruple, & vain Terrour!

The Election and Decree.

Thus having made a true *Discovery*
Of *Sin*, and *Vice*, and every *Vanity*,
He now proceeds unto *Election* next,
And to reject the Ill that him perplex't.
A Throne of Judgment now is set in Heaven,
(In his own Soul) and a true Sentence given,
That all is Vain, which Men call Gallantry,
Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity:
Whether in Sacred, or in Civil Things,
In Priests, or People; in Subjects or in Kings.
And thus condemning what he judgeth Ill,
Proceeds to Execution in his Will;
Which is the Third Degree of his Descending,
Step after step, his Life, and Faith amending.

And by that Light of Conscience, wond'rous clear,
The Pow'rs of Darkness he doth see, and hear,
With open Eyes he sees how vain a King
Did rule his soul, and sense in every thing;
For 'tis a saying, and a Truth of Old,
All that doth glister is not perfect Gold.
Yea, thus our Father first lost Paradise,
A False-appearance did delude his Eyes;
And since that day to this, a Glistering show
Deludes us all; we nothing rightly know,
'Till Conscience doth consume man's vain Desire,
Like to a shining, and a burning Fire.

The Process followeth.

Thus, this enlightned Convert doth begin,
To judge aright of Vanity and Sin;
To pass a Righteous Sentence on Truth's side,
And not Prevaricate with Pomp, and Pride:
If Conscience should mistake, yet Truth cannot,
Though that o're-see, yet this will hit the blot.
For now the Beam is pull'd from his own eye,
That he the Mote in others may espye;
He sees that all is Vain this world commends,
For Honour, Pomp, or Pleasure; or like Ends.
He sees how Vice puts on a brave Disguise,
To make it pass for good before Mens eyes;
As Jugglers do, or Players on the Stage,
Who with a Cheat our wandering eyes engage.

But

But, above all, he doth discern full well
That dark Abysse, which leadeth unto Hell;
Call'd Pride of Gallantry', and of gentile 'state,
In which he liv'd involved, deep of late;
He sees how Vain those Gentile Gloryes are,
Which in False shape, him and the World insnare!
He sees, besides, the several Faults and Crimes,
And sinful fashions of these sensual Times:
And how base Flattery too doth cover all,
Till all at last to desperate Hardness fall.
O 'tis a Blessing to discerne each Errour,
Vice, and False Virtue, Scruple, & vain Terrour!

The Election and Decree.

Thus having made a true *Discovery*
Of *Sin*, and *Vice*, and every *Vanity*,
He now proceeds unto *Election* next,
And to reject the Ill that him perplex't.
A Throne of Judgment now is set in Heaven,
(In his own Soul) and a true Sentence given,
That all is Vain, which Men call Gallantry,
Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity:
Whether in Sacred, or in Civil Things,
In Priests, or People; in Subjects or in Kings.
And thus condemning what he judgeth Ill,
Proceeds to Execution in his Will;
Which is the Third Degree of his Descending,
Step after step, his Life, and Faith amending.

The

The Increase of his Faith hereupon.

For in his Heart true Faith hath taken place,
Panting still more and more for *Saving Grace*,
Of which he hath a Taste, his Soul delighting,
And all his inward faculties inlightning.
So by that Grace Divine is brought about
To work with Fear his own Salvation out;
'Till by Obedience to that Light so Pure,
He make his Calling and Election sure;
And at all times and places bears his Cross
With constant Mind, whatever proves his Loss:
None can deter him with vain Words, or Fears,
Or laugh him out of Judgment with their Jeers.
And such a one each Gallant ought to be,
And so make good this Converts History.

The End of the Second Degree Descending; Called,

Impartiality in Judgment,

Concerning Good and Evil.

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3. *The Third Mortifying Grace, or Virtue; being the third Step, or Degree of Converſion, Deſcending: Namely,*

Execution of Judgment:

OR THE

Performance of the Will,

In forſaking Vanity, Gallantry, and Pride of Gentility.

THus, having well *Decree'd* what he foreſees,
He haſt's to *Execute* his *Juſt Decrees*,
And to Perform what he Reſolv'd before,
To ſet upon the Work, and Droll no more;
For many do Reſolve, but few Obey
(Like this True Convert) what they think, or ſay:
So light, ſo looſe, ſo empty and ſo drie
Are Mans beſt Thoughts in his vain Gallantry:
For all his Reſolutions are a Jeſt,
And he a Gallant Hypocrite at beſt;
Like to a Barren Cloud that mounts on high,
Yet never yields a Shower from the Skie;
His Life's a Dream, and in a Dream he walks,
He's faſt aſleep, and in his Sleep he talks:

Becauſe

Becauſe his Will the firſt Birth doth ſuprize,
And ſuffers not the Second Birth to riſe;
Which ſhould give Life and Vigour to the Will,
To Execute his Thoughts againſt the Ill.
Therefore I here will let my Readers ſee,
How theſe two Births do Differ or Agree.

The Difference of the two Births, Old, and New.

Many Degenerate Gentile Sparks there are,
But to find one Regenerate, is Rare;
Many High born, (and that's no News to hear)
But one New-born, a Wonder doth appear;
Of ſuch a One our News-books never told,
Nor yet the *Belgick's Mercury* of old:
And therefore marvel not if I ſupply,
The Old Defect with this New Hiſtory.
Two kinds of Birth the Scripture well explains,
Eſau the Firſt, *Jacob* the Laſt obtains.
Theſe Names, two Natures do imply; and ſo
The Laſt ſupplants the Firſt, and brings it low.
For a New Nature, doth a New Name take,
And a New Birth doth a New Chriſtian make;
Till now, this Gallant did Uſurp that Name,
But his New Birth makes him to be the ſame.
And far more Noble is this Second Birth;
For this from Heaven comes, but that from Earth:
Yea, this is Born of God, but that of Man,
This calls God, Father; That, nor will, nor can.

This

This Noble Birth tranſcends each Coat of Arms,
All natural Extract, or the Field Alarms:
And for this Birth this Youth, himſelf bereaves
Of his Firſt Birth, and its Vain-glory leaves,
With all its tinckling Titles of Degrees, (knees.
To which men bow their heads, and bend their
This was the third hard Croſs to this poor ſoul,
For all the Powers of Hell this work controul;
Old Satan's Kingdom cannot ſtand one hour,
In that poor heart, where Pomp hath loſt its power.
Nor can Gentility in its Pride agree
With Chriſtianity in true ſympathie:
For theſe to Princes are as oppoſite
As Light and Darkneſs, or as Black and White;
The *Jew* and *Gentile* don't more different ſeem,
Than Gentleman and Chriſtian in eſteem.
Dam me to Hell, the ſinful Gallants crie,
Hell is their Portion; ſin their propertie;
To whom this Convert ſtands a Pattern here,
Of True Repentance, and of Holy Fear,
Of true Nobility in the higheſt kind,
Born of Humility in the loweſt mind.
Who to obtain a New-name, as New-born,
Leaves all vain Trappings, which his Name adorn,
And here degrades himſelf of Gentile Pride,
So to be made for Chriſt his lowly Bride.

For such a one each Gallant ought to be,
And so make good this Gallant's History.

The End of the Third Degree in Conversion, Descending; and Third Mortifying Virtue; Called

Execution of Judgment, and Will.

In forsakeng all Vain Gentility.

The

The Fourth Mortifying Grace, or Virtue; Being the Fourth Step or Degree in his Converſion, Deſcending, Called,

Rationality, or True Diſcretion.

In Bridling of the Wit, and Lordly Tongue.

THus now bereft of his Gentility,
For Conſcience ſake in deep Humility,
And of that Vain Imagination late,
Which Airie Titles bred in his firſt 'ſtate,
Such as the Vulgar their Commanders give, (live;
'Though ne're ſo Vile, 'though ne're ſo Vain they
He now doth wonder how he play'd the child,
With thoſe fine Rattles which his Wits beguil'd.
And next he ſtrives with all the Power he can,
In all his Words to prove a Rational Man:
For Speech is given unto all, but few
Attain in Speech the Moderation due.
Therefore himſelf he now doth Recollect,
And both his Tongue, and his wild Wit Correct.

He that can Rule his Wit, doth Rule his Tongue,
Elſe it will prove oft-times too large, too long:
Thus a new work he now doth undertake,
As well for Credit, as for Conſcience-ſake:
And ſo becomes a well-compoſed Soul,
Whoſe Babbling Wit, true Reaſon doth controul.
His words are few, he in deep ſilence dwells,
And only to the Wiſe his Minde he tells;
Leſt he be made at any time or ſeaſon,
A ſcorn to Fools, that underſtand no Reaſon.
Reaſon's the Jewel which his Soul doth prize,
As giving ſight to his awak'ned Eyes;
Regenerate Reaſon now becomes his Guide,
In all his Words, & Works, & Thoughts beſide;
A God-like Image, and a Light Divine,
When ſaving Faith its groſsneſs doth Refine;
But 'tis Prepoſterous Piety to make
Reaſon the Ground of Faith, and Truth miſtake.
For God's the Lord of Reaſon, and of Senſe,
Of Phancy, Judgment, and Intelligence;
Yea, he is Lord of Language, and doth give
Reaſon to Man in Language pure to live;
And by that Light to Rule his vagrant Tongue,
Leaſt he exceed in Talk, or ſpeak what's wrong:
To guard his lips as with a flaming Sword,
For Man muſt give account of *every Word*,
Of every idle ſaying, jeſt or ſtory,
Which he of vents for his own praiſe and glory.
The Tongue's a Bruitiſh Member void of Wit,
And Man muſt keep perpetual Warr with it,

And

And ſtand upon his Watch to keep it in,
Leſt it fly out, and fall to deadly Sin:
For all Man's talk is either good or evil,
So he an Angel Acts, or elſe a Devil.

Therefore, obſerve in each Particular,
How Reaſon leads this Convert, through this war,
Where he finds ſeveral Enemies at hand,
They againſt him, he againſt them doth ſtand.

The ſeveral Particulars follow concerning Vanity in Diſcourſe, and here Forſaken, As the Enemies to Reaſon, Faith and Truth.

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1. *The First Particular Vanity in Speech; Namely,*

Lightness, Jesting and Laughing.

Forsaken by this Convert.

AND now this Noble Princely * Youth begins
To take account of all his Verbal Sins,
Which seem'd before an Ornament, and Grace
To his High-Birth, his Quality and Place:
But now this Laughing Spirit he Corrects
With solid looks, and his light humour Checks;
For Manly Reason in his Sober School
Permits no Scholar there to act the Fool,
To vent his Wit, or laugh at his own jest,
Or to make Sport in vain for all the rest:
For nothing more corrupts the work of Grace,
Than a loose jesting Tongue, and laughing Face.

* *Adens Humana.*

2. *The Second Particular Forſaken in Vaniloquie*; Viz.

Complement.

AND next he leaves his nimble tongues activity
In Complemental, Fine, and Falſe Civility;
Falſe Flattering Titles now he gives no more,
Nor lends the Name of *Madam* to a *Whore*,
Nor *Sir* unto a *Knave*: All Gentile Oaths,
And Humble Service, he both leaves and loaths.
For all his Care is to ſerve God aright,
With Lips unfeign'd, in all the Peoples ſight.

3. *The Third Particular in Vaniloqui forsaken*; Viz.

Amorous Discourse, Songs, and Verses.

AND, to proceed, he now no more rehearses
To his Fine *Misse*, his Amorous Books & Verses;
Into the Fire he casts his Playes, & burns them,
For fume they are, and into fume he turns them.
Like unto like; from Wanton Flames they came,
And must again return into a Flame.
His Aerie Sonnets, and his wild Romances,
Tales, Fables, Fictions, and a thousand Chances
Of Wandering Knighthood, and brave Chivalrie,
Are now all mute, and in deep silence lie.
One Penitent *Psalm doth more his Soul delight,
Than all the Books of Mirth, that Wit can write;
Saying, O Lord, with Grace my Heart renew,
And fill my lips with language chaste and true.

* *Psalm* 51.

4. *The Fourth Particular Vanity in Talk Forſaken*; Viz.

Telling of Vulgar News.

NOr tells the News from any forreign Part,
For he finds News at home in his own heart:
There's Civil Warrs begun, and like to hold,
For Sence by Reaſon ſcorns to be controul'd,
Becauſe he long hath reign'd as *Elder-Brother*,
And frets to be ſupplanted by the other.
Nature and Cuſtome would not yield to Grace,
Nor to the Spirit would the Fleſh give place.
Pride ſtill would be Supream, and Carnal Luſt
Would Reign and Rule, and be accounted Juſt.
His Wit, his Will, & Fancy, all cry Treaſon,
Againſt the Truth in his Anointed Reaſon.
Old Satan too, if poſſible, would fain,
The Caſtle he hath loſt, once more regain;
But in this Converts heart, Grace keeps the Field,
Til all at laſt to Truth and Reaſon yield.
And this good News he to his Friends imparts,
Who feel & find theſe Warrs in their own hearts.
O that the Gallants of this Age (as well (tell!
As Forreign News) this Home-bred News could

And

And fill our News-Books with these Holy Warrs,
In stead of Christians most Unchristian Jarrs.

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5. *The Fifth Particular Vanity in Talk, Forsaken*; Namely,

Religious Debate.

AS for the Sects, and Churches, & their wayes
(His Heart's his Church!) he none of them
Though they gainsay each other,& opose (gainsays
Each others Tenets, both in Verse and Prose.
Sect against Sect, Church against Church ingage,
Swords against Swords, tongues against tongues do
What some call truth som others hold for lies(rage:
What one Condemns, another Justifies;
And 'tis impossible to please them all,
'Till they have more of Honey, less of Gall. (rit;
Some Preach by Books,some Reason, some by Spi-
Some Preach Free grace, & some Free-will; some
Some for the Churches Institution stand (Merit;
And some against them rise throughout the Land:
Thus, *Pro* and *Con*, tossing the Ball about;
They fill the Land with wrangling & with doubt:
And wilst each Party strives to get the Ball,
Sometimes they give, and sometimes get a fall.

Reasons

☞ Reason's Advice in this Case.

But peaceful Reason, in his low Contrition,
Bids him sit still, and mind his own Condition,
Gentle to hear all sides with patient Ear,
But unto none, save Christ's own voice, adhere;
For as in life he's neither vain nor vicious,
So he's no wrangling Make bate, or Seditious:
A fit Companion for those Souls alone,
Who with the whole Creation sigh and groan.
For such a one each Gallant ought to be,
And so make good this Converts Historie.

The end of the Fourth Degree, Descending; Called,

Rationality in Speech, and Bridling the Gallant Tongue.

The

5. *The Fifth Mortifying Grace or Virtue; being the Fifth Step or Degree in his Converſion, Deſcending;* Namely,

Abſtemiouſneſs, or Continence, in Meats, Drinks, & Cloaths, and all Senſuality.

THus when his Reaſon into Light was brought,
And from its dark Eclipſe to clearneſs wrought
Having firſt learn'd himſelf thus to deny
Of Gentile talk, and all Vaniloquie,
Lo! this Young * Heir, born to a large poſſeſſion,
Leaves all to follow Chriſt in ſtrict Profeſſion,
And in New-life, with dayly Sin-denyal,
Bears his firſt Croſs in many a tempting tryal.
For now his Joyes run a contrary way,
Quite croſs to what they ran in his First-day.
His Hawks and Hounds he leaves; for all his care
Is to find out the Truth, not hunt the Hare:
His Fleet-Race Horſes all are quite out-run,
For he hath now a larger Rarce begun:

* *Mens Humana.*

His

His Tables, Cards and Dice he flings away,
For he hath now a harder Game to Play,
Whilſt Tears do trickle from his mournful eyes,
With ſad remembrance of his Vanities;
For he play'd wrong before: and doth begin
A ſecond Game, againſt each youthful Sin.
His coſtly Diſhes, and delicious Fare,
And gaudy Dreſs, which he was wont to were,
He claims no more, For Pride, or Ornament,
But having Food and Raiment is content,
And with a Diſh of Herbs, or Garden-ſallet
Can Dine or Sup; and ſatisfie his Palate.
His Sword and Belt, his Periwigge and Plumes,
His whiting Powders, and his ſtrong Perfumes,
All ſent and ſmell like Adled Eggs quite rotten,
Or like good Chear, long vented and forgotten.
To both th' Exchanges he now bids farewell
With all the Modes and Faſhions there they ſell;
All the Attractive ſhooing-hornes of Vice
He hates as Vermin, and *Ægyptian* Lice.

His Moderation and Gratitude.

Thus in his moderate Food, and comly Dreſs,
He keeps the mean, and balks all vain exceſs;
What e're he wears, what e're he eats or drinks,
Of Chriſt's laſt Supper, or his Croſs he thinks;
And ſetting all his old Exceſs a part,
He keeps a daily Euchariſt in his heart:

Perpe-

Perpetual Thanks do Tranſubſtantiate,
And Change his Mind into a Heav'nly ſtate:
For that is the right Tranſubſtantion,
Which moſt miſtake in groſs imagination;
Who in their blinded Superſtition ſtrange (change.
(Themſelves unchanged) think the Bread ſhould
And this vain Error, for four hundred years,
Hath fill'd the Chriſtian world with doubts & fears;
But this wiſe Convert in his changed Sight,
Free from that Errour, Eats and Drinks aright:
For he himſelf is changed, and his Food,
In his New-change, is by due Thanks made good:
And as a *Nazarite* thus he doth endure
Both in his Diet, and his Habit, pure:
For ſuch a one each Gallant ought to be,
And ſo make good this Converts Hiſtorie.

The end of the Fifth Degree, Deſcending; Called,

Abſtemiouſneſs or Continency.

Touching Senſuality.

The Sixth Mortifying Grace, or Virtue; Being the Sixth Step or Degree in his Converſion, Deſcending; Namely,

Solitude, or Separation from all Vain and Vicious Society.

WHo e're hath learn'd to bridle in his tongue
No more to vain acquaintance doth belong
And ſo remains the laſt and greateſt Wonder,
The Heavieſt Croſs, and hardeſt to come Under,
As if the Soul from Body were Divided,
And with the Fleſh no more the Spirit 'Sided.
For now his Old Aquaintance, and Sweet Friends
Whom as his Soul he lov'd he reprehends;
His Conſorts, kindred, and Relations dear
He baulks, he Shunns, & Seldome doth come neer,
He keeps aloofe from All; and doth not dare
To eat or drink with thoſe, who Lye, or Sweare.
Vain Company he Loathes; Pure Grain from weeds
He now diſcerns, No more with Swine he feeds.

yet

Yet if Occasion chance to draw him in
His Care is then to keep himself from Sin:
And as a Sheep feeding among the Beasts,
He's all alone, though present at their Feasts:
For 'though among them, yet he is not of them
And rather doth bewail, then scorn, or scoffe them.
From Sin and Sinners both he turnes away,
And their Allurements scorns though ner'e so Gay.

For all his Joy is fix't on higher Things,
A fit Companion for the best of Kings;
For now the King of Saints doth not disdain
To sup with him, and in his heart to Reign.

Yea after all he leaves the glorious Court,
With all his Pomps, & Pleasures, Game & Sport,
And one day by his Cross had rather 'bide,
Than in the Court a thousand dayes beside.

The Painted *Madams*, and the Spotted Faces,
VVith Amorous Arms he now no more embraces,
And to his Tempting *Miss* dares boldly say,
I am not I, begone, away, away.

That Park he baulks where Gallants Sacrifice
To *Venus* and her Nymphs their Hearts and Eyes:
At the She-Bulls he laughs, and turns his Eyes
From the beholding of those Vanities:
For he is turn'd another Creature quite,
Nor Sin, nor Sinners can give him delight.
The Ignorant Vulgar Crew, both high and low,
VVhether in Silks, or homely VVeed they go,
He both declines, and will at no time dwell
VVith such as can't their Right from left hand tell.

But

But yet those lowly Souls, who are content
To leave their vulgar confidence and repent,
Those he bids wellcome to his House and Table
Both Rich and Poor, the best that he is able.
For such a one each Gallant ought to be
And so make good this Converts History.

The end of the six Degrees Descending with the six Vertues and Vices therein described as opposites.

The Vertues.

1. Humility of Spirit.
2. Impartiality in Judgment.
3. Contempt of Gallantry.
4. Rationality in Speech.
5. Sobriety and Continency.
6. Solitude or Separation.

The Vices.

1. Haughtiness of Spirit.
2. Partiality in Judgment.

3. Pride of Birth, and Gentility.
4. Vaniloquy and Multiloquy.
5. Sensuality and Excess.
6. Vain Society.

The six Ascending Degrees follow.

The Entrance.

To the six Degrees of Conversion Ascending and sayling through the waves of this World.

THousands we see in their Prepostrous Will
Boast of Good works before they leave their Ill.
Which is the cause of all Hypocrisie
To those who still in unconversion lye:
But sure the vessel first they should Refine,
Before they pour therein the good New Wine;
As this wise Convert here hath well begun,
And so his first great cleansing work is done.

Who

Who having learn'd the wrong way to deſcry
Where ſplitting Rocks, and ſwallowing Quick-
ſands Lye.
Kept ſafe from Shipwrack, and the Syrens Baits,
By ſayling wiſely through the dangerous Streights,
He in his New-built Ark, well Pitch't and Mann'd
Now ſhoots the Gulf * into the New-found Land,
Where there are pretious Stones and Gold that's
good,
As in that place, where Paradiſe once ſtood;
And ſo begins a ſecond Voyage here,
And in the right good way his Courſe to Steer.
For having Firſt deſcended that high Hill
Of Pride and Greatneſs in his Wit and Will,
Unto that Holy Hill he next proceeds
Of Grace, and Goodneſs in his words and deeds.
Which none attain but thoſe New-born of God,
Firſt Taught of him, and humbled by his Rod,
As this young Saint, who to the world about him
Stands a rare pattern, 'though moſt fleer and flout
him.
Yet ſuch a one each Gallant ought to be,
And ſo make good this following Hiſtory.

Advertiſement.

HAving finiſhed the ſix Degrees Deſcending the Hill of Pride in the Heart of Man, through the ſix Virtues of Mortification and Repentance in the work of ſin-denyal; now remain the ſix Degrees Aſcending the Hill of Holyneſs, in the heart of man, through the ſix graces of Obedience and Renovation in the work of Self denyal, as concerning this young Convert.

1. *The Firſt Grace or Degree of his Converſion Aſcending, Namely, his Reſignation, Truſt and Dependance upon Gods Good-Will and Providence (not relying on his wealth) with induſtry, Labour and Diligence in his Affairs and Calling, which is.*

Husbandry.

FIrſt, his new Courſe of Goodneſs * he begins,
With leaving of the City, and her ſins;

* *The humane mind or underſtanding converted.*

London

London he quits, and so himself doth Solace
With lawful Joys in his own Country-Palace.
From Court to Cart he turns in Duty bound
To manage his Estate, with Judgement sound;
Wise to foresee, and warie to prevent
Each dangerous cross, least he too late repent.
Yet if Afflictions happen or sad loss,
As sent from God he gently bears his Cross;
And now begins to exercise his hands
In taking pains about his house and Lands,
To Plant and Set, to Lop, to Prune, and Graft,
With all the Mysteries of the Rurall Craft:
To overlook his Cattle, great and small,
His Herds, and Flocks, at pasture or at stall;
To see his Lands well Till'd, and Closes senc'd,
His grounds in season all well drain'd and trench'd.
And to avert the dregs of gentile sloth
(Which to the Soul's a Canker and a Moth)
He sometimes puts his hand unto the Plow,
And sometimes to the Forke or Spade doth bow;
Sometimes perhaps he takes the Flayle in hand,
And with strong Nerves doth well the same command.
For God to Man this priviledge allows,
To eat his Bread with sweat of his own brows:
And 'tis an Ordinance for ever blest
Six days to labour, and the seventh to rest.
Nor doth this Convert Gallant here deny
His Grand-Sire *NOAH'S* Trade was Husqandry;

And he like him doth plant and plow and sow
With his own hands, nor scorns to reap and mow;
Without disparagement to his birth or name
His Honour, Worship, Credit, or his Fame.
For there's no Title (do what Heraulds can)
Excell's the Primitive Name of Husbandman.
A Title, Great and Good. Knight, 'Squire, and Gent.
Are all but upstart terms of Ornament,
And to themselves no good at all can do (too;
With their brave Swords, and Belts, and Feathers
It is the Plow that keeps them all alive,
Whilest they for Titles and Preferment strive.
And thus he spends his time in lawful pains,
Respecting more Gods Honour then his Gains;
To him alone he looks, on him doth call,
For now he finds God's Blessin'gs all in all,
Gods favour and his blessing far surmount
The high'st promotion in the World's account,
Therefore his Gold is not his God, or Treasure,
But only doth depend on his good Pleasure:
And thus his lands and large revenues are
All sanctifi'd and blest with pains and care,
And such a one each Gallant ought to be,
And so make good this Converts History.

The end of this Degree Ascending in the First step, viz.

Good Husbandry and Industry.

2. *The*

2. *The Second Degree in his Conversion, Aſcending, Conſiſting of Sincerity, Integrity, upright dealing,*

And the like Virtues.

THe ſecond ſtep he takes up *Sion* hill
Is Upright dealing in his buſineſs ſtill;
The ſame that good King *David* doth commend
As a bleſt * rule of life tow'rds foe and friend:
To this new work he ſets, to dignifie
His ſtate and calling, with integrity.
And as a Lyon all the Beaſts doth awe,
His Brutiſh Swains he orders by a Law,
That no poor Neighbour may ſuſtain oppreſſion
By him or his in all his large poſſeſſion.
For he ſtill makes a Conſcience of his ways,
And what is due for Hire, or work he pays,
Full Juſt and True; and harmleſs as the Dove,
He nothing owes to any one but Love.

* *Pſal.* 15. *ver.* 2.

All Force and Fraud he hates, all base extortion,
Ever content with his own Lot and Portion.
And rather suffers Wrong in any case,
Then do the least in his great pow'r and place;
But yet the willful Trespasser he pays
In his own coyn that he may mend his ways.
Yea if that ought was by his Sire ill got
He doth restore all back and keep it not
Be't house or Land, Field, Fen or piece of Ground,
Here Ten, there Ten, perhaps an hundred pound,
What e're was wrong he makes all right and even
And by such Steps * Ascendeth into Heaven.
Lo! such a one each Gallant ought to be,
And so make good this Converts History.

* *Psal.* 15. *ver.* 5.

The End of the Second Degree Ascending, viz.

Upright Dealing, and Sincerity in his place and calling.

The

The Third Degree in his Converſion, Aſcending; conſiſting of Liberality, Hoſpitality, Bounty, Charity.

And the like Vertues proper to his Calling.

GO and ſell all thou haſt, Houſe, Land, and Store,
Saith Chriſt unto the Rich, * and give the Poor,
So come and follow me, and thou ſhalt have
Treaſure in * * Heaven, and thine own ſoul ſave.
This rich young man believing what Chriſt ſays,
Unto his Word ſubmits and it obeys.
In love to him he viſits oft the poor,
And oft doth feed the hungry at his door,
Yea oft he cloaths the naked in compaſſion,
For Chriſts own ſake, not for vain praiſe or Faſhion
Oft doth he aid the pious in diſtreſs,
And feeds the woman in the Wilderneſs;

* *Mat.19. 21.* ** *Ver.16.*

Nor

Nor is he wanting to the Painful Preacher,
To every faithful Flock and faithful Teacher.
He frees the wrong'd and pleads the poor mans cause,
That is oppreſt by violence of Laws.
And to the Priſners oft his Bowels turn,
Who in their Bonds without all mercy mourn.
All his delight is now in doing good
Unto the good with rayment and with food,
With Gold and Silver and with his beſt ſtore
And only grieves that he can do no more.
For he counts nothing now his own, but Grace
And only is a Steward in his place:
Thus by his Love to Chriſt (moſt firmly wrought)
To perfect Self-denyal he is brought.
Lo! ſuch a one each Gallant ought to be,
And ſo make good this Converts Hiſtory.

The end of the Third Degree Aſcending: viz.

Liberality in his place and calling.

The

The Fourth Degree of his Converſion Aſcending, Conſiſting of Verity, Eſſentiality, and Reality in his Words,

Belief, Prayer, &c. in his Calling.

IN his next ſtep, he unto great and ſmall
Now ſpeaks the Truth (the hardeſt talk of all)
Without Excuſt, or Mentall Reſervation,
A double Tongue, or ſlie Equivocation;
For what to Gallants is more hard or rare,
Then to ſpeak Truth, and neither lye nor Swear.
Nor yet to laugh and ſcoff, to jeſt and jeer,
To boaſt and brag, to dare and domineer!
A work which one of thouſands cannot do,
So hard it is to Mankind to ſpeak True!
In all mens trades or talk, we ſeldome find
The Man whoſe words hold current with his mind;
Yet truth he ſpeaks, the mark of his Profeſſion,
Seal'd in his inwards by a deep impreſſion,
His Promiſe is his Bond, his Word full ſure
His Yea, and Nay, more firm then Law endure.

And

And next a true Belief (to all Intents)
He now doth yeild to Gods Commandements:
A Work full rare 'tis to believe indeed
The Word of God, and to obey our Creed.
O where's the Man that doth believe aright
What he believes and followeth his own light?
Two kinds of Faith there are both known full well
One Saves, on Damns: one Heaven makes, one hell.
This ſaving Faith this Convert hath obtain'd,
The other he hath left and quite diſclaim'd.
Beſides both theſe, a wonder ſtrange to tell
He Prays aright; his words all ordered well.
A true Confeſſion now he makes of ſin,
And ſo a true remiſſion followeth in,
His new Devotion doth his old ſurpaſs,
With real Prayer, not with verbal Maſs,
And thus this Convert makes the truth his care,
Truth in his talk, in his Belief and Prayer.
Lo! ſuch a one each Gallant ought to be,
And ſo make good this Converts Hiſtory.

The End of the Fourth Degree Aſcending, viz.

Verity and Reality in his Words, Belief and Prayer in his Calling.

The

The Fifth Degree of his Converſion, Aſcending; Conſiſting of Equity, Juſtice, Impartiality, Magnanimity, Wiſdom, and the like Vertues in the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, call'd thereto.

HAving well learn'd to rule himſelf aright,
He's fit to rule th'unruly by his light,
By truth's juſt light I ſay, not might alone,
For might ne're governs well when light is gone.
Thus arm'd with Chriſtian Courage, Truth and Grace,
He next accepts a Ruling Elders place;
Reſolv'd to ſerve his Country with his Sword,
Like *Joſhua* dreading no mans look or word.
Adorn'd with every virtue, power, and ſtate.
Eſſential to a true-made Magiſtrate;
To guide and judge, to Counſel and direct,
To curb the Proud, and lowly to protect,
For he keeps not his Courts of Law and Leet,
For Fees and Fines, but Juſtice due and meet.

His

His Sword and Belt are now no more his own,
But Conſecrate to Juſtice and her Throne:
His two-edg'd Blade he wears no more in vain,
For Fancy, Faſhion, Favour, Feare or Gain;
But as a needful Inſtrument of Power,
Vertue to ſerve when Vice would her deflowre.
For he that's juſt himſelf may others guide,
And wear the Sword of Juſtice by his ſide;
A Joy to good, and to the bad a Terrour,
A Friend to Truth, a Foe to Vice and Errour.
The Sword belongs unto the juſt and true
To give to Juſt and Unjuſt both their due;
And for no other end ſhould it be worn
By any man, that to the Truth is ſworn.
Lo! ſuch a one each Gallant ought to be,
And ſo make good this Converts Hiſtory.

The End of the Fifth Degree in Converſion, viz.

Impartial Juſtice in his Office, Place, and Calling.

The

The Sixth Degree in his Converſion, Aſcending; Conſiſting of Sanctification, Illumination, Divine Knowledge, Right Information and Inſtruction, with the like Graces, proper to an Eminent Converted Perſon in his Calling.

RIghtly adorn'd with Robes of Sanctity
He takes his higheſt and his laſt Degree,
Which to the top of *Syon* Hill doth reach,
Where he the true and living word doth Preach.
For fill'd with Light Divine, free from all taint,
He of a Gallant turnes a Preaching Saint,
Not for baſe Lucre, Honour, or Renown,
A Golden Miter, or a Triple Crown,
Nor yet for high Preferment Tythes, or Hire,
But from an inward call, and free deſire.
He to his birth accounts it no diſgrace,
Well to perform a Teaching Elder's place.

To

To high and low he doth Instruction give,
Exhorts, Reproves, and shews them how to live,
Confuting all the Atheists of the Land,
And all Apostates who the Truth withstand.
Yea in the Faith his Family he teaches,
His House a Temple is in which he Preaches.

Nor doth he Preach by Notion or conceit
From other hands, which often proves a cheat.
He needs no book; the book he preacheth by
In his own soul doth ever open lye.

For he that speaks the thing that he is not,
Is often hit, and often makes a Blot;
But he that writes or speaks the thing he is,
Can neither write or speak that thing amiss:
For he is taught of God, who well can teach
Both high and low his saving truth to preach.
And now he wears a Breast plate shining bright
With twelve rich Pretious stones, all full of Light:
The *Urim* and the *Thummim* he doth wear,
Both his pure life and his pure Doctrine are,

For there is none too Great or Honourable,
To preach a Saviour born within a Stable,
To Preach Christ Jesus in the open light
There's none forbidden, neither Lord nor Knight.

For he is Lord of all, the Lord of Lords,
Who laughs to scorn their bul-rush glit'ring swords
He wears a Sword bright shining on his thigh,
That soon cuts down all Pride, be't ne're so high.

And this our Convert Galiant here well knows
☞This saving truth too high and low he shews;

He

He tells how God by his own power and might,
Hath brought his soul from darkness into light;
And shews by what degrees that light is wrought
Within the heart, and to perfection brought.
And let none murmur, at his Heav'nly unction,
A gift Divine above each earthly function;
For he fears not the persecuting rage
Of *Rome*'s conforming, and confining Cage,
Nor yet her bloody power, which ever acts
By Fire, and Sword, Imprisonment, and Wracks
But on he goes the Truth still to dispence,
Though all the Fiends of Hell should take offence
Because his Faith on that firm rock is grounded,
In his New-Birth, which cannot be confounded.
Lo! such by right each Christian ought to be,
Of whatsoever title, or degree.

The end of the Twelve Graces or Degrees in True and real Conversion.

The Six first Descending, and pointing to Repentance: The six last Ascending, and pointing to Obedience in the Faith, dying to sin, and living to Righteousness.

Objection to this Story.

SUre this rare *Phœnix* all would gladly see,
This Bird of Paradise, what ere he be;
Of whatsoever Family or Race.
Of whatsoever Quality or Place.
But some will say, he is not to be found
Within the Clymate of our English ground,
For what young Papist or young Protestant can
Subscribe himself this New-Born Gentleman?
Our Natural Groves and Forrests cannot yield
This Bird of Wonder, nor yet Fen or Field
Parrats and Peacocks in our Land are many,
But such a *Phœnix* in our coasts scarce any
Who thus to death in his own Ashes burn'd,
To a New Creature is reviv'd and turn'd.

The Answer to the Objection.

BUt well! who ere in mind is thus transform'd,
And with these Graces in his life adorn'd;

He

He by these steps attains the Holy Hill,
On which the dewes of Heaven do distill,
Which Heav'nly dewes the vertues are (here taught.)
By which his soul to peace and rest is brought.
For the receiving of the rest begun
Is earnest given for the rest to come;
And a perpetual Sabbath now he keeps,
While in his Saviours bosome safe he sleeps:
His yoak is easie and his cross made sweet
For now the Cross and Crown each other greet,
And he sits down a Conquerour in peace,
The Field is won, and all his labours cease:
The World, the Flesh, and Sin, all thus eschew'd,
Lo, Hell and death are vanquish't and subdu'd!
Death is no Death to him, when his life ends,
It to Eternal Life forthwith extends.
And so concluding, here I'le fix my staff,
And end this Story with his *EPITAPH.*

The True Converts

EPITAPH.

AFter a ſharp and weary fight with ſin,
And ſinners both, in hope the Crown to win,
Lo! here I reſt in this ſoft bed of duſt,
Waiting the Reſurrection of the Juſt.
Twice was I born, and ſo two births have ſeen,
Twice did I dye, two deaths to me have been;
I *Phenix*-like have my firſt riſing known,
And ſo on wings of Love am upwards flown;
My Heav'nly part aſcended is on high,
Whil'ſt here in hope my earthly part doth lye,
Till it ſhall riſe again in Glory bleſt,
(With all the Saints) in their eternal reſt.
Ye Gallants all, who view my Hiſtory,
So live, and dye, as you may reſt with me.

The

The Conclusion
to this First Part.

AND thus some Readers may perhaps make bold,
To argue and object as I have told,
Touching the story of this New-born youth,
Which most will doubt, and few receive for truth.
And yet perchance there may be such a one
Here and there found like some rare pretious Stone;
Yea partly I believe and partly know,
Some few there be who truth will not forego:
Such as in Prim'tive Times, old Records say
From Gallants turn'd to Martyrs in their day.
Though the same cause of suffering is not now,
As then, when Saints to Idols would not bow,
We for opinions suffer oft head-strong,
And seldome suffer right, but often wrong:
He's the True Martyr and the Sufferer too,
Who dyes to sin as all true Converts do.

The Transition.

And so I pass from substance to intent,
And plainly shew what by this youth is meant
Both in his Natural and Converted State,
Observe it well whilest I the truth relate,
That you may be enabled to apply
Both States unto your selves Impartially.
For though at first all can't reform with speed,
Yet all may be inform'd by what they read:
And they that would true Reformation win,
With Information they must first begin.
Light before life was made 'ith first Creation,
And so is still in Mans Regeneration.

The End of the First Part of the Book.

And of the first Direction General to the Readers of the foreland Divine Poem.

Written by *B. K.*

In order to the substance of the Personal History thereof.

The

THE

Second Part of this Book;

And Second Direction.

TO THE

READER

OF THE

Foresaid Divine Poem, touching the Young Converted Gallant.

In reference to the Intent, Moral, and Mystery thereof.

The Entrance thereto.

THus have you heard the story plainly told,
Touching the person of this Convert bold,

(Though here not nam'd:) But now lets inward look,
Into the Myſtery of that Sacred Book,
What that deep Allegory here implyes,
And what that Myſtick Story ſignifies.

Two kinds of men, this Youth here repreſents,
In his two Natures, and his two intents:
Worldly the one, and heavenly the other,
Which never can agree with one another,
One good, one bad; from which two properties
Two general flocks or partyes do ariſe.

Readers obſerve them well, and you ſhall ſee
With which of theſe your lives and Faiths agree;
And by the marks diſtinct I will you ſhew,
The one Tribe from the other you ſhall know:
For it is worth your knowing, that thereby
You may both them and your own ſelves deſcry.

The Firſt of theſe is of this worlds vain ways,
The other her Hypocriſie gainſays;
And in Reality doth ſtill delight,
That his good life may ſhine in open ſight.

Now with the firſt of theſe we will begin
And trace the world in each peculiar ſin:
And having done with her we will proceed
To a more holy and more heav'nly breed.

1. *The First Mystery of Iniquity opened*, viz.

The Worlds Whoredome, and Sorcery.

See 1 *John* 2. 15, 16.

☞ WHo ere shall view our Authors work once more,
Shall hear it tell that this vain Worlds a Whore!
A Whore in Grain in Purple and in Scarlet,
Oft stript and whipt and branded for a Varlet,
A Tempting Bawd, and an Enticing Punck,
Who with her Wine makes all the Nations drunk.
And besides that, a most notorious Witch,
☞ With her Inchantments charming; poor and rich,
All more or less are still bewitched by her,
And all admire this Whore, this Witch, this Lyar.

Circe

Circe she's nam'd of old, for to all shapes
She could transform them all, Hogs, Dogs, or Apes.
This is that *Gorgon* Witch whom *Perseus* slew,
For all to stones she turn'd that her did view.
Nay, besides this a Goddess of great Fame
She was and is, *Diana* call'd by Name;
A Temple large she hath o'relaid with Gold,
Where thousand thousands Worship, young and old.
The Grave Divine, the Lawyer, and Physitian,
The Poet, Player, Painter, and Musitian:
The Tradesman rich, and Scholar in his Gown,
The Lord, the Lady, and the Country Clown;
All do fall down and worship at her Shrine,
If once they tast the Sweetness of her Wine,
Pleasant unto the Mouth, but yet alas!
A Serpent lyes i'th' bottome of the Glass.
Line upon Line, Book after Book men write,
Yet still this Whore doth Reign the Fools delight,
Christ and his Twelve Apostles all condemn her,
All did renounce, abhor her, and contemn her,
Yet the Proud Fools (her Mintons) all adore her,
All doe her Service, and fall down before her:
And still exalt her Power and Dignity
Above Gods Laws, and God Himself on high.
And *Solomon* tells; how the young * fool she mocks
With her fair tongue, and brings him to the Stocks.

* *Prov.* 7.8. And *Prov.* 5. 3. &c.

Where

Where he becomes her Captive bound in Chains
Of Fettering Lusts; thus ore his heart she reigns:
Till through his Liver she conveighs a dart,
That strikes him dead. and wounds him to the heart;
Then he's her own, and she hath made him sure,
He is her Servant; she his Quean, and Whore.
This Whorish Woman, *Solomon* means the World,
With her Perfumes and Amorous Tresses curl'd,
One hair whereof, when she is pleas'd to do it,
Can draw a world of Conquered Lovers to it.
And by this Youth he means the Humane mind,
In its first, foolish, unconverted kind;
Like to a wanton youth, or wild young Fool,
Or as a Truant running from the School,
Or like a Vagrant Rogue, that scorns all Law,
And whom no Rod, nor Reason well can awe.
Though in a Mortar you this Fool should bray,
He still will be the same what ere you say,
For he doth hate to be reform'd and taught,
Or unto wisdome by instruction brought.
And such we all in our First Nature are
Whom this vain world doth with her sweets insnare,
For all through Lust and Pride, do subject stand,
To her strong Charms, and live at her command.
All are this Fool, if not by Grace control'd,
The learned, and unlearned, young and old;

Both

Both Turk, and Jew, and Christians Unconvert,
Who the true Faith and Cross of Christ desert.
Thus in the First place you perceive what's meant
By this brave Youth, and what's the first intent,
According to his First and Natural State,
Of which you all at First participate.

The Second Intent, and Second Mystery of Iniquity Opened.

Touching the Worlds two chief Temptations, or,

Fruits of the Wild Nature.

NOw this Grand Whore two lovely Daughters hath,
Like to her self, voyd of all Truth and Faith,
And with their Natures their two Names agree,
That all may know their Natural Pedigree:
For Sensuality the First is call'd,
Gentility the other is install'd.

These

Theſe are thy Imps O Antichriſt thou man
Of Sin unjuſtly call'd a Chriſtian.
Theſe are thy Gods, falſe Chriſtendome, and thou
Both theſe do'ſt worſhip, and to theſe do'ſt bow,
Thy two great Idols, like thoſe Calves of Old,
Whico *Iſrael* did adore, both made of Gold;
And from *Beerſheba* now as far as *Dan*,
Both are ſet up by each falſe Chriſtian Man.
The one doth favour more of Fleſhly Luſt,
The other more of Diveliſh Pride unjuſt,
Yet both of Wrath and Earthy Avarice,
Haters of Virtue, Lovers both of Vice.
And ſo as 'twere in two plain Looking-Glaſſes,
I'le ſhew you theſe two Madams or brave Laſſes.
The Firſt I firſt muſt ſtrip, and ſhew you how
To her command you all doe bend and bow;
A goodly Idol which you all adore,
As all your Sires, and Grandſires did before.
Obſerve it well with open ear and heart,
Leſt for your ſin through ignorance you ſmart.

The

The Third Myſtery Opened.

Wherein Senſuality is deſcribed.

THe hired *Whore ten thouſands may Eſchew,
But this rich * Whore not one of thouſand do,
I mean not ſuch a Whore as doth live by't,
But the allurement of the worlds delight.
Her golden Apples, and forbidden fruit
With humane Natures all ſo well do ſuit,
That all are drawn by her alluring eye,
With cords of Luſt to every vanity:
View all degrees of men, all trades and ſee,
From high'ſt to loweſt, how few ſouls are free.

* *The Whore within you and without you.*

Unto themselves many seem chast and good,
Whil'st in a civil sense 'tis understood;
But if they look into themselves more nigh,
They soon may find a deeper Mystery;
A Mystery profound that will declare
How vile, how vain, and Whorish too they are.
Lightness of mind begetteth Lustful mirth,
The first wild fruit of the dark natural Birth;
From lightness of the mind you next proceed
To bold Presumption, in each word and deed;
And that begets a custome to be Evil,
Till you become fine actors of the Devil;
Last follows hardness, thinkiug all is well,
Whilst Whores you live and dye, and drop to Hell.
But if you think I falsely charge you here,
Conscience and I will make it yet more clear.

A further Demonstration hereof.

HOw can men boast of their civility,
As if from Vice and Whoredom they were
free?
Alas! in every thing the Whore appears,
What e're man Feels, or Tasts, Smells, Sees or
Hears.
For with her baits your senses she beguiles,
And like the * Serpent takes you by her Wiles;
And as the Tinder with one spark of Fire,
So are you set a flaming in desire:
In every thing your sensual appetite
Doth take you napping in your vain delight.
In all you eat, or drink, weare, buy, or sell,
If you have not a care this, Whore will dwell:
The bed, the board, the belly and the back,
Will have their Whore if temperance you lack.
For all your Faith, your hope, and all your joys.
Are swallow'd up in the deep gulf of toyes.
The Sword and Belt, the Perewig and Muff,
Silk, Velvet, Sattin, and imbroidered stuff,

* *Gen.* 3.

Wine

Wine, and strong drink, tobacco and high fare,
Sweet powders, and perfumes to scent the hayr;
The Coach and Chariot, and the Horse for Race,
The Hawk and Hownd, the Forrest and the Chase;
Pearls, Plates and Jewels, with a thousand more,
Are every one become a common Whore.

Yea I might tell how meanest creatures too
May soon turn Idols, and your souls undo,
The Plow, and Cart, the Ass and labouring jade,
The Cow, and Sheep may be an Idol made;
Life, wife, and children, husband house and land,
All do stand subject to this Whore's command.

From the First age she set her snares and ginns
To draw the senses into deadly sins.
Beauty's a snare she sets before the eye,
As a fair Bait to all Unchastity.
And so is Gold, and all brave Ornaments
Which gaudie Mammon to that sence presents:
Smells for the scent, and Musick for the Eare,
And for the tast delicious fare and cheer;
And for the feeling she those snares doth fit
As have drawn millions to the lowest pit.
And thus the seaven deadly sins come in,
Where ere this Whore doth set her snare or gin:

For like as tempting *Dalilah* did intrap
Strong *Sampson*, sleeping careless in her lap,
Whilst she his hair did shave where his strength lay,
And to his enemies did her Love betray,

Who in brass fetters did strong * *Sampson* bind,
Put out his eyes, and forced him to grind,
Ev'n such are all who to this world consent,
All are betray'd, who take therein content;
This story to them all may well belong,
Both high and low, the valiant, wise, and strong.
For all they have, or know, or wish, or see,
Or love and like their *Dalilah* may be.
And whilst I write these things, I see what I
Am of my self, though to these things I dye,
I see sometimes I should the good reject,
Did not meer Grace the better part elect.
So quickly man is caught within the snare,
If he keep not his eyes awake with care.

* *Judges* 16. 21.

An

An Apology for the Creatures,

Good in their Kind, and blest of the Creatour.

YEt all the Creatures in themselves are good,
If rightly us'd for cloathing, and for Food:
And this the Poets all and Sages old
*(Amongst the Heathen) wisely taught and told,
With little man lives best; Nature doth give
Blessings to all, if men knew how to live.
And without doubt a mortifyed soul,
That rightly drinks of the Communion Bowle,
Though he should deck himself in cloath of Gold,
Or richest Robes with Jewels manifold,
Would be as poor as *Adam* cloath'd in skins,
Whil'st he remembers all his former sins:
Rich cloaths, rich fare he safely can enjoy
(If cause require) yet not his soul annoy:
But where's the Man now lives, that can do this,
And not be tempted by a worldly bliss.
But what's the Tempter? Surely mans own will,
And lustful temper, choosing what is ill.

* *Vivitur exiguo melius, &c.*

The Creatures are no Whores ; nor do I mean
That they are fowle, but in themſelves full clean :
God hath ordain'd them all for mans beſt uſe,
They of themſelves cauſe not their fowl abuſe ;
But man in Luſt doth offer violence
To all the Creatures through his whoring ſenſe ;
Yea all the creatures groan, and all complain
Of that hard Bondage, which they ſtill ſuſtain.
The *Fruit Forbidden* did not play the Whore,
But man tranſgres'd in midſt of all his Store ;
Of all the Trees moſt freely he might eat
And onely *One* excepted for his meat,
That was no meat for him, and to this day
That Law doth hold and man muſt it obey.
The Creatures are no Whores, nor act a ſin,
But the fowl Luſt of Man conceiv'd therein ;
The ſinful hankering appetite doth long
To have its will fullfill'd, be't right or wrong.

And thus much of this Firſt ſenſe charming Strumpet,
I next muſt ſound the *Second Ladies* Trumpet,
And, becauſe few or none do write thereof,
I'le tell the Truth, though all the world ſhould laugh.

The Second Temptation General followeth.

The

The Fourth Intent, and Fourth Mystery of Iniquity.

Touching the ſecond Daughter of Mammon; Or,

Second Temptation General.

THough Whores, and Whoredomes, both of various kind,
And various ſhape, throughout the world we find,
Yet the moſt Glorious and Brave Whore of all,
Is that which moſt *Gentility* do call.
As like unto her Siſter every way
As like may be, but that ſhe goes more gay.
And ſome ſuppoſe them *Twins*, both of a *Birth*,
So both one *Mother* have, and both from *Earth*.
From Earth this *Harlot* came, yet mounts on high,
And lifts her head up to the Starrie Sky;

But lifted up, anon she falls down right
Like to a Star-faln Gelly in the night,
A false appearance and deceivtng vapour,
An *Ignis Fatuus*, and a short-liv'd Taper,
A madness and a folly void of reason,
Or like dead Salt, when it hath lost it's season.
The First did only catch the outward sense,
But this flyes higher in a brave pretence;
A * Hellish Spirit risen from the Earth,
To fill the world with its *Infectious Breath.*
For it is not of God, nor of that Spirit,
By which our Lord did Mans *Redemption* merit.
An high conceit, and vain imagination,
Without an *Ens*, or *Substance, Grounnd* or *Station.*
In all the forms of Life there's no such feature
No such Created thing, such kind of creature:
And let the great'st or best *Logician*
With all his Art define it if he can.
Give me the *Genus*, or the *Species* to it,
Or an Essential Difference to know it.
For 'tis no real thing; no shape or sound
Nor such a name in all the Scripture found;
There's no such being, such an uncooth Stature,
In all the works of God or forms of Nature.
Vertue 'tis not; nor that which we call Grace,
Nor is it beauty in Mans soul or face,

* *Spiritus Mundi.*

Many

Many poor souls more vertuous far do live,
More beautious shine, then some who Arms do give.

A Monster strange, compos'd of several shapes
Of Birds and Beasts, of Lyons, Woolves, and Apes;
From Pride of life it had its first beginning,
And ever since hath multiply'd by sinning,
By Fraud, and Force, Ambition, Lust and Pride,
With bloudy Wars and thousand sins beside.
A Guilded Outside, and an empty Bubble,
Yet full of splendid fears and cares and trouble;
The meanest Jewel in a Golden Crown,
And soon Eclips'd, when God for sin doth frown.
What pen can write the several Fornications
Of this red Whore, and her abominations!
For she can seem an Angel pure in sight,
And yet can rob and steal, and kill and fight.
Thousands there are (I pitty to relate)
By her quite lost; both body, soul, and state:
A dangerous Rock, where their fair Vessels Split,
And few there be who are aware of it.
Yet sad examples many we may see
Of shame and want in their posterity.
In every office, function, trade and art,
If you keep not a watch, she'l win your heart,

For in the Heart, as in a *Temple* gay,
She loves to sit, and rule and bear the sway.
And there's no heart that's free in Church, or Chancel,
Till God, and Grace, this inbred Pride do Cancel:
Till time doth come that she must be reveal'd,
Who in the heart so closely lay concealed:
So natural is this kind of pride to all,
So deeply rooted and original:
And this original sin as close doth stick
Unto the flesh, as Horse-leech, or as Tick
Sucking mans bloud; so he in bloud delights,
Of bloud he brags for birth, and bloud he fights;
For 'tis a general taint in each degree,
From which by birth no man or woman's free.

* 2 *Thes.* 2. 3, 4, 5.

Examples

Examples hereof.

THe pooreſt Rogue that goes from door to door,
Bears in his breaſt this Gallant Gentile Whore:
Oft have I ſeen a Beggar rent and torn,
Tell a brove tale, how highly he was born;
Sure were it poſſible, he would lay down
His Rags for Robes, his old Cap for a Crown;
Might pride prevail, there then would be no odds
'Twixt high and low, all would be Lords and Gods:
Yea, every Peaſant ſtrives, the beſt he can,
To be intit'led 'Squire, or Gentleman.
The *Academick* and *Mechanick* ſtout
In this agree in all things elſe fall out,
With Hair full long, and Bonnet vayl'd full low
Both would ſeem Gentlemen and be called ſo.
The Gown, the Cloak, the Tunick and the Veſt,
The Caſſock, and Buff Coat, with all the reſt,
All in their Pride can complement and lye,
The two brave Badges of Gentility.
For Poynts and Tenets; whilſt with falſe 'pretence
Moſt ſtrive for glory and preeminence.
And ſo at laſt all ſuch Gentile Religion
Becomes that Scarlet Whore cal'd *Babylon*,

A Whore in State, that now reigns uncontroll'd,
A *Mystick Monster* long ago foretold.

The *Blest Apostle* wondered at the sight,
Whilst he beheld her in a vision bright,
Riding in Scarlet on a Scarlet beast,
And deck't with Jewels on her back and breast,
Poysoning all Nations with her Golden Cup,
Though in his days she was not yet come up.
But lo! I see her with an open eye,
As one full grown in her great Majesty;
And am amazed whilst I do behold
The Truth of that was Prophecy'd of old;
Gentility at last she now is named,
Not for her Vertues, but her Vices famed,
Drunk with the bloud of Saints, and their sweet
Goare,
Yet never fill'd, she's still a Thirst for more.
And now I le tell you how she first began,
And so upstart a formal Christian,
An outside Virgin and an inside Whore,
Who turn'd the real Christian out of doors.

The Fifth Myſtery of Iniquity opened,

Concerning the Original of Gentility among Chriſtians.

THe Ancient *Gentiles* firſt this game began,
So our *Gentility* from the *Gentiles* came:
The *Heathens* firſt the Coat of arms contriv'd;
And ſo from them to *Chriſtians* was deriv'd:
By *Chriſtians* made far worſe, and much augmented,
For eaſie 'tis to add to toys invented:
Rome caught it up, ſo we became *Romes* Daughter,
And in her ſteps we follow now cloſe after.
Nay we have got before her, and out-run her,
And in her pride have here and there out done her,
Thus are the moſt bewitch't with this old trifle,
Whilſt the true Chriſtian cauſe they ſtab and ſtifle.
If thus we ſearch the cauſe whence ſhe begun,
And why a Whoring after her we run:

The Primitive Church she did at first defile,
And with brave shews their senses all beguile,
She from the Reign of *Constantine* the Great,
First brought up arms in her Imperial Seat
(Which Christ and his *Apostles* never knew,
Nor yet the *Primitive Saints*, all just and true)
And so hath fill'd the World with arms ere since
Church against Church, and Prince against each Prince.
'Twas she first taught the Pride of Chivalry.
As Emblemes of her Magnanimity.
And thus that Cross which Primitive Christians knew,
Was turn'd to Crosses Argent, Red and Blew:
With Bends, Pales, Bars, and Cheverons in their Shields,
And rich Emblazures in their painted Fields:
Which might be good for mere distinction sake,
Did not vain pride these arms her Idols make.
And thus proud *Rome* became a Tyrant first,
Thirsting for bloud in wars, and jars accurst:
And so continues till her time doth come
That she for this must hear her final doom;
Except by Miracle she should Repent,
And so with tears her destiny prevent:
But she's too wise, too gallant, and too high,
And scorns to own her old impiety.
And so I'le shew you still, if you will mind,
What vain examples she hath left behind.

Further Examples of Vanity, proceeding,

From Romes Pride and Gentility.

I Grieve, I grieve to write the Vanity
Of *Romes* Apostate Christianity,
How she from her simplicity first fell,
And so began with pomp and pride to swell.
'Twas *Rome* that first presum'd to take upon her
High, Mighty Names and Titles of vain Honour,
Which Christ forbad, and his Apostles all,
In Special the last, and Principal:
Come out of *Babylon* saith the Text; that is,
Leave your Gentility, and the Worlds brave bliss;
For she's condemned to the Fiery Lake,
As all those are who of her joys partake,
Sons of this Whore they are both more and less,
Who turn the Grace of God to wantonness.
'Twas *Rome* first taught the Protestants to fight,
Prancing on Horse back in their armour bright,
First against her, and then against each other,
Though fair pretence sometime the cause may smother,

'Twas

'Twas *Rome* first fill'd all Christendom with toyes,
And so from Men they turned were to Boys;
She set them all to School to cringe and bow,
So they became fine Fools they knew not how.
Rome is the dam of Vanity and Vice,
Of Sports and Plays of Masking, Cards and Dice,
And *Rome* it was which first gave *Toleration*,
To Drink and Drab as lawful recreation,
From her we learn'd to swear, lye and protest,
To laugh and quaff, and make of sin a Jest:
All which is *Popery* Sirs; and so all they
Are *Papists* sure, who follow that vain way.

VI. *The sixth Mystery of Iniquity opened.*

Concerning Moral Popery.

'Tis not the Mass that doth a Papist make,
But Modes and Garbs; which we from Papists take:
Where e're you view a Gallant, He or She,
The same's a Papist as to Gallantry;
Or a debauched person, he or she,
The same's a Papist in debauchery:
The Fashion doth no difference allow
Between a Papist and a Protestant now.
Why do we fear that *Popery* may come in?
We Papists are already all in sin;
The Papists have their Frollicks, so have we,
And thus in every Folly we agree:
So like we are in pride to one another,
As if we had one Father and one Mother.
Yet if we mark, the *Lutheran Reformation*,
Consists in Life and perfect Conversation.

We

We to the Papists should example give
In a pure life, aad teach them how to live;
But *Rome*'s the Miss, to whom our lives are thrall
Both high and low in life are Papists all,
Except the Wise, which shall anon be told,
And in a whiter Catalogue inroll'd.

The Seventh Mystery of Iniquity opened:

Shewing that Rome is Catholick and Universal in point of Sin.

BUt why talk we of *Rome*, as if there were
But only one? Alas! *Rome*'s every where!
Have you not heard the common Proverb tell
ye,
There dwells a *Pope* in every mans own belly?
Ten thousand *Romes* there are, and *Popes* good
store,
And in their hearts all keep the Scarlet Whore.

For

For now Religion's turn'd into a play,
The Maſs and Mask keep equal Holy-day;
And every ſin is turn'd into a jeſt,
Thus all are Catholick Sinners at the beſt.
Therefore let both expect when God ſhall ſtrike,
Alike to fare; ſince both thus ſin alike.

The Authors Apology.

BUt what I ſpeak of *Rome* or any place,
I ſpeak it not in malice to diſgrace.
Nor place, nor perſon great do I offend,
The principle alone I here intend,
An *Epidemick* Plague, a general taint
My harmleſs Penſil thus in Love doth paint.
O let no noble ſouls be here offended!
Theſe Moral lines are for their good intended;
And O that *Rome* and we were both as one
In life and faith pleaſing to God alone,
And ever ſtrive each other to excell
In Grace and Peace where e're we live or dwell!
I unto *Rome* do bear that free reſpect
That's due to her, and every Church or Sect,
And keep the Peace, what in me lyes, with all,
Provided that by none I ſtand in thrall.

And let them all give thanks to God and me,
(His Servant bold) for this diſcovery.

Thus from the left hand turning to the right
From the Black Houſe, I'le lead you to the
White:
And having ſhewn you both, (not to deceive you)
Unto your own Election I will leave you.

Thus much of the Unconverted Parties Principle and Property, in Reference to the Gallant Youth in his Natural State.

The Converted State and Party followeth.

The Exception, or Excepted Party under a True Conversion.

Shewing what is meant by this Youth in his Converted State, namely, the Church Elect out of the World, though in the World.

*As also the * Mind of Men in its New Birth, and in its new essential Property, or Principle of Divine Light and Grace.*

* *Mens Illuminata.*

THus having pass'd through *Babylon* the Great,
We now are come to *Syons* Holy Seat:
Where the true Church of Christ doth firm abide,
The Church Select, that's call'd his faithful Bride,

Whom he hath chose, and mark't out for his own,
With his two Seals of Truth and Love well known.
And by those Marks as Sacred Scriptures tell
You well may know them all where ere they dwell,
Not who they be, but what they be I show,
How many or how few no man doth know,
And having told the Mystery of sin,
The Mystery of Grace I here begin.

The First Mystery of Grace and Godlyness opened.

Namely, Purity of Life.

The First Mark.

THough I, in general terms have spoke much
Of the Worlds way, I mean not all are such:
All are not caught with snares of Lust and Pride,
Some few there are who have themselves deny'd.

Then

There are some thousands never bow'd to *Baal*
And a few names in *Sardis*, righteous all,
Those Virgins chast and pure; those few I mean,
Who like true *Nazarites* keep their Garments clean,
Such as are said to walk with Christ in * White,
And are accounted worthy in his sight.
Who from the World do keep themselves unspotted,
And now no more are with her Wine besotted;
And whom no *Romish* Gentry can defile,
Nor whom the Baits of *Mammon* can beguile,
Nor yet the Gloryes of the *Scarlet Whore*,
This Church Elect is not her *Paramour:*
Having their senses exercis'd to know
What's good, what's ill, and what they should forego.
Who keep the faith and true belief in God,
Ever depending on his Staff and Rod;
For they are taught of him, and dayly learn
Twixt right and wrong the difference to discern.

* *Revel.* 14. 4, 5.

The Second Myſtery of Grace opened, being the Second Mark of the Church or Mind Elect;

Called, Lowlineſs of Spirit,

A Gallant's one who never knew the ſmart
Of a Converted, new created heart.
Nor ever felt the pangs and ſharp affliction
Of the ſouls inward work, and true Conviction:
Nor ever found what a Deſertion meant,
What's right contrition, what, tis to repent,
His Tongue's his own, without controle he talks,
His Sword's his own, without a check he walks.
But with theſe Virgin Saints it fares not ſo,
All walk in life and ſpirit wonderous low,
For oft they paſs the ſharp and fiery tryal,
And ſo remain in humble ſelf-denyal:
Yea they are Mourners all, in meek behaviour,
Longing for him they rightly call their Saviour,

O'tis a comely and a glorious sight,
To see Saints walk lowly in the light,
A signal mark (like to the Red Cross sayle)
Of the true Church, when all the rest do fail.

The Third Mystery of Grace opened, Or, the Third Mark of the Church Elect;

Namely, Soundness in Conversion.

LEt now some Gallant tell me if he can,
When from a Beast he turned to a man:
Or when from darkness he was brought to Light,
Or when with sin and Satan he did fight,
When he from *Babel* travelled to *Sion*,
When to a Lamb he turned from a Lyon,
When he began to be a Christian first,
Or for Christs bloud did find himself a thirst,

When firſt from greatneſs he to goodneſs chan-
ged,
Though he long time in his wild courſe had ran-
ged.
And ſo transformed in his inward mind,
Became thereby a creature new in kind.
For this the Holy new-born Church can do,
Throughout the world here and beyond ſeas too:
They can declare their ſeveral alterations
From ill to good, and ſeveral operations
Of Gods good ſpirit working by its grace
Their total change, they know both Time and
Place.
And in their hearts an Altar do erect
Of Thanks, Remembrance and ſincere reſpect,
On which they offer dayly Sacrifice,
As *Abel* did, accepted in Gods eyes.
This is a Myſtery of Grace I tell,
Which all that have found Grace, do know full
well.

The Fourth Myſtery of Grace, or Fourth Mark of the Church Elect; Namely,

True Wiſdom, or the knowledge of the ſaving Truth.

THe World is full of knowledge in its kind,
And yet remains dark, ignorant and blind;
But ſure one beam of true and heavenly light
More clears the ſoul then all that wits can write:
A mark infallible of this Church Elect,
Keeping it ſafe from errour and defect.
For the falſe light dares all Gods laws withſtand,
And all the Ten Commandements command:
But the true light doth keep obedient ſtill
To all his laws and to his written will:
Falſe light can turn the truth into a lye,
But the true light doth all its ſhifts deſcry
Such is this Church Elect, where all agree
In ſaving truth, and truth doth make them free.

Bleſt

Bleſt are thoſe ſouls in whom the truth reſides,
And as a living Principle abides:
A pure informing and reforming Spirit;
Working by Faith and Mercy, not by Merit,
For Truth's no notion, but a ſubſtance bright,
A Heavenly, real and eſſential light,
A firm Eternal and Immortal Being,
Which gives to all that have it, life and ſeeing.

O with what freedom will the earth be bleſt!
When Truth ſhall ſpread its Wings from Eaſt to Weſt:
When Warsand jars, laws and Religions all,
On bended knees before the truth ſhall fall:
When no falſe Leaders reign in any Sect,
Or Church or State, to bind, blind, or infect.

For ſure the Badge of the true Church is truth
By whom is meant this New-converted Youth,

The Fifth Miſtery of Grace opened, being the Fifth mark of the Church Elect; Namely,

Love Divine, or oneneſs of Spirit.

A Farther ſecret Readers here I tell,
They all are one though far remote they dwell:
All one in faith, in life, and ſpirit pure,
And Doctrine ſound, infallible and ſure;
An *Homogeneous* body of one breed,
Deſcended from one Father, and one Seed,
And as a thouſand Needles (far aſunder)
Point to the North in their Magnetick Wonder,
All with the Loadſtone toucht, and ſet betwixt
The Heavenly Poles, i'th' Compaſs rightly fixt,
All to the North-ſtar look with one Aſpect,
And there do meet all in a line Direct

East,

East, West, North, South, in every Coast or Land.
All by Instinct fixt to the North poynt stand.
Such is this Church, of which I here do write,
Whose hearts all pant after the Heav'nly light;
Magnetick Love unto the Truth doth draw them,
Into one Center; where no force can awe them:
For where the * Carkass is, the Eagles gather,
Not to themselves but to the Carkass rather.
The New Birth is this Load Star, which doth draw
Thousands of Hearts by its Magnetick Law:
And all that so do congregate are one,
All built together on the corner stone.
For without Love knowledge is but a sound,
Like babbling Ecchoes from an hollow ground;
'Tis perfect Love that makes Conversion clear,
The Sealed Mark of these true Converts here.
With whom there are no Schisms, or Divisions,
No scoffing of each other, or derisions;
And thus united in a Spiritual Peace,
They persevere in Love, which cannot cease.
But yet I nominate no Church or Sect,
Person or People for a by-respect;
Yet such undoubted in this world there are,
Dispersed here and there, though few and rare.
Some in the farthest *Indies*, some neer hand,
Some in each City, some in every Land:

* *Matth.* 24. 28.

All

All known to God, and to their Saviour dear,
In whom they live united far and near.
Bleſſed are all who in this Church do dwell,
And ſo make good the Wonder which I tell.

The Sixth Myſtery of Grace opened; Being the ſixth Mark of the Church Elect, viz.

* Reality of Mind and Spirit.

* Ὀντότης.

BUt yet what I have ſaid of Piety,
Of Grace, of Vertue, or Society,
There ſtill remains one *Mark* to perfect all,
Which ſome of late * *Reality* do call:
An *Ens* Divine, a ſubſtance from on high,
A ſerious and a ſolid entity.

* *Real Appearance.*

A ſtrength of mind perſiſting in the good,
And making that its true Eſſential food;
Truth in the inward parts, without pretence,
Or a falſe ſhew in its obedience,
From which no Church in all the world is free,
But the true Church in its *Edentitie.*

The Worlds Religion is a Frolick Queen,
Which loves of all both to be heard and ſeen:
But this alone ſerves God in real wiſe.
In Spirit and in Truth without diſguiſe.
And where this *Eſſence*, this *Elixar's* found,
Lo! there's a Church with high perfection crown'd.

But if you think there's no ſuch Church yet come,
Nor like to be before the day of doom,
Yet wonder not, for every faithful man,
Makes good this Church, that's truly Chriſtian.
For as they are but one in general,
So one juſt man doth repreſent them all.

The Conclusion hereof.

THough many Signals more I might relate
Of this pure Church, pure mind and heav'nly State,
Yet having done with the two ſeveral kinds
Of men and manners in their ſeveral minds,
I leave you to your choice which you will follow,
The *Sound Young Convert*, or *Apoſtate* Hollow.

The End of the ſecond Part, and ſecond Direction General.

The

THE
Third Part of this Book;
And Third Direction,
TO THE
READER
OF THE
Book aforesaid:

Concerning the Consequence, or Doctrine, following the History and Mistery thereof.

THus have you seen the Mistery, drift and end,
Which that vail'd History closely did intend:
And now the consequence thereof we'l view,
And try what Doctrine may from thence ensue.

The

The First Consequence or Doctrine, viz.

Concerning the Wills Rejection of Evill.

WHoever would be sav'd, or hopes to see
The face of Christ to all Eternity,
On this Foundation he must first begin,
That Conscience gives no Latitude to sin,
Neither to good nor bad, to Church nor State;
To high nor low, to Prince nor Potentate.
Nor Pope nor Priest can give Indulgence to it,
Nor Lord nor law can tolerate man to doe it:
For Conscience is a Lord above all Lords,
A Law above all self-made laws or Swords,
A Judge Impartial, who cannot dispence
With any sin of pride or Negligence.
Man must renounce each sin in general,
In thought, in word, and deed, be't ne'r so small:
His will must be a Virgin, not consent,
Or yeild to sin, nor take therein content;

Be't ne're so noble, gallant, sweet and brave,
He must not be to his dear sin a slave,
Not to live freely in it, nor yet by it,
For wealth or want, but for Christ's sake deny it.
* That man lives well, who e're doth chuse to dye
Rather then sin that he might live thereby.

* *Job 26. 21.*

The several kinds of Sin to be Rejected.

ALL Sensuality man must reject,
And never more on this worlds toys reflect,
In Meats and Drinks, brave Cloaths or Fashions Fine,
Or the Temptations of the Golden Mine,
Or the large offers of her Gallantry,
With which the most commit Adultery,
For all who Christ do chuse, must freely part
From their Gentility, both in Life and Heart;
Since 'tis an Idol that can never stand
With Christianity in a perfect band:

Because

Because it is not real pure and sound,
Nor in the Role of Christian Graces found.
For in Christs Kingdom there's no Lord nor Knight,
But all are Saints, and Children of the Light:
No Titles there of Honour, or Degrees,
But all in self-denyal bend their knees:
There's no respect of persons high or low,
All are accepted, who their sins forgo.

Other sins Rejected.

THerefore a just and Conscientious man
Doth evermore his mind and actions scan,
Least he should lodge some sin of high ambition
In his vain heart; or else some superstition,
Setting the Creatures in his thoughts too high,
For that's False Worship, and Idolatry.
Nor doth he wink at his Impediments,
Or in the least excuse his false intents,
Nor lay the fault upon his natural frame,
Thereby to salve his Conscience, and his fame:
And by that weak pretence to justifie
His sin and self, in his Hypocrisie;

He doth connive at no such weak defect,
But at all times, all vain excuse reject.
O let no Convert palliate his sin,
A thousand ill effects are lodg'd therein.
For then each Grace he stifles in the bud,
And so he dayly feeds on strangled bloud;
All his good motions unto death do bleed,
Whilst he with vain excuse his sin doth feed,
Or is content in Ignorance to lye,
As a fair plea for his infirmity:
The Gospel doth allow no such evasion;
Nor the sound conscience such prevarication.
Christ and the world no man can serve at once,
One of these two he must and will renounce.
Therefore take heed which of these two ye chuse,
And which of these you do in heart refuse;
For this be sure, that on your own *Election*
Depends your own Salvation or *Rejection*.

The Second Conjequence or Doctrine, viz.

Concerning the Wills Election of the good or better part.

WHatever God hath made is wondrous good,
And in each thing the[i]* *Godheads* underſtood,
So man muſt have a care by *Scripture Light,*
How to ſerve God in every Creature right;
In every thing of Nature and of art,
With *Mary* he muſt chuſe the better part.
For moſt we ſee, like *Martha* in the Text,
With many things are cumbered and perplext,
With many cares for belly and for back,
With many luſts 'bout what they have or lack;
With many doubts, opinions points and books,
But wiſe is he that unto one thing looks;
And only one doth chuſe, which free from pain,
Doth to mans ſoul the ſure ſalvation gain,
Call'd the New-birth, which who ſo ſeeks ſhall find,
Though ne're ſo young, ſo old, ſo poor and blind.

The Wonders of the new Birth.

WHere ere this Birth appears, all things give way,
The Sun and Moon, and Stars do it obey;
The Sun grows dark, the Moon is turn'd to blood,
Mans wit's confounded and his will withstood.
A When it appears the Nations all do woe it,
A nd Kings and Queens do briug their glory to it:
The Sword and Book, the Sheep-hook and the Plow,
The Crown and Scepter to the new birth bow,
A nd all the pow'rs of Hell, of Sin and Grave,
Where it doth rise, no force or power have.
All forms and Types to a substantial state
It doth transform, and Transubstantiate;
Yea it makes all things new; for a *New Earth*,
A nd a *New Heavens* rise by this *New Birth*;
Where it gets up, darkness is turn'd to light,
Nature to Grace; and wrong is turn'd to right;
Mountains remove, and Islands from their place,
At the bright presence of this heavenly grace.

The

The Blind do ſee, the Lame upright do walk,
The Deaf po hear, the Dumb divinely talk;
Sins are forgiven, and Devils are caſt out,
The Dead ariſe, and ſpread the news about:
The Conſcience is appeas'd, the heart well will'd,
Chriſt is reveal'd, and Scriptures are fullfil'd;
And all Chriſts works ſo full of admiration,
Do all revive at the New-births Creation.

For it from Heaven comes, cal'd Chriſt in us,
Which who ſo chooſe, are bleſt for ever, thus;
They riſe from Death, and Reign with him as Kings,
Over themſelves, and All Soul tempting things.
This is the Firſt and leading Reſurrection,
Grounded aright on the New wills Election;
And this Election being pure and juſt,
Again ſhall raiſe the body from its duſt.

The Third Conſequence or Doctrine, viz.

Concerning the Univerſal Evangelical Call, to Real Converſion, and to the New-Birth.

The one thing Needful.

HArk how a crying voice aloud doth ſound
From Eaſt to Weſt, and to the fartheſt bound!
Each ſinner, Hypocrite, and backſliders all
To this one thing the Trumpet loud doth call;
Which paſſing quick, like lightning through the Earth,
Invites all Nations to this heavenly birth.
All Churches, Sects, and each Religion too,
To this are call'd both Chriſtian, Turk, and Jew;
All

All Trades and Callings too, in each degree,
Both high and low; both Sexes, He and She:
For now a day of Grace to all is ſhown,
If any make excuſe the fault's their own,
For it is dayly offered to be ſold,
To all will buy it * freely without Gold.
To this, and none but this the Trumpet ſounds'
And tells that without this all prove falſe grounds.
All Forms and Figures, Cuſtoms, Laws and Rites
Oft acted are by worſt of Hypocrites:
But this one thing, this Birth none can attain,
Save they who firſt a free Election gain:
Becauſe they hearken in their inward choice,
To ** Truths ſafe Call, not the Deceivers voice.

* *Eſaiah* 55. 1. *John* 7, 37.
** *John* 10. 5.]

The

The Fourth Conſequence,

Shewing the Material cauſe of Salvation and Damnation; in Accepting or Rejecting the Heavenly Call.

THus, who are damn'd are damn'd; who ſav'd are ſav'd
According as they have themſelves behav'd
In this ſhort life, for better or for worſe,
So they receive the Bleſſing or the Curſe:
Go now ye Curſed, come ye Bleſſed all,
This is the final word to great and ſmall:
For ſo the ſentence will at laſt be given
To every ſoul concerning Hell, and Heaven:
Hell unto all who choſe the way to hell;
Heaven to all who chuſe in Heaven to dwell;
Whoſe Converſation is in Heaven fixt,
Though here a while with earthly paſſions mixt,
Yet are their beſt affections ſet above,
And ſtill their Faith doth work by conſtont love.

Thus

Thus every man doth to himſelf create
A Heav'n or Hell, by his own love or hate;
He that in Love doth turn to every good,
Makes that his Joy, his nouriſhment and food;
But he that hates the good and turns to evil,
Makes his own Hell, and ſo becomes a Devil.

What though ſome man ſhould give old *Rome* the Lurch,
And turn by chance to ſome *Reformed Church*,
What though he turn from Sect to Sect amain,
And ſo at laſt return to *Rome* again;
Yet if he turns not after all to Grace,
In vain he turns to this, or t'other place.
Lo here, lo there; ſome this, ſome that Man follows,
Some ſtand for *Paul*, ſome *Peter*, ſome *Apollos*,
But he that ſeeks a Heaven in his Heart,
Obſerves no place, or perſon for his part.
Chriſt's Kingdom cometh not by obſervation
Of men, or Place, but by a *New Creation*.

The Fifth Conſequence.

Concerning preſumptuous Hope, and erroneous Faith.

Not Juſtified by God.

Thy Kidgdome come, our Gallants uſe to pray
With Verbal Lips, but few know what they ſay;
For in their thoughts they look upon it ſo,
As on an earthly Kingdom here below;
And ſo their *Pater noſter*, they run o're,
Like an old *Erra Pater* kept in ſtore.
As to their Creed, they do believe Salvation
To be ſome Boon, like to a free donation;
For they all hope the glorifi'd State to ſee,
As Kings make Doctors of Divinity;
Or as by favour Maſters of the Arts,
Without all art or Learning on their parts;
Or as by gift a Knight is made or Lord,
Who never in the Field drew Bow or Sword,

Alas

Alas, dark ſouls! Gods Grace is no ſuch thing,
No ſuch belief can unto glory bring,
Grace comes not ſo what ere the world believes,
As Kings make Nobles, or do pardon thieves.
But who ſo turns to grace, finds laſting reſt;
Who never turns, he never can be bleſt:
Therefore let none preſume on falſe aſſurance,
Or a wrong hope, which hath no laſting durance,
He doth not work aright, i'th New-Births wonder,
Time and deſpair will crack his hope in ſunder.
The Hypocrites hope preſuming on Chriſt's Merit
Without Repentance ſound, cannot inherit
Chriſt's promis'd Kingdom, where the Bleſſing lies
Nothing but Grace can unto Glory riſe.
* Chriſt no man juſtifies for faith alone,
But faith and works before his righteous Throne,
Only that ſaving faith which works by love,
Doth juſtifie; for Chriſt doth it approve.
Some yet reſtraining, ſome refraining Grace,
And ſome in faith attain a higher place,
But who believes aright, doth not make haſt,
We ſee untimely Births to nothing waſt,
So run the race of hope as to attain,
Leſt whilſt you run you run a race in vain.
For this be ſure, 'though grievous 'tis to tell,
Preſumptuous hope draws millions into Hell.

* *Rom.* 2. 13. *James* 2. 24.

The

The Sixth Conſequence, or Doctrine.

Concerning Diffidence or deſpair in Chriſts Mercy.

Changed into Reſignation of the Will.

AGain let none deſpair when he is try'd,
Chriſt is to none, that turn to Chriſt, deni'd:
The ſmalleſt grain of Faith, in time of need,
Prevails with him, and never fails to ſpeed;
By whom the peace is made for ever ſure
'Twixt God and Man, which can and will indure,
Through a Reſigned Will to his good pleaſure,
Taking what he will give, and wait his leaſure;
Chriſts will with mans united in mans heart,
Make that firm tye, which time can never part,
Grace, and free-will ſet both their Seals thereto,
Which all the powers of hell cannot undoe.
But the Seir'd heart, (whether men chide or praiſe it)
No Counſell can to Grace or free-will raiſe it,

Becauſe

Becauſe it can no true Repentance find,
Nor Faith, nor Conſcience, nor leaſt change of mind
Thus ſome attain that everlaſting Bliſs,
Which others by neglect for ever miſs.
The Saints above in ſeveral manſions raigne,
And ſeveral Regions ſure in Hell remain;
And thus according as our works ſhall be,
Each man receives his Meaſure and Degree.
His meaſure and degree in joy or pain,
And ſo ſhall riſe in glory or in ſhame.

The End of the Third Part of this Book, and of the Third Direction to the Reader.

The

THE

Fourth Part of this Book;

And Fourth Direction.

TO THE

READER

OF THE

Book aforesaid:

Concerning the Application thereof, in general and in special.

☞ *The First Application General: Directed to all Real Converts, and real Readers hereof, as lovers of the Truth, and as Legitimate and true Christians.*

I Love that Reader who shall view this Book
With serious thought; and to himself doth look:

Who

Who learns to read his inward ſoul thereby,
And the whole matter to himſelf apply.
For 'tis not made for vain applauſe or praiſe,
Or the vain glory of the Poets Bayes,
But for a light to every one that reads,
To guide him right in all his words and Deeds.
And though ſome few ſhould give it commendation
And thereto ſet their ſeal of Approbation,
Yet he's the Reader, whom my ſoul moſt loveth,
Whom this ſmall Book commendeth and appro-
To praiſe the Truth is but lip-labour vain, (veth.
Except the truth doth him approve again.
Him do I love, whom theſe lines juſtifie,
And ſo makes good this Converts Hiſtory.
And bleſt is he that rightly can apply
This ſtory to himſelf without a lye;
Yea happy is that Convert, who can ſay,
My Friends 'tis I; I am this youth, this day;
This day I find, and tell what I have found,
That my Converſion's built upon ſure ground:
It is no Fiction, which was told to you,
By me this day the Story is made true;
Becauſe I hear, and fear, and do obey,
And murder not my Conſcience any way.
And beſides this, I clearly feel and find,
Chriſt's Kingdom ruling in my heart and mind;
And thereby know, I am his promis'd Wife
And that my Name ſtands in the book of Life,
With all thoſe faithful Converts now at reſt
In *Abrahams* Boſome and their Saviours Breaſt.

The Second Application General, directed to Apostate degenerate Christendome.

And all false Hypocritical Christians.

LEave Christian, leave thy old Hypocrisie,
And learn to own thy close Adultery,
Which thou do'st act, (as I before have told)
In the wrong use of Creatures manifold:
Leave, leave thy Church, and good books read no more,
Till thou for shame leav'st playing of the Whore.
Though to thy self thou may'st seem chast and just,
The Holy Law will manifest thy Lust:
For all Gods laws and each Commandement
Were writ by his own hand, and so were sent
Into the World to teach man how to serve,
And Worship him, without a close reserve,

In

In ſpirit and in truth man muſt obey them
Without excuſe, and in no wiſe betray them.
Watch therefore thy falſe Heart thine eye and ear,
And keep within the bounds of holy fear;
Have a ſuſpition and juſt jealouſie
O're thy beſt deeds thy zeal and piety;
Prove thy Converſion out, that it be right,
Leaſt thou be found within the ballance light,
When Law and Death before Chriſt's Throne ſhall cite thee,
And with a Cat'logue of thy ſins Indite thee:
And tell thee how thy Conſcience thou haſt ſlain,
And Crucifi'd the Lord of Life again.
Thy light thou haſt extinguiſht oft in Theft,
To many Murders, and Adulteries left,
Which thou count'ſt good, and lawful for thy part
Becauſe Gods Law's not written in thy heart.
But now be wiſe and juſt; why wilt thou dye,
Like to a fool in thy Hypocriſie?
Learn to eſcape O man, that ſecret ſnare
Of the Great Whore, by which moſt ruin'd are.

CCC

To the Female Sex in General,

Gentry and others.

AN honeſt Wife, in ſome reſpects may be
Her Husbands Whore, when both in ſin agree.
Yea, ſhe that ne're knew Man, may be a Whore
To her own ſelf, and to a thouſand more.
When Woman of Mans Rib at firſt was made,
She was ordain'd for his meet help and aid;
But ſhe became his Murderer in part,
A deadly wound ſhe gave him to the heart;
For ſhe ſoon * turn'd unfaithful and unjuſt,
And ſo upſtart his Whore in Pride and Luſt.
His Wife became his ** Whore and tempted him
To Whoredom firſt by acting unknown ſin:
For till that time ſin was as yet unknown,
Though now with men & women common grown:
Thus in the ſin the woman was the firſt,
And man the next; ſo both became accurſt;

* *Murder, Theft, Whoredom, and all manner of ſin was committed in the firſt act of their Diverſion.*

** Gen. 3. 6.

Yet

Yet when to God their Whoredom they * confeſs'd
Their curſe was taken off; their Marriage bleſt.
And to this day moſt women act the woman,
As *Eve* firſt did, by tempting to undoe man,
And ſo to boot undo themſelves for ever,
When death at laſt ſhall ſoul and body ſever,
Unleſs they firſt turn Converts in their lives,
And ſo become true Virgins and true Wives.
For lo, this ſtory doth concern you all
Of that fair Sex, and ſounds a General call
Both to the Married and Unmarried laſs,
To view themſelves in this unſpotted glaſs;
What e're is ſaid of this young Gallant here
Extends to every Female far and neer.
For Luſt, and Pride is their Inheritance,
So they run on within the Devil's dance;
From head to foot they put his livery on,
In all vain faſhions by the vain begun,
In meats, and drinks, in cloaths, and dreſſes brave,
Which many damn, but never any ſave.
And thus they play the Whore with ev'ry creature
Of ſeveral Faſhion, and of ſeveral Feature;
The very Church is now become a Stage
Of all She-Gallantry this wanton age,
The poor do act the rich, the rich each evil,
As *Eve*, when firſt ſhe hearkned to the Devil,

* *Their Converſion*, Cen. 3, 12. 13.

And so her Maydenhead she lost, though young,
Unto the Devil, by a (*a*) *Serpents* Tongue.
And thus the Serpent in you seems to dwell,
Of him you savour, and of him do smell;
Your wanton nimble Tongues so full of Tattle,
Within your lips incessantly do rattle,
Tale upon tale, and story upon story,
Boasting and telling of your own fine glory.
Thus on you go in Pride, in Lust, in Lying,
O that you went as fast in self-denying!
That in this worst, last age, you all might be
The First examples of Virginity.
And blest are those she Saints amongst you all,
Who now will hearken to the (*b*) Scriptures call;
So to become these Converts here we see,
And recollect their lost Virginity,
Which thus is swallow'd up in sin, and vice,
As a lost Pearl, deep drowned under Ice.
Ye (*c*) Matrons, and young Maidens take to Heart
What here I tell you, e're you feel the smart,
Of your vain lives, when once the dreadful Rod
Shall (*d*) strike you all, by a just hand from God.
For the Virginity, which here I mean,
Is conscience pure, that salves and makes all clean,

(*a*) *Gen.* 3. 4, 5. (*b*) *Psalm* 45. 10, 11. (*c*) Read 1 *Tim.* 2. 9, 10. (*d*) See *Esay* 3. 16, 17, 18.

And

And can reſtore you to a (*e*) Virgin mind,
Virgins in ſoul and body, new refin'd:
Not Fooliſh Virgins, but (*f*) Wiſe Virgins all,
Whom Chriſt will own, and his true Bride-maids call.
For ſuch Bride maids you Females ought to be,
And ſo make good this Converts Hiſtory.

(*e*) *Rev.* 14. 4. (*f*) *Mat.* 25. 10.

☞ *The Third Application, directed to the Martial Gallants of the Time in Special.*

To become real Fighters in this War.

YE Sworded Gallants, who in Wars delight,
Weak Mortal Creatures only ſtrong to fight:
Who in your Pride, and your vain valour ſwell,
As if there were no Heaven nor no Hell;
Think not that you were born to fight and kill,
But humbly to obey your Makers Will.

Ceaſe, ceaſe from Wrath, and lay your weapons down,
And now begin on ſin and ſelf to frown,
Laugh at the Gilded Bullruſh by your ſide,
Much like the wooden Horſe that Children ride.
Be wiſe in time, and whil'ſt time ſerves, relent,
A time may come when you cannot repent,
Now put new Armour on, new Weapons take,
To war with Devils, for your Saviours ſake:
Your Baptiſm make good i'th bloudy Field
Of Chriſt's Red Croſs, under his peaceful Shield:
D'of then your Sword and Belt and Martial Mode,
There is more beauty in a *Snake* or Toad.
Ye Gallants, know your Lord and Maſter all,
For he your valour will to judgment call
E're it be long; Hark, hark your Paſſing Bell
(The Trumpet) rings, and your laſt Funeral Knell:
For dye you muſt; your Swords will do no good,
When Inquiſition ſhall be made for blood:
O turn true Chriſtians, all, on Chriſt's word fix,
For 'tis hard kicking, Sirs, againſt the Pricks.

The

The Fourth Application.

To the Wilder ſort of Gentry, and Commonalty in Generall.

WHat joy hath Truth unto thoſe ſouls to write,
Who hate to be reform'd, and ſcorn the right!
Tell them of Grace, or Truth, or Chriſt, or God?
Who laugh at Vertue and contemn the Rod?
Who juſtifie their pride and vain exceſs
In all their dainty fare, and gaudy dreſs;
But though nor Plagues, nor Pox (both great and ſmall)
Yet if Dame Conſcience prick the Gallants heart,
He's ſoon Creſt-faln, and humbled with the ſmart.
Then let the Heralds come with all their train,
And try if they can cure him of his pain:
His Scutchion then will give no eaſe or reſt,
His Glory's flown, and he's faln dead i'th neſt:

He's

He's faln, he's faln, his Gallantry is gone,
And he is left in pain and ſhame alone,
And now by ſad experience he may cry,
All's loſs, all's droſs; all Pride is Vanity!
And thus perhaps brought low upon his knee,
He may make good this Converts Hiſtory,

☞ *The Fifth Application.*

To the Gallant Wits of the Time, Poets and Players, as Inſtruments of Vanity, without Truth or Reality.

BE ſilent now ye Lawreats of the time,
And learn henceforth a New Refined Rhime;
Change your old ſtrains, and lay your Lawrels down,
Your Pride of Wit, and all the Wits Renown.
That is no place to worſhip in or pray,
Was ever Soul Converted at a Play?
There is no room for Penance or Confeſſion.
No Offering there for Sin, or for Tranſgreſſion:

All

All's but impoſture, which your wits deviſe,
To cheat the Gallant with your Amorous lyes.
*Poets and Players rightly to deſcry,
The one doth make, the other act a lye.
☞ Nay the whole World our Ancient ſages ſay,
In every Trade and Function, act a Play:
There's Nothing real which this world affords,
All's but a ſhew, and full of empty words.
But lo, this Herauld in his New-born youth,
Holds to you all a Looking-glaſs of Truth,
And bringeth Conſcience too upon the Stage,
To teach reality to this Mimick age,
Which ſhining clear, with its impartial beams,
Doth dazle all the luſtre of your Scenes;
You all muſt yield to thoſe convincing lays,
And bluſh for ſhame at your conceited Bayes.

* ὁλὸκτυς ὑποκρίνεται τὴν Totus Mundus agit Hiſtrioniam.

The

The Sixth Application.

To Scholars in General.

Σωφρονεῖν, καὶ ὀρθοφρονεῖν.

AND you the Famous Scholars of the time,
Learned Compoſers both in Proſe and rime,
Deep Students all, men of admired parts,
Through the large Circle of the ſeven Arts;
Make Conſcience your beſt guide, what e're you write
What e're you read, or ſtudy, or indite.
Make not an Idol of your book or wit,
Self-admiration ſoon will poyſon it;
Be not with Wit, with Wine, or Women drunk,
Many fair Veſſels in thoſe Gulfs have ſunk.
But in the midſt of all your Volumes look
Into your * ſelves, and read the inward book:

* *Noſce teipſum.*

And

And that you may the better find the truth,
Scorn not to read this *New-Converted* Youth.
Where you may learn to take degrees in grace,
To which all Learning ſhould of right give place.
And ſo inveſted in a New Degree,
You may make good this Converts Hiſtory.

Appli-

Application to the Plebian Party, and all inferiour Ranks,

Concerning vulgar Pride and Gallantry.

AND now in love, Ile write a line or two,
Unto the Vulgar, or *Plebian* crew;
And to the laughing, quaffing Multitude,
Compos'd of several humours proud and rude.
For they have all their share in Pride you know,
Equal with those who in their Silks do go,
Both from one root do spring, and from one Tree,
The Gentry stock; and vulgar Pedigree:
And both make up one body in the main,
Like an huge Army marching o're a Plain:
The Front whereof I shew'd, with either side,
And now at last bring up the Rear of Pride.
Therefore to them in order after all,
To stir them up, I here must sound a Call.

The

The Call to the Rear of Pride.

THink not ye vulgar party here and there,
That you are ſafe and unconcerned here;
Nor that this *Gallants Hiſtry* doth belong
At all to you of the inferiour throng;
Miſtake it not it reacheth to you all
Of the Mechanick Tribes in general,
In every Trade and calling, rich and poor,
None are excepted from this general ſcore.
For all of them (though in a courſe degree)
Can act the Gallants part as brave as he,
They all can brag, and boaſt, and tell a ſtory,
Of their own worth, or wit, for their own glory,
Yea they can ſwear, as the mad Gallants do;
And in their fury can out-ſweare them too:
Their words and looks with madneſs oft do ſwell,
As frantick furies broken looſe from hell.

Nay to their power they will be in faſhion,
What ere comes up, within our modiſh Nation:
And they can complement in their rude way,
With Hat, and Hand, and Foot, as well as they;

Your

Your Humble Servant Sir, they all can cry,
Though oft their Conſcience tells them, that's a
lye,
And thus there is no vanity or Pride,
That is not acted by the vulgar ſide,
Yea, view all Pride in Country, Court or Town
There's none like that, that's acted by the Clown.
There's no Hectorian Gallant can compare,
In Pride with him, nor yet ſo boldly ſwear.

Perhaps ſome will not ſwear, yet at the leaſt,
If they'l not ſwear, they'l lye and cheat at beſt:
For lying now is grown the Tongue in Faſhion,
The Mother Language through the vulgar Na-
tion:
The very Children act the Parents part,
For they can lye and ſwear as taught by art.

The Retreat to the Rear of Pride.

YE desperate Rebels who dare God defie,
And offer violence to his Majesty,
Who dare blaspheme and rend his sacred name,
With your proud tongues, voyd of all fear, or shame,
Who by your Maker swear in your loose sports,
In your full Cups and all your vain resorts,
Who make of sin a Jest, and Jest no sin,
And scarce can speak without a lye therein,
Know of a certain not a word doth fall,
From your loose lips without account for all:
All stand recorded in that dreadful book
Of dire Revenge, wherein you scorn to look:
The dreadful Book of Conscience in the soul,
Which all the Powers on Earth cannot controul:
And when that opens, where will you appear?
In vain 'tis then to swear, or ly, or jeer.
Your Tongues poor fools, will all be stopt, and still'd.
And your wide mouths with flames of Hell be fil'd.

O prize my words, and take them deep to heart,
Ere for your ſins you feel the Helliſh ſmart,
For Conſcience is a Judge can tame you all,
When he your pride ſhall unto Judgment call.
You are this *Gallant*, Sirs, I here intend
Among the reſt; O that you now could mend
Your ſinful lives like him, and ſo become,
Repenting ſouls, before the final doom.
As thouſands in this Nation have of late,
Chang'd from their Natural, to a New-born State,
Who once were wild, and vain, nnd rude, like you,
But now are your examples juſt and true;
Sober and wiſe, from quarrels free, and ſtrife,
In carriage low, in language chaſt, and life:
And though you ſcorn and ſcoff them in diſgrace,
They ſtill remain True Converts to your face,
And ſo as new-born Creatures in behaviour,
They plainly ſhow that they have found a Saviour;
For ſuch by right the vulgar ought to be
And ſo make good this Converts Hiſtory.

The Authors good wiſhes.

With ſeveral Applications to ſeveral ſorts of Perſons and People; Homebred and Foreign.

AND now my Applications I will end,
With my beſt wiſhes unto foe and friend.
I wiſh to all, that mercy grace and ſtay,
Which I oft found in my Afflicted day,
When in deſertions humbled by the rod,
I ſought and found a Saviour and a God,
I wiſh that all may find the ſame Delight,
In every path of vertue, juſt and right;
I wiſh that peace to all, which I now find
Towards every Church in my inlightned mind.

I wiſh, that truth (in which I have my part)
Did ſhine as clear in every Chriſtians heart;

That all might ſee what Bondage they are in ;
To ſelf and Satan Vanity and Sin :
And ſo convinced by a new wrought light,
Might ſhine true Converts all in * open ſight.
O that one Convert might at leaſt be made,
To prove the truth of all that I have ſaid ;
And if 'mongſt thouſands one ſoul thus repents,
I ſhall rejoyce o're him with all the Saints.

A good wiſh to all, not yet entred into this Spiritual Warfare.

And to thoſe who are entered.

1, *Rank no Souldiers of Chriſt.*

THree Ranks of Chriſtians in the world I find,
The Firſt a Coward is in his falſe kind :
To all therefore, that never yet durſt enter,
I wiſh a good beginning, and to venter
Life, Soul, and Body in this holy war,
Till they both conquered and Conquerours are.

2, *Rank New Soldiers of Chriſt.*

But unto thoſe who have this war begun,
I wiſh a Progreſs till the race be won:
And that they may ſo run as to obtain,
So Fight, as they the Victory may gain:
For they ſhall meet freſh on-ſets every day,
Satan will not at firſt forgoe his Prey.

3. *Rank of Chriſtians, old Soldiers of Chriſt.*

Laſtly, to thoſe who have gain'd more perfection
I wiſh increaſe; and ſo by truths direction,
To number out the remnant of their days,
In contemplation of their Saviours praiſe:
By whom they are made conquerours, and reſt
Under his Banner, here and ever bleſt.
For he hath ſet their feet upon a Rock,
Above each enemies reach, or Satans ſtroke:
No Racks nor Priſons, nor a thouſand harms
Can pull theſe Soldiers from their Saviours arms;
For theſe be none of thoſe, who live as * Hogs,
And dye at laſt in ſhame and pain as Dogs
But theſe be they and only they we ſee,
That thus make good this Converts Hiſtory.

* *Pſalm* 49. 20.

The Authors good Wiſhes.

Applied to Foreign Parts, and Churches; Grecian, Romane, and Reformed beyond Seas.

UNto the *Grecian* Church, which now doth lye
In Bondage to the *Turkiſh* Monarchy,
I wiſh a good deliverance in due time,
When they are made more knowing of that crime,
Which caus'd that heavy judgment to come down
With fire and ſword upon that ſtately Crown.
Their pomp and Pride, their Gallantry in Wars,
Their Church Diſſentions, and inteſtine jars,
Their frolick lives, their Luxury, and exceſs,
And ſins in groſs, which no pen can expreſs,
Theſe, theſe did cauſe their dire calamity,
A Vengeance juſt for their iniquity,
And ſtill in bondage ſad are like to live,
Till they repent, and God their crime forgive.

Yea,

Yea, till they turn true Chriſtians, ſuch as were
When *Paul* firſt planted Primitive Churches there.
For ſuch by right you *Grecians* ought to be,
And ſo make good our Converts Hiſtory.

Good Wiſhes to the Roman Church.

UNto the *Roman Church* as now it ſtands
Supported by the *Pope* and *Emperours* hands,
By *France* and *Spain*, and Houſe of *Auſtria*,
I ſcarce know what to wiſh, much leſs to pray:
Unleſs I wiſh confuſion to her pride,
And a concluſion to her Luſt beſide,
If I ſhould wiſh her Eye-ſalve 'tis in vain,
For ſhe's ſupreme and counſel doth diſdain;
If I ſhould wiſh Converſion unto *Rome*,
I fear I am prevented by her doom:
Only I wiſh Repentance to thoſe Kings,
Which ſhe ſtill broods under her Eagles Wings,
Who in falſe zeal, obedient to her Laws,
Have ſhed much bloud in her Apoſtate cauſe.
O that they could be wiſe, and now recall.
Their Slaviſh Scepters from their antient thrall.

But of her Kings, and her, I'le ſay no more,
Becauſe I know the Judge ſtands at the door,
Who ſoon will ſhew them all what 'tis to Fight,
And perſecute their brethren in deſpight.

Good Wiſhes to the Reformed Churches.

BUt you Reformed Churches, here and there,
Swede, *Dane*, and *Dutch*, with all the reſt elſewhere,
I wiſh I had no cauſe here to declare,
From your firſt Love how you declined are,
And with a panting Heart, I deeply wiſh
Some were not Neuters, neither Fleſh nor Fiſh,
Leſt when e're long the judge in clouds ſhall come,
You all be found *Apoſtates* like old *Rome*.
Therefore I wiſh that as you have begun
To mend Religion, and a new-courſe run.
So would to God you might your lives refine,
And unto Papiſts as pure Patterns ſhine:
For all Reformed Churches ſuch ſhould be,
And ſo make good this Converts Hiſtory.

Appli-

Application, and good wiſhes to the Modern Sects of Great Britain.

Concerning Religious Pride and Gallantry.

AND now a fault of yours to you I'le tell,
Religious Sects, becauſe I wiſh you well:
My words ſhall not be many, rude, or rough,
A word in Love is to the wiſe enough.

The Fault in General.

Of twenty ſeveral Sects well known by name,
I n'ere found two in judgment yet the ſame,
Nor yet in love, in kindneſs, and affection,
In ſweet diſcourſe, in counſel and direction;
But all as croſs and different in their minds
To one another, as contrary winds:

So

So shy they look, and so with scornful eye
Upon each other glance; yet none know why;
And for my part as oft as I have seen them,
I never yet could state the case between them:
For in the midst of such a different throng,
'Tis hard to know, who's in the right or wrong.

Long have I been amongst them a Spectator;
In all their ways a faithful Observator;
And this I find that prejudice and pride,
Wanting true love hath poisoned every side.
A deadly Weed that doth the Sects besot,
Like th the Night shade in the Prophets pot:
A Scab it is infecting every fold,
And breeds ill bloud with humours hot and cold;
This is that spot which doth your light deface,
And all your sober carriage too disgrace;
Like to the Goat that fills the milking Payl,
And strikes all down again with heel or Tayl.

Ad-

Advice in this Case.

O Let no prejudice prevent the good
Of Mutual Love; which is the Saints ſweet food,
Nor charge ye one another in deſpight,
With any errour, till you have full ſight
Of that you charge; then friendly write unto them,
And gently try unto the truth to woe them;
And ſo 'twixt right and wrong the truth diſcern
And gladly teach, and gladly alſo learn.
But for this End make Scriptures ſtill your guide
Above all humane wit, or light beſide.

Prize Love, ye Sects, above all ſelf-fram'd ſight,
Leaſt you be found within the Ballance light;
Though you the Tongues of Angels could ſurpaſs,
And yet want Love, all is but Sounding Braſs.
'Tis Holy Love that Crowns all with perfection,
The ſureſt mark of free grace and election.
By this ſhall all men know (as Chriſt doth tell)
That you are his, if you in Love excell.
That Love Divine, the very bond of peace,
Which ceaſing not, makes all things elſe to ceaſe;

All

All quarrels end, and all disputes must fall,
When Love, without dispute o're comes them all,
For unto Love must all Religions yield,
And all mens high opinions quit the field.
Therefore on this young Gallant fix your eyes,
Whose Pride in your own way you equallize;
For Robes and Silks do not a Gallant make;
But the high thoughts, man of himself doth take,
Come down a step or two, and you will see
You need Humility as well as he:
Mark well my Counsel, Sirs, to what it tends,
Not light but Love can make you perfect friends:
Yet light is good when guided well by Love
And Heavenly Grace descending from above.
And what I say to you I say to *Rome*,
And every Church throughout large Christendom;
That all should be Baptized as you see,
In the pure Fount of Peace and Amity;
Least, at the last they wither quite away,
Like Churches old of *Greece*, and *Asia*.
Therefore I wish that all who now be foes.
Might in the bond of Love united close.
For such by right all Christians ought to be,
And so make good this Converts History.

Appli-

Application.

To the Jews.

ENough to Chriſtians, Now I'le change my ſtile,
And to the ſcattered Tribes draw near a while.
Ye (*a*) forlorn Jews; ſince unto *Sion* hill
You have a longing and a deep good will;
That you the better may attain your end,
Mark by what ſteps you thither muſt aſcend:
For Scriptures yield a (*b*) Promiſe and a call,
That when you turn to Chriſt, your Vayl ſhall fall.
You are not cal'd to a veyl'd form or Letter,
But unto (*c*) ſubſtance, and a light far better:
Not to an outward Temple made with hands,
Framed of ſtones, and built upon the ſands;
For (*d*) Chriſt is come; to him your ſervice yield,
And on that corner ſtone your Temple build,
For your old Temple is conſum'd and gone,
And not a ſtone is left upon a ſtone.

(a) *Without place of reſt.* (b) 2 *Cor.* 3.12, 14,15,16. (c) *Jeſus of Nazareth.* (d) *The true Meſſiah King of the Jews.*

Nor

Nor are you call'd to Sacrifices old,
Fetch'd from the wandring Herd or from the Fold,
A (e) Contrite Heart is the true Sacrifice
Required of all Jews with weeping eyes.
O Mourn (f) a part in tears and sorrow due,
Turn to your Lord, and he will turn to you:
For till you kiss his pierced feet and hands,
There's no returning to your ancient Lands.
And then shall wandering (g) *Judah* once more shine,
As new-born Christians in their Holy Shrine,
The *Turk*, the *Tartar*, will turn Christian Jews,
And *India* too Converted at the News:
(h) Peace then will be on Earth, both far and nigh
Good will to Men, Glory to God on high.

Amen.

(e) *See Psalm* 51. 17. (f) *Zech.* 12. 9, 10, 11, 12. (g) *Esay* 11. 11, 12, 13. *Hos.* 3. 4, 5. (h) *Luke* 2.

The

The Addreſs.

Wherein the Author Appeals to the Judgment of the Conſcientious, Self-judging Readers, Who have Judged the Whore within them.

JUdicious Friends, who by an inbred light
Can judge of truth beyond the vulgar ſight,
To you I here appeal, for I am ſure,
There's none but you, can real truth endure.
And ſince to you an equall judgment's given
To weigh each word within the Balance even,
To your impartial eye I recommend
Theſe few Directions for the Truth's ſake pen'd.
Not, that you need Direction from my hand,
But that by you the Victory may ſtand
Againſt all thoſe, who the true light controle,
Though ſhining nere ſo bright in our North-Pole.

For

For truth hath many foes and friends but few,
Yet ſuch it finds, and ſuch dear friends are you;
To you I here ſubmit in equity,
You ſhall be Judges 'twixt this Whore and me,
Againſt whoſe Pride I yet have more to ſay,
When God and time permit a Judgment day;
Then will the ſtout and lofty (like this youth)
Stand all as Mutes before the Throne of truth.
Learning and Valour, Honour and high blood,
When that day comes will do the Whore no good.

Yours,

Veriloquus.

Dum relego, ſcripſiſſe juvat; quia Plurima Cerno
Digna legi Populo, principe digna legi.

The

THE

Poſtſcript:

INtelligent Readers, either Convertible, or Converted; for your ſakes I begun this ſmall Book of Converſion, under the Title of a *Young Converted Gallant*; as a new and rare ſubject; and now as you ſee, and read, I have alſo finiſhed the whole matter throughout the four parts thereof; hoping that you have peruſed it with a right Mind, in a right underſtanding, for elſe it will ſignifie little, and edifie leſs: but remain a dark letter to you all: For without a right underſtanding of the Truth there can be no true and right real Converſion in any one: And here are

many poſitive Fundamental Truths couched, and many doubts and controverſies briefly reſolved; and if you diligently, and with ſerious eye do obſerve them, they will be very helpful to you all, and ſo likewiſe very acceptable without offence, but if any be offended they will turn to his damage.

The careleſs, ſcornful, ſlight Reader will profit nothing by this Book; who reads here a little and there a little like ſome News Book, and ſo flings it aſide; in him the Fire is quite gone out, and all his fuel is turn'd to aſhes, there is no ſpark of converſion left in him; in vain it is to add the breath of the Bellows, where there is not a ſpark of fire left to begin withal. But whereever there is a ſpark of goodneſs left or lyes hid in any heart, verily it will receive life and light from this truth, and will revive, and grow up into a holy flame, and deſire after the Truth more and more: I ſay this writing will certainly have an influence, and a good effect upon every one that reads it night and morning, with ſerious meditation.

Therefore let none be offended at the Truth here written, either high or low, Gentry or Commonalty, learn'd or unlearn'd, Roman Catholick or Proteſtant, the ſound reacheth you all, and you hear it, that Pride and Luſt may have a fall; and many high and low will repent thereof, and become the Converts there deſcribed; bnt many will not, till deſtruction overwhelm them in their ſenſuality,

ſin

ſin and ignorance; as it is written, *Many* in the laſt Times * *ſhall be purified, whitened and tryed, but the wicked ſhall do wickedly, and none of the wicked ſhall underſtand, but the wiſe ſhall underſtand.*

Therefore ſo read, as you may underſtand what you read diſtinctly; even to a Converſion viſible to all, that all who ſee your new carriage, new Life, new looks, new habit and converſation, may reod a right Converſion in you, and glorifie God through your example. And be not aſhamed of Jeſus Chriſt and his Croſs, into which you ſay you were baptized, and vowed to fight under his Banner, againſt the vanities and pomps of this world; be not found lyars before him, but make your vow and promiſe good, in laying down the Pride of your Gentility, and the luſt of your ſenſuality, the two Temptations here ſet before you in this book, for a warning to you all in this laſt age.

** And for this end obſerve yet more punctually what I have ſet down in the 66 page hereof, for your better Intelligence concerning the three Ranks of Chriſtians in reference to the title of our Authors Book, on which I here write, call'd, *War with the Devil*; craving his acceptance and yours of theſe my labours ſeconding his; though he and you are altogether unknown to me, and I to him and you.

* *Dan.* 12. 10. ** *See page 66.*

The three Ranks of Christians, as to Christs Cross.

1. The first Rank I call Cowards or Runagadoes in Christianity, and are as yet no Soldiers of Christ, under his Cross and Banner.

2. The second are the Beginners or new Soldiers of Christ, who have begun to fight under his Banner; Listed Soldiers.

3. The third are called the old Souldiers of Christ: *Veterani*, old standers in the Army, that have fought the good fight under the Cross of Christ, nigh or even to the end.

And in these three Looking-glasses every man and woman may easily discern in which of the 3 Ranks they are found.

☞ 1. By the first therefore understand loose Christendome in general, the formal and verbal Professours of Christianity of Christ, and his dayly Cross; living still in their sensuality, and Pride of Gallantry, Unconverted, turning the back in the Battle against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, meer Hypocrites as yet, that are ashamed to own the Cross of Christ in self denyall, least they should want a livelyhood, or be laugh'd at for their Conversion. These are call'd Christians *secundum dici*, not *secundum esse*.

By

☞ By the ſecond underſtand that Church of Chriſt, and thoſe Chriſtians, who are as it were come out of *Babylon*, Travellers toward *Jeruſalem*, and their Heavenly reſt; but are not yet fully come thither: Notwithſtanding they have given up their names to Chriſt their Captain, and are ſworn, liſted and inrolled Soldiers, Converted to the real Profeſſion of the truth, and pure life as it is in the Leader Jeſus, the Saviour, Guide, and Governour of them, by his word and ſpirit in the renewing of their Faith and Conſcience; and theſe are Chriſtians *Secundum eſſe*.

☞ By the third Rank underſtand that ſmall Church of Chriſt, few and rare, and hard to be ſeen; who not only are come out of *Babylon* (in this world) but have travelled quite through from *Babylon* to *Jeruſalem*, even to Mount *Sion*, the place of * reſt, and Peace in their Faith and Conſcience; and this is the perſevering party, even to the end in this Holy War, or Spiritual War-fare; having put on the whole Armour of God, and not put it off till they be Conquerours over themſelves, and all their ſpiritual enemies: Theſe ** follow the Lamb whereever he goeth, cloathed in white; The World knows them not, for they are not of this World, though in it: for their Converſation is in Heaven, and their love in Heavenly things;

* *See Heb.* 4.8,9. ** 2 *Tim.* 4.8.

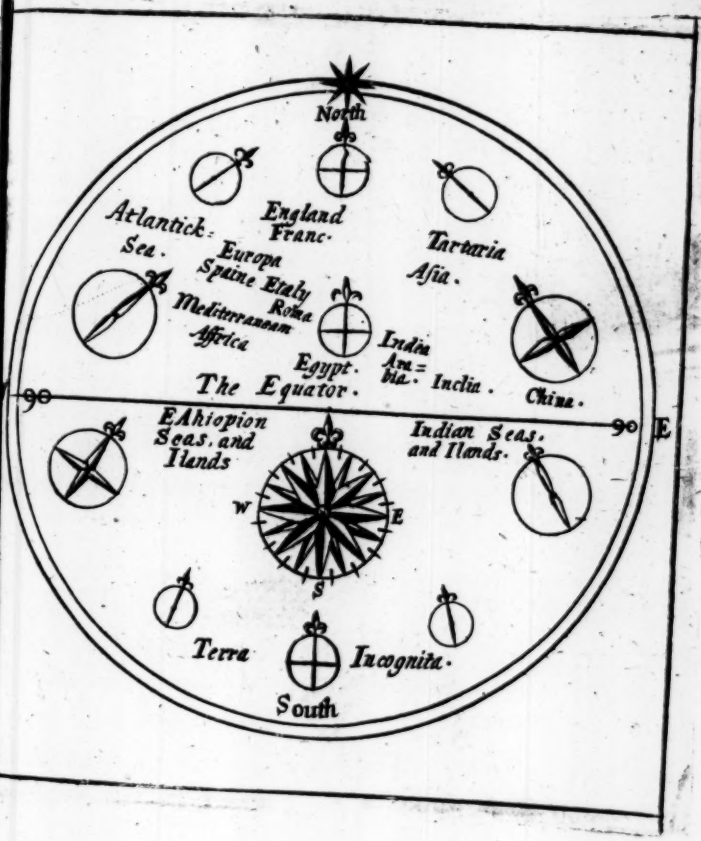
And thus * they rest from their sins; from Avarice, Pride, Lust, Ambition, Extortion, Oppression, Drunkenness, Wantonness, and every iniquity; and at their death they rest also from their labours, troubles, * * persecutions, and afflictions.

* * * And these I have typed forth by a similitude of the Magnetick Needle in the Marriners Compass, ever Pointing to the North Star, where it Resteth, and no place else through a secret instinct in the inward hidden attractive love point.

The Portraicture of the Marriners Compass by Sea and Land in the 32 Points thereof: wherein the Needle first touched with the Magnes or Loadstone, never resteth till it come to the North-point, and there standeth fixed. And here are only 12 Figured instead of many thousands, pointing all to the same place, though thousands of miles asunder, and so make a full Communion.

* The Rest from sin. * Rev. 14. 15. The Rest from their trouble.

Behold



Behold in these 12 Figures a lively Type or Similitude of the True Church or Communion of Saints throughout the world at this day; Whose Hearts all pant and point one way; and so are

already in Heaven, where their Converſation is, looking to the true North Star there, Jeſus Chriſt: their hearts all touched with one and the ſame ſpirit, though far diſtant in place from each other, yet there they fix and reſt as one full body; all of one mind and one kind.

An

An Explanation of this Similitude.

INtentive, and Unanimous Readers, let us (for the Truth ſake) contemplate yet a little further this compariſon, and ſee into the Heighth, Depth, Length, and Breadth thereof; for it is worth the knowing, that by the natural Myſtery we may learn the Supernatural, and try our ſelves thereby.

For verily there is not a greater ſecret in nature or art, then this of the Compaſs, if we rightly conſider all the properties thereof.

And, therefore having given you the Pourtraicture thereof, I will alſo here in the next place give you the Deſcription of it, and ſo proceed to application for Inſtruction ſake in the work of Converſion.

The Pilots compaſs is a round box of Wood, hollow and plain: In the Verge of it are ſet down the 32 Points of the Winds: and in the middle or Center ſtands a ſharp Pins point, whereon the Neelde

Needle by a hollow Dent becomes Voluble, and turneth round thereon, tumbling and ſhaking 'till it leaves them all, and fixeth in the North point only, toward the Polar Star. And over it is a plate of Glaſs or Chryſtal, to preſerve it from all violent motion by the wind, and to keep it from the Air, duſt, or any foulneſs, leaſt it loſe its Magnetick vertue : And ſo is placed in the Ship near the Helme, as a Directour to the Pilot, how to Steer his courſe aright from place to place till he come to his reſt or wiſhed Harbour.

But there yet remain two greater wonders ; Namely, the Load-ſtone, or Magnet, and alſo the Load Star or North-point. The Loadſtone is the efficient cauſe of the Needles Converſion ; and the Load-ſtar is as the final cauſe of its converſion : for there it ends and terminateth in reſt : and from both theſe the Needle receiveth the power of Converſion, elſe it could have none.

And it muſt firſt receive vertue from the Load-ſtone before it can turn to the Load Star, as I have ſaid before : And then having been touched thereby, and joyned thereto, and as it were gendring together, it attracts to it ſelf a ſecret love or inclination to the North-Poynt, with eager deſire. But why or how, this can be in nature, no wit of man could ever yet find out : for it is *Digitus Dei*, the Finger of God, a wonder in Nature for a leſſon to Mankind.

Now in the next place obſerve the unparallel'd pro-

properties of theſe three ; The Stone, the Needle, and Star : For theſe three act as one in this work.

1. The Load ſtone draws, and attracts the Needles Point, figured as you ſee like a Lilly, and as it were kiſſeth and embraceth it, and anointeth, or baptizeth it with a ſecret inviſible vertue ; and this is the firſt change.

2. Then the Needle rejoyceth in the vertue thereof, as made Convertible thereby to its place of reſt, and this the ſecond change.

3. Laſtly, the Star or Morth point ſtandeth fixed and cnmoveable to receive the Aſpect and Reflexion of the Needle towards it in mutual Conjunction, and this the third and laſt change in this great Myſtery of nature.

Further obſerve, one Load ſtone (though there be many) can inſpire, and new inform a Million of Needles, and no Stone elſe can do it; Marble, Coral, Agate, Diamond, Ruby, Saphyre, or Pearle, nor all the Stones in *Aarons* Breaſt-plate, nor in the Royal Crown, nor yet the rare Elixar or Philoſophers Stone, can give it the vertue of Converſion to the Heavenly North-Star.

Neither can a Needle made of any Mettal but firm Steel receive this vertuous Tincture of Love, Gold, Silver, Copper, or Lead are not capable of this hidden vertue, with all their Worldly Glory,

and

and Splendour: they cannot receive a kiſs of Love from the Magnet; for they have not a Magnetick Principle in them; nor any Heavenly inclination, nor are they capable of this Communion and Unity, as to point all to one place in the Heavens; Earth is their Center, and there they end in the grave of Corruption.

But theſe Love-touched-Brethren ſtand ever in Communion, though far aſunder; the place and object of reſt, make them one in nature and in ſociety; inſeperable companions in love and vertue, though differing in locality, remote from each other.

The

The Spiritual Application.

A Little Application will ſerve to the Intelligent Reader. The Myſtery is written in Capital Letters, he that runs may read at firſt ſight.

Behold all of you (young and old, men and women) the wonderful power of God in the Creation, in this, and in all his works of wonder: and ſo let all fall down and worſhip him, adore, admire, and be converted unto him, who hath made Heaven and Earth: O draw neer unto him (as the Needle to the Magnet) and he will draw neer to you: Magnifie him and glorifie his Name, that his vertue, his power, his Love, Fear, and Faith may touch your hearts and anoint them with his ſecret ſpirit of Grace in Converſion; that you may become all Elect Veſſels of Honour in his ſight; and ſo be renewed in ſoul and body, mind and ſpirit, ever looking up to Heaven, and panting after your Saviour, who is gone before to prepare a reſt for the bleſſed, that look towards him, above all the Profits, or Pleaſures, or Glories of this world.

For

For he is in Heaven looking down upon you and after you, as waiting for you; and I when I ascended saith he, will draw up all men after me. Namely, all that are capable to be drawn unto him in real Conversion from this world, and the things thereof: Every Sinner, Swearer, Drunkard, Thief, Whore and Adulterer, Extortioner, and vain glorious, or covetous soul, he waits for to come unto him, to rest in him from sin, to take up his dayly cross, and follow him; for of such little Children is the Kingdom of Heaven; and all that be his already thus do; he knows them, and they him: for they have already received many a kind kiss from him; they are joyned as the Needle and Magnet, mutually together, and receive vertue of his vertue daily, and cannot be drawn from him. their hearts are with him, though their bodies are here below; and thus they all make one Assembly of Saints on Earth, fixed on him in Heaven.

For by this Needle of pure firm Steel, understand the Heart of Man; his Soul and Mind: *Mens Humana*, the Humane understanding, mind, & spirit, sanctified, and made Heavenly and Divine. * The Lovers of Gold, and Silver, and Brass, and Pretious Stones, Jewels, and Glories of this World, Titles of Honour, and Gentility, pleasures of Sensuality, attain not this Conversion; Those 32 points must all be left, when the Word

* Luke 12. 19, 20.

of

of God, and his Spirit, touch the True Mettled Heart, as prepared for the Bosome of Jesus Christ, the True North-star, in whom is their Rest and Peace, through a pure Life, Faith, and Conscience; and in no other, but him.

Readers; Take it into deep consideration, for it is Truth here told you: Hereby you may see, and know your selves, and your sins; your Salvation, or your Damnation. ---- Much more might here be said, but I bid you all farewel, and wish you may live well, and so dye well; which you cannot do, except you first bid the World farewel, and dye to that, whilst here you live. The whole Compass of this Earth through all its round Circle of 32 points must be left for Heaven-sake, in all its Longitudes, and Latitudes, and Degrees thereof: All must be left for one Pearl, one only Treasure, for which the Merchant, or Mariner, sold all he had, to purchase it: And where the Treasure is, there will the Heart be, whether in Heaven, or in Earth: But on Earth the Needle (the Heart, or Mind of Man) hath no rest, it is a Pilgrim there, and travelleth to its Resting-place above all Earthly Joys, State and Delight; which Resting-place is Invisible: it is a Misterie above Nature; the Natural minded, unconverted Man can have no propensity, or inclination to it: the Heavenly converted Soul seeks, and finds it, and is fixed in it; as the Needle

Needle to the North-point, its proper place of Reſt. For, after all, Fixation crowns the work: TheNeedle would be a caſt away, were it not both Toucht, and Fixt: For otherwiſe it could give no Direction, no true Inſtruction; nor be of any uſe & ſervice for its maker or its maſter: but being Fixed after long Trembling and Quaking, and ſeeking Reſt, it ſecretly and ſilently rejoyceth with an Allelujah to its Creator: Rejoycing that it is Fixt to-towards him; as all true Saints do, and ever did.

Therefore ſaid *David*, that ſweet Singer of *Iſrael*, in the midſt of all his Troubles, and Tryals; My Heart is fixed, O God my Heart is fixed, I will ſing, and give praiſe. *Awake my Harp, &c. Pſal.* 50. 7. And again, *Pſal.* 59. 16. *I will ſing of thy Power, I will ſing a loud of thy mercy, early in the morning; unto thee, O my ſtrength will I ſing: For God is my Defence*, ſaith he, *and the God of my mercy.* In him my Heart is fixed, He is the God of my ſalvation and deliverance, the God that giveth me Life, Strength, Health, Food and Raiment; TheGod who hath anointed me with the Spirit of Grace, and with the inward light of his Countenance; who hath pardoned my ſin, and redeemed my Feet from Death: Who hath given me a New Heart, to love his Commandments, And his Law is ſweet to my Lips as the Honey and the Honey-comb, more delightſome than my dayly-food; yea, than all the Glories of my Kingly crown

In

n him my heart reſteth, to him will I ſing and give praiſe.

But the Needle (the Heart or mind of Man) cannot come to this place of Reſt, and Perfection, till it firſt be Baptized & Annointed (like the Heart of *David*) by the Holy Ghoſt. The Heart muſt become a Child in its Humility, taken up into Chriſts Arms and bleſt. For the word of God; namely, the Prophets and Apoſtles, bring the Heart as a New-born Infant unto Chriſt, inwardly in Spirit, that like the Needle touched with the Load-ſtone, it may be made Partaker of this Heavenly-Nature, and ſo be made like unto him, conformed to his Image (loſt in the firſt *Adam*,) & then it is inabled to ſtand fixed, and at Reſt, in the midſt of all this worlds Tryals and Temptations, as converted unto him, who is the Reſt and reſting-place to all that be His.

Therefore great need is there to all mankind of this Converſion; of this outward and inward unction, this divine Metamorphoſis or change of the Mind, this New birth, for without it none can make war with the Devil, The world, and the fleſh; none can become Old Souldiers of Chriſt: Or Conquerours over Sin, Hell and Death, without it; for this is the one thing neceſſary to everlaſting Joy, Reſt, and Perfection here, and for evermore. For it is the Saints Jewel, their white-ſtone, by which all are Purified, Sanctified, and Juſtified to all eternity: Yea this is the ſure infallible mark

of the True Church on Earth, the Lilley-hearted Church, the Lilliesof the Vallies the Lillies and Roſes in *Solomon's* Garden, here Typed forth by this lively ſimilitude of the little Needle.

Loe Readers, if all this be true, if the caſe thus ſtands, before the Throneof Jeſus Chriſt, where is then all Pride, Envy, Diſpute, Wars, Jars and Contention about Religions? All Religions, and Opinions, Inſtitutions, Signs, Services and Sacrament muſt be ſubordinate, and ſtoop to this one things neceſſary; this Place of Reſt and Fixation; which is an humble clean Heart directed to God and Goodneſs, in Jeſus Chriſt alone. And then farewell Senſuality and Gentility, Riches and Honour for this one treaſure, this eſſential Principal of Reſt and everl aſting Happineſs.

And thus much for the ſimilitude, omitting all Curioſity of diſcourſe concerning Magnetick Bodies in general, as likewiſe the variation of the Needle, on this, and that ſide the Æquator; with all other abſtruſities in this matter; And only wiſh after all, that my writing here might become magnetick to my beloved Readers, and might attract ſome at the leaſt to true Love of the Saints Jewel here deſcribed, and ſo become members of the univerſal Lillie Church, with their Lillie-pointed Hearts, touched with theLoad-ſtone of divine Love and Grace.

And thus much of this Book, written occaſionly from the ſight of that Divine Poem aforementioned,

ed, in the beginning; written by the hand of One, altogether unknown unto me, hoping it will prove acceptable to him, and to the Lovers and Believers of the Truth, as it is in Chriſt Jeſus, the fountain of all Truth; Remaining to them all a Servant to my Power in the ſervice of the ſaid Truth.

John Maſon.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The full Period.

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WHereas His Majeſty hath been gratiouſly pleaſed by his Letters Pattent, to grant and confirm to *Richard Hains*, the ſole cleanſing, the Seed called *Trefoil*, *Nonſuch*, or *Hop clover*, from its Husk, and courſe Graſs (he being the firſt that made the diſcovery) with prohibition to all others to cleanſe the ſame; which Seed, thus cleanſed, is very profitable to many places of this Kingdom, eſpecially for dry Lands, as Chalkey, Rocky, and Hilly Grounds, *&c.* which are Naturally barren, and will produce little, or no Paſture.

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Courteous Reader,

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